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ANECBOTICAL OLIO:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

LITERARY, MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS
ANECDOTES.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE REV. MESSRS. HOES AND WAY.



NEW YORK:
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MEMORANDUM

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RECOMMENDATIONS

ADDRESSED TO THE COMPILERS OF THE WORK.

FROM ALVAN STEWART, ESQ.

Gentlemen—I have examined the manuscripts in part of a volume you intend to publish under the name of “Literary, Moral, Religious, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes,” with great interest and pleasure. The work, as the compilation of a vast number of extracts, is peculiarly happy. In fact, very many of those literary fragments may be considered the jewels of English literature. The tendency of your book, wherever read, will be to supersede works of romance and fiction; it will cultivate a new taste. In fact, that person can hardly claim any sympathies in common with our humanity who does not find something to interest him in the various accounts of men and things which will be found in this book. Allow me to say, no parlour or library should be without a book of this character; for into whose hands soever it may fall, it will improve the thoughtless, mend the froward, while it adds dignity to virtue, and confidence to truth. Most respectfully, I am your friend,

ALVAN STEWART.

FROM REV. BERAH GREEN, PRESIDENT OF ONEIDA INSTITUTE, AND REV. AMOS SAVAGE, PASTOR OF BLEECKER-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A collection of well-authenticated anecdotes, happily selected, on the various topics which your design embraces, can hardly fail to be attractive and useful. Attractive from the very nature of an anecdote, it must be for all. Useful, too, as presenting truth in forms equally striking and intelligible; at the same time fastening it on the memory, and making it matter for reflection. To instructors it may prove a source whence appropriate illustrations may be drawn. In many cases, too, where amusement only is sought, improvement will be gained.

After some examination of the materials you have been collecting, I wish you success in your design. Yours respectfully and affectionately,

B. GREEN.

From having examined a considerable portion of the anecdotes which you propose to publish. I can most cordially concur in the above recommendation, and think it will be both an amusing and useful work. Yours respectfully,
AMOS SAVAGE.

FROM THE REV. ELIAS BOWEN, PRESIDING ELDER, ONEIDA CONFERENCE, AND REV. DANIEL ELDREDGE, PASTOR OF BROAD-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

From a general glance at the manuscript you propose publishing under the title of “Literary, Moral, Religious, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes,” I am inclined to think favourably of its character, and have no doubt it will be esteemed a valuable acquisition to any library. The tendency of such a work doubtless will be to supersede in a great measure the circulation of fictitious publications, and give solid instruction while it entertains. This, I am satisfied, is a principal object you have in view; and one which your anecdotes, *valuable in themselves* (so far as I have had the means of knowing), will be almost sure to achieve from the advantage of a judicious classification.

Yours, with much esteem,

ELIAS BOWEN.

From a partial perusal of your copious selection of anecdotes, I concur in the above recommendation. Yours respectfully,

DANIEL ELDREDGE.

INTRODUCTION.

ANECDOTES are common property. Their usefulness, if judiciously selected, is admitted by all. They constitute emphatically the *pleasing* art of instruction in science, morals, and religion. There is a large mass of anecdotes in the world, but it is a lamentable fact that a great proportion of them is from the witty vulgar and profane, while here and there a bright gem is found. To cull and arrange judiciously is no small task. To accomplish this, no necessary labour or expense has been spared. Our only apology for undertaking the work is, that it appeared to us providential; while such a work, important in itself, seemed to be greatly needed by the community. We are fully aware that this is an age of criticism; but while some are pleased with no production except their own, many, we hope, will, by a careful perusal of this, be interested and profited.

COMPILERS.

Utica, 1838.

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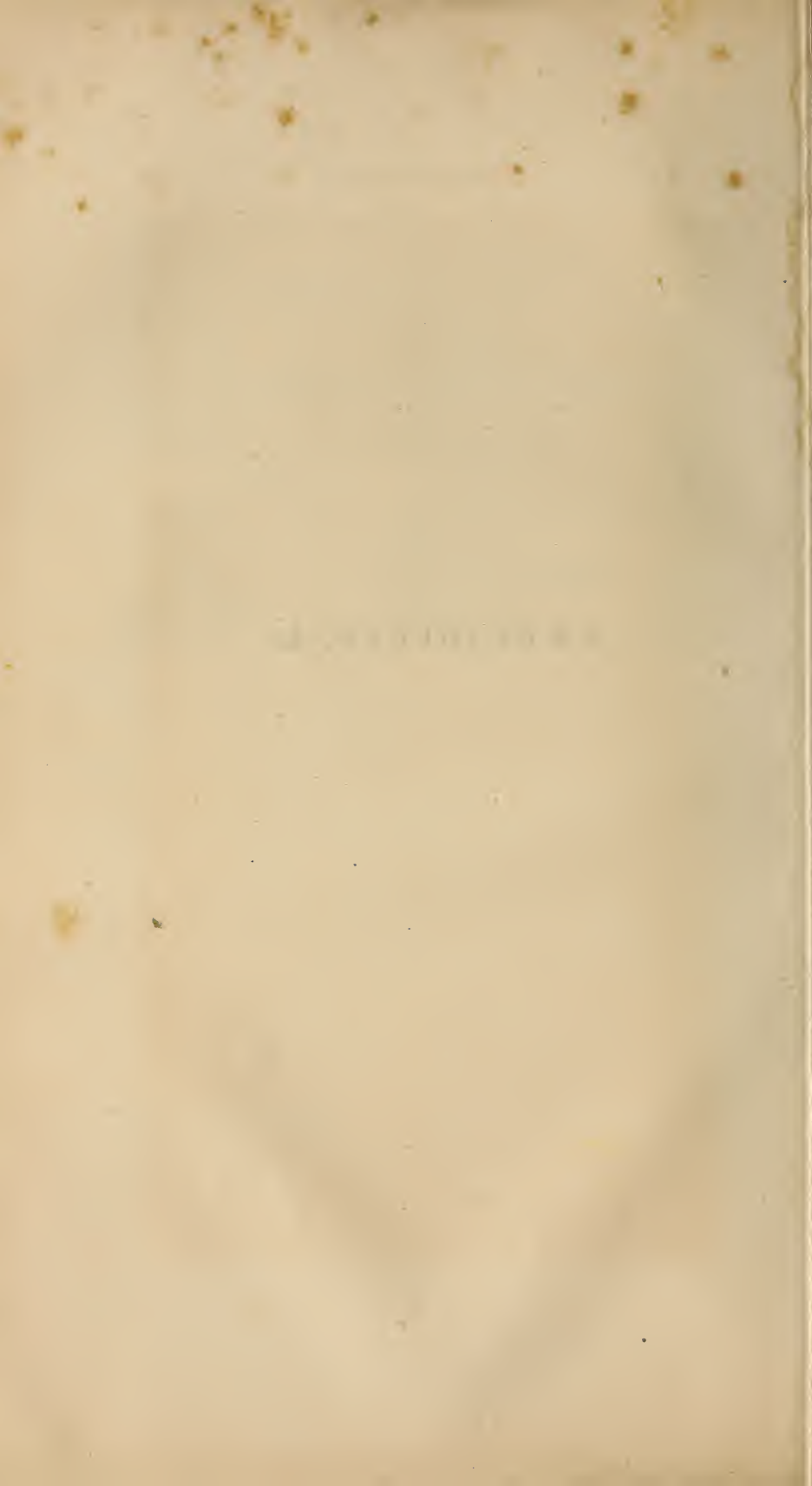
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A N E C D O T E S, &c.

GENIUS.

GENIUS, that creative part of art which individualizes the artist, belonging to him, and to no other ; is it an inherent faculty in the constitutional dispositions of the individual, or can it be formed by the patient acquisitions of art ?

Many sources of genius have indeed been laid open to us ; but if these may sometimes call it forth, have they ever supplied its wants ? Could Spenser have struck out a poet in Cowley, Richardson a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, had they not borne that vital germe of nature, which, when endowed in its force, is always developing itself to a particular character of genius ? The accidents related of these men have occurred to a thousand who have run the same career ; but how does it happen that the multitude remain a multitude, and the man of genius arrives alone at the goal ?

The equality of minds in their native state is as monstrous a paradox, or a term as equivocal in metaphysics, as the equality of men in the political state. Both come from the French school in evil times ; and ought, therefore, as Job said, "to be eschewed." Nor can we trust to Johnson's definition of genius, "as a mind of general powers *accidentally* determined by some particular direction," as this rejects any native aptitude, while we must infer on this principle that the reasoning Locke, without an ear or an eye, could have been the musical and fairy Spenser.

Akenside, in that fine poem which is itself a history of genius, in tracing its source, first sang,

"From heaven my strains begin, from heaven descends
The flames of genius to the *human breast*."

But in the final revision of that poem he left many years after, the bard has vindicated the solitary and independent origin of genius by the mysterious epithet *the chosen breast*.

The veteran poet was perhaps lessened by the vicissitudes of his own poetical life and those of some of his brothers.

Different views of genius have by some eminent men been entertained. "I know no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "genius is nothing but labour and diligence." Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, "That if ever he had been able to do anything, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

That the dispositions of genius in early life presage its future character, was long the feeling of antiquity. Isocrates, after much previous observation of those who attended his lectures, advised one to engage in political studies, exhorted another to compose history, elected some to be poets, and some to adopt his own profession. He thought that Nature had some concern in forming a man of genius, and he tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. This principle guided the Jesuits.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight, "It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son. The old man's answer is remarkable: "Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for anything that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight." The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like any of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple tale is the history of genius; the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife, and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises, and dreaming on chivalry amid a herd of cows.

Some peurile anecdotes which Franklin remembered of himself, in association with his after-life, betray the invention and the firm intrepidity of his character, and even, perhaps, the carelessness of the means to obtain his purpose. In boyhood he was a sort of adventurer; and since his father would not consent to a sealife, he made the river near him

represent the ocean; he lived on the water, and was the daring Columbus of a schoolboy's boat. A part where he and his mates stood to angle in time became a quagmire. In the course of one day the infant projector thought of a wharf for them to stand on, and raised one with a heap of stones deposited there for the building of a house. But he preferred his wharf to another's house; his contrivances to aid his puny labourers, with his resolution not to leave the great work till it was effected, seem to strike out to us the decision and invention of his future character.

"Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterward." This remark was made by Hartley, who has related an anecdote of the infancy of his genius which indicated the man. He declared to his daughter that the intention of writing a book upon the nature of man was conceived in his mind when he was a very little boy, when swinging backward and forward upon a gate, not more than nine or ten years old; he was then meditating upon the nature of his own mind, how man was made, and for what future end. Such was the true origin, in a boy of ten years old, of his celebrated book on the "frame, the duty, and the expectation of man."

Alfieri said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose art made him at once shudder and laugh. If we reflect that, as it is now practised, it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man, we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule. Horace, by his own confession, was a very awkward rider; and the poetical rider could not always secure a seat on his mule; Metastasio humorously complains of his gun; the poetical sportsman could only frighten hares and partridges; the truth was, as an elder poet sings,

"Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
Talk in a hundred voices to the rills,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Struck by the concert of the sacred nine."

Browne's Brit. Past., b. ii., song 4.

La Caille was the son of the parish clerk of a village; at the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but the boy always returned home late. The father, suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one evening watched him. He saw his boy ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was

the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer like the son, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and who had discovered an observatory in a steeple, in spite of such ill-treatment, he decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy. Relieving the parent from the son and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuit, and the event perfectly justified the prediction. Let others tell us why children feel a predisposition for the studies of astronomy, or natural history, or any similar pursuit. We know that youths have found themselves in parallel situations with Ferguson and La Caille without experiencing their energies.

PRECOCITY OF GENIUS.—While the constant labours and extensive researches of eminent men deserve our praise, the premature development of genius excites both our admiration and astonishment. To see juvenile years graced with all the beauties of science and learning, strikes the mind as a singular phenomenon. Whether all human souls be equal, so that their powers are only expanded or restrained according to corporeal organization, or whether they are different in their own nature, may, perhaps, be a matter of much controversy. It is evident, however, that what has cost many the labour of years, have been almost the first thoughts of others possessed of an early and fruitful genius. A few instances are here selected, which will, perhaps, afford some degree of entertainment to the reader.

PASCAL.—Blaise Pascal, one of the sublimest geniuses the world ever produced, was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1623. He never had any preceptor but his father. So great a turn had he for the mathematics, that he learned, or rather invented, geometry when but twelve years old; for his father was unwilling to initiate him in that science early, for fear of its diverting him from the study of the languages. At sixteen he composed a curious mathematical piece. About nineteen he invented his machine of arithmetic, which has been much admired by the learned. He afterward employed himself assiduously in making experiments according to the new philosophy, and particularly improved upon those of Toricellius. At the age of twenty-four his mind took a dif-

ferent turn; for all at once he became as great a devotee as any age has produced, and gave himself up entirely to prayer and mortification.

CANDIAC.—John Lewis Candiac, a premature genius, was born at Candiac, in the diocess of Nismes, in France, in 1719. In the cradle he distinguished his letters; at thirteen months he knew them perfectly; at three years of age he read Latin, either printed or in manuscript; at four he translated from that tongue; at six he read Greek and Hebrew, was master of the principles of arithmetic, history, geography, heraldry, and the science of medals, and had read the best authors on almost every branch of literature. He died of a complication of disorders at Paris, 1726.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

“When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end; born to promote all truth,
All righteous things.”

Paradise Regained.

Sir Philip Sidney was one of the brightest ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth he discovered the strongest marks of genius and understanding. Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brook, who was his intimate friend, says of him, “Though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge, and his very play tended to enrich the mind.”

DR. WATTS.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat in execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees said,

“Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.”

MUSICAL INFANT.—In 1788, a musical prodigy of the name of Sophia Hoffman attracted the notice of the scientific and the curious. The child, when only nine months old, discovered so violent an attachment to musical sounds, that,

if taken out of a room where any person was playing on an instrument, it was frequently impossible to appease her but by bringing her back. The nearer she was carried to the performer the more delighted she appeared, and would often clap her little hands together in accurate time. Her father, who was a musician, cultivated her infantine genius so successfully, that, when she was a year and three quarters old, she could play a march, a lesson, and two or three songs with tolerable correctness; and when two years and a half old she could play several tunes. If she ever struck a wrong note she did not suffer it to pass, but immediately corrected herself.

SELF-TAUGHT MECHANIST.—A boy of the name of John Young, now (1819) residing at Newton-upon-Ayr, in Scotland, constructed a singular piece of mechanism, which attracted much notice among the ingenious and scientific. A box, about three feet long by two broad, and six or eight inches deep, had a frame and paper covering erected upon it in the form of a house. On the upper part of the box are a number of wooden figures, about two or three inches high, representing people employed in those trades or sciences with which the boy is familiar. The whole are put in motion at the same time by machinery within the box, acted upon by a handle like that of a hand-organ. A weaver upon his loom, with a fly-shuttle, uses his hands and feet, and keeps his eye upon the shuttle as it passes across the web. A soldier, sitting with a sailor at a public-house table, fills a glass, drinks it off, then knocks upon the table, upon which an old woman opens a door, makes her appearance, and they retire. Two shoemakers upon their stools are seen, the one beating leather, and the other stitching a shoe. A cloth-dresser, a stone-cutter, a cooper, a tailor, a woman churning, and one teasing wool, are all at work. There is also a carpenter sawing a piece of wood, and two blacksmiths beating a piece of iron, the one using a sledge and the other a small hammer; a boy turning a grindstone while a man grinds an instrument upon it; and a barber shaving a man, whom he holds fast by the nose with one hand.

The boy was only about seventeen years of age when he completed this curious work; and since the bent of his mind could be first marked, his only amusement was that of working with a knife, and making little mechanical figures. This is the more extraordinary, as he had no opportunity whatever of seeing any person employed in a similar way.

He was bred a weaver with his father ; and, since he could be employed at the trade, has had no time for his favourite study, except after the work ceased or during the intervals ; and the only tool he ever had to assist him was a pocket-knife. In his earlier years he produced several curiosities on a similar scale ; but the one now described is his greatest work, to which he devoted all his spare time during two years.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.—The late Christopher Smart is said to have written poems at four years of age. His song to David has been justly deemed a wonder in the moral world, and deserving as much the investigation of the philosopher as the admiration of the lover of poetry ; and yet this poem was composed while the unfortunate bard was confined in a madhouse ; and in the absence of pen, ink, and paper, which were denied him, was written on the walls of his room with a key. It is a sublime production, and glows with religious fervour. In his fits of insanity religion was his ruling passion, and he was frequently so impressed with a sense of it as to write on his knees. When at large, he would say prayers in the streets, and insist that the people he met should pray with him.

MASTER CLAYTON.—The son of Judge Clayton, of Athens, Georgia, about ten years of age, possesses the most astonishing arithmetical powers of mind. He can reduce any given number of miles to inches, years to seconds, &c., performing the whole operation in his head, and will give the result as quick as an expert calculator can with a pen. Among other questions asked him were the following, which he solved with ease and expedition : How many inches are there in 1,373,489 miles ? How often does a wheel five feet six inches in diameter turn over in ninety miles ? What is the cube root of 24,743,682 ? He has, on more than one occasion (eighteen months ago), raised the number twelve to its fifteenth power ; that is to say, the number multiplied into itself fifteen times. He can multiply three figures by three figures. The whole is performed by the bare strength of memory ; for it is done in the usual way ; there is no mystery in it, no short method or plan of his own. This faculty was discovered in him at about eight years of age, and has most astonishingly improved since that time.

BACON.—At college Bacon discovered how “that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the peripatetic philosophy,” and the scholastic babble could not serve the ends and purposes of knowledge; that syllogisms were not things, and that a new logic might teach us to invent and judge by induction. He found that theories were to be built upon experiments. When a young man, abroad, he began to make those observations on nature which afterward led on to the foundations of the new philosophy. At sixteen he philosophized; at twenty-six he had framed his system into some form; and after forty years of continued labours, unfinished to his last hour, he left behind him sufficient to found the great philosophical reformation.

BLACKLOCK.—Blacklock is said to have seen the light only for five months. Besides having made himself master of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, he was also a great poet.

CRICHTON.—James Crichton, known by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton, was born in Scotland. At the age of twenty years he thought of improving himself by foreign travel; and having arrived at Paris, the desire of procuring the notice of its university, or the pride of making known his attainments, induced him to affix placards on the gates of its colleges, challenging the professors to dispute with him in all the branches of literature and the sciences, in ten languages, and either in prose or in verse. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled. Fifty masters, who had laboriously prepared for the contest, proposed to him the most intricate questions, and he replied to them in the language they required with the happiest propriety of expression, with an acuteness that seemed superior to every difficulty, and with an erudition which appeared to have no bounds. Four celebrated doctors of the church then ventured to enter into disputation with him. He obviated every objection they could urge in opposition to him; he refuted every argument they advanced. A sentiment of terror mingled itself with their admiration of him. They conceived him to be an antichrist. This singular exhibition continued from nine in the morning till six at night, and was closed by the President of the University, who, having expressed in the strongest terms of compliment the sense he entertained of his capacity and knowledge, advanced towards him, accompanied by four professors, and bestowed on him a diamond ring and a purse of gold.

FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.—Doctor Franklin was the first philosopher who succeeded in obtaining electricity from the clouds. This he did by means of a kite, to which an iron point was affixed. To the lower end of the hemp string was attached a silken cord, to prevent the electric fluid from passing off, and where the hemp string terminated a key was fastened. He raised his kite during a thunder-storm; and, on presenting his knuckle to the key, he received a strong spark. Afterward, in repeating these experiments, he collected the fluid thus obtained and confined it in bottles and jars. This circumstance gave rise to the following anecdote:

While he was about being presented to the king as an ambassador to the English court, a lady, observing his plain appearance, inquired who that gentleman was in such a homely dress. The gentleman on whose arm she was leaning remarked, "That, madam, is Benjamin Franklin, the ambassador from North America." "The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!" exclaimed the lady. "Hush, madam, for Heaven's sake," whispered the gentleman, "he is the man who *bottles up thunder and lightning*."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—"I do not know," said this great philosopher a little before his death, "what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only as a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

CHARACTERISTICS OF BAYLE.—To know Bayle as a man, we must not study him in the folio life of Des Maiseaux; whose laborious pencil, without colour and without expression, loses in its indistinctness the individualizing strokes of the portrait. Look for Bayle in his "Letters," those true chronicles of a literary man, when they solely record his own pursuits.

The personal character of Bayle was unblemished even by calumny; his executor, Basnage, never could mention him without tears! With simplicity which approached to an infantine nature, but with the fortitude of a stoic, our literary philosopher, from his earliest days, dedicated himself to literature; the great sacrifice consisted of those two main objects of human pursuits, fortune and a family. Many an ascetic, who has headed an order, has not so religiously ab-

stained from all worldly interests; yet let us not imagine that there was a sullenness in his stoicism; an icy misanthropy which shuts up the heart from its ebb and flow. His domestic affections through life were fervid. When his mother desired to receive his portrait, he sent her a picture of his heart! Early in life the mind of Bayle was strengthening itself by a philosophical resignation to all human events!

"I am indeed of a disposition neither to fear bad fortune nor to have very ardent desires for good. Yet I lose this steadiness and indifference when I reflect that your love to me makes you feel for everything that happens to me. It is, therefore, from the consideration that my misfortunes would be a torment to you, that I wish to be happy; and when I think that my happiness would be all your joy, I should lament that my bad fortune should continue to persecute me; though, as to my own particular interest, I dare promise to myself that I shall never be very much affected by it."

IMITATORS.—Seneca, in his 114th epistle, gives a curious literary anecdote of that sort of imitation by which an inferior mind becomes the monkey of an original writer. At Rome, when Sallust was the fashionable writer, short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity were affected as so many elegances. Arruntius, who wrote the history of the Punic Wars, painfully laboured to imitate Sallust. Expressions which are rare in Sallust are frequent in Arruntius, and, of course, without the motive that induced Sallust to adopt them. What rose naturally under the pen of the great historian, the minor one must have run after with a ridiculous anxiety. Seneca adds several instances of the servile affectation of Arruntius, which seems much like those we once had of Johnson, by the undiscerning herd of his monkeys.

One cannot but smile at these imitators; we have abounded with them. In the days of Churchill, every month produced an effusion which tolerably imitated his rough and slovenly versification, his coarse invective, and his careless mediocrity; but the genius remained with the English Juvenal. Sterne had his countless multitude, and in Fielding's time, Tom Jones produced more bastards in wit than the author could ever suspect. To such literary echoes, the reply of Philip of Macedon to one who prided himself on imitating the notes of the nightingale may be applied: "I prefer the nightingale herself!" Even the most successful of

this imitating tribe must be doomed to share the fate of Silius Italicus in his cold imitation of Virgil, and Cawthorne in his empty harmony of Pope.

To all these imitators I must apply an Arabian anecdote. Ebn Saad, one of Mohammed's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration, "Blessed be God, the best creator!" Mohammed approved of the expression, and desired him to write those words down also as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was, that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as the master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy; but the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with his life by falling on his knees, and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the Koran, for which he was sensible God had never created him.

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS MADE BY ACCIDENT.

—Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. "It was at Rome," says Gibbon, "on the fifteenth of October, seventeen hundred and sixty-four, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

Father Malebranche, having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Loitering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipped into some parts, he read with such delight, that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

Dr. Johnson informs us that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness of his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's *Treatise*.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident; when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her

confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clockcase and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

"If Shakspeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool-trade and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, had not turned author, the prudent woollseller had never been the celebrated poet."

"Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed *Melite*, and afterward his other celebrated works. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer."

"Thus it is that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe."

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Dr. Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

Flamstead was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacrobosco's book *De Sphæra* having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it that he immediately began a course of astronomic studies. Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds; the same accident, of finding on the table of his professor Reaumur's *History of Insects*, of

which he read more than he attended to the lecture, and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet, that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work; its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life; this naturalist, indeed, lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

MAD AUTHORS.—The conversation turning one day, in the presence of Fontenelle, on the marks of originality in the works of Father Castel, well known to the scientific world for his "*Vrai Système de Physique generale de Newton*;" some person observed, "But he is mad." "I know it," returned Fontenelle, "and I am very sorry for it, for it is a great pity. But I like him better for being original and a little mad, than I should if he were in his senses without being original."

When Nathaniel Lee, commonly called the mad poet, was confined, during four years of his short life, in Bedlam, a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed that it was easy to write like a madman. Lee answered, "No, sir, it is not so easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

EMINENT PERSONS RAISED FROM LOW STATIONS.—This section, perhaps, will not be found superfluous when we consider that its tendency is to encourage merit obscured by indigent circumstances, and to suppress pride and vanity in any who, though arrived at the summit of prosperity, have forgotten the humble valley through which they once traversed.

Archbishop Abbot was educated and maintained by public charity.

Tillotson's father was a weaver, and does not appear to have been in circumstances sufficient to provide for his son.

POPE SIXTUS V.—Pope Sixtus V., while he was a boy keeping a neighbour's hogs, a Franciscan friar, who had lost his way, applied to him for direction, which he gave with so good a grace, and at the same time offered his services so earnestly to attend him as a waiting-boy provided he would teach him to read, that the friar took him home to his convent. Such was his first step to the road of preferment, which he pursued so steadily that he was admitted to make his profession at fourteen years of age; was ordained a priest

by the name of Father Montalto, and at last arrived at the honour of the popedom.

On his elevation to the *tiara*, he used to say, in contempt of the pasquinades that were made upon his birth, that he was *domus natus illustri*, born of an illustrious house; because the sunbeams, passing through the broken walls and ragged roof, illustrated every corner of his father's hut. The poor people of Italy, till of late, have been accustomed to excite in their children an application to study by relating to them the story of this pope.

POPE BENEDICT XII.—Pope Benedict XII. was the son of a miller, whence he came to be called the *White Cardinal*. He never forgot his former condition; and when he was upon marrying his neice, he refused to give her to the great lord who sued for her, and married her to a tradesman.

PRIMASLAUS.—Libussa, princess of Bohemia, first ennobled and then married Primaslaus, who before was a plain husbandman. In remembrance of his former condition, he preserved a pair of wooden shoes. Being asked the cause of his doing so, he made the following answer: "I have brought these shoes with me for the purpose of setting them up as a monument in the Castle of Visegrade, and of exhibiting them to my successors, that all may know that the first prince of Bohemia was called to his high dignity from the cart and the plough; and that I myself, who am elevated to a crown, may bear constantly in mind that I have nothing whereof to be proud."

PERSEVERANCE.—When Dr. Franklin walked into Philadelphia with a roll of bread in his hand, little did he think what a contrast his after-life would exhibit; and yet, by perseverance and industry, he placed himself at the tables of princes, and became a chief pillar in the councils of his country. The simple journeyman, eating his roll in the street, lived to become a philosopher and a statesman, and to command the respect of his country and of mankind. What a lesson for youth!

PRIDEAUX.—John Prideaux, bishop of Worcester, was originally very poor. Before he applied himself to learning, he stood candidate for the office of parish clerk at Ugborow, in Devonshire, and, to his great mortification, another was chosen into that place. Such was his poverty on his first

coming to Oxford, that he was employed in servile offices in the kitchen of Exeter College for his support. He has been often heard to say, that if he had been elected clerk of Ugborow he should never have been a bishop. He was so far from being ashamed of his former poverty, that he kept the leather breeches which he wore at Oxford as a memorial of it. He died 29th July, 1650, aged seventy-two.

THE POOR STUDENT IN DANGER.—Bishop Horne, when a student, was very desirous of purchasing the Hebrew Concordance of Marius de Calasio; but, not knowing how to purchase it out of his allowance, or to ask his father in plain terms to make him a present of it, he told him the following story, and left the moral of it to speak for itself.

In the last age, when Bishop Walton's Polyglot was first published, there was at Cambridge a Mr. Edwards, passionately fond of Oriental learning, who afterward went by the name of Rabbi Edwards: he was a good man and a good scholar; but, being rather young in the University, and not very rich, Walton's great work was far above his pocket. Nevertheless, not being able to sleep well without it, he sold his bed and some of his furniture, and made the purchase; in consequence of which he was obliged to sleep in a large chest, originally made to hold his clothes. But getting into his chest one night rather incautiously, the lid of it, which had a bolt with a spring, fell down upon him, and locked him in past recovery; and there he lay wellnigh smothered to death. In the morning, Edwards, who was always an exact man, not appearing, it was wondered what had become of him; till, at last, his bedmaker, or the person who, in better time, *had been his bedmaker*, being alarmed, went to his chambers time enough to release him; and, the accident getting air, came to the ears of his friends, who soon redeemed his bed for him. This story Mr. Horne told his father, and it had the desired effect.

His father immediately sent him the money, for which he returned him abundant thanks, promising to repay him in the only possible way, viz., that of using the books to the best advantage. They were, without question, diligently turned over while he worked at his Commentary on the Psalms, and yielded him no small assistance.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA.—I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner describe my first entrance into this city, that

you may be able to compare beginnings so little auspicious with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first, but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market-street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much: I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market-street to Fourth-street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner and went through Chestnut-street, eating my roll all the way; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market-street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and,

after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labour and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

HUNTER AND CULLEN.—The celebrated Dr. William Hunter and Dr. Cullen formed a copartnership of as singular and laudable a kind as is to be found in the annals of science. Being natives of the same part of the country, and neither of them in affluent circumstances, these two young men, stimulated by the impulse of genius to prosecute their medical studies with ardour, but thwarted by the narrowness of their fortune, entered into partnership as surgeons and apothecaries in the country. The chief object of their contract being to furnish each of the parties with the means of prosecuting their medical studies, which they could not separately so well enjoy, it was stipulated that one of them, alternately, should be allowed to study in what college he pleased during the winter, while the other should carry on the business in the country for their common advantage. In consequence of this agreement, Cullen was first allowed to study in the University of Edinburgh for one winter; but when it came to Hunter's turn next winter, he preferring London to Edinburgh, went thither. There his singular neatness in dissecting and uncommon dexterity in making anatomical preparations, his assiduity in study and amiable manners, soon recommended him to the notice of Dr. Douglas, who then read lectures upon anatomy in London. Hunter was engaged as an assistant, and afterward filled the chair itself with honour. The scientific partnership was by this means prematurely dissolved.

SAMUEL DREW, *Author of the Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul.*—"My master was by trade a saddler, had acquired some knowledge of bookbinding, and hired me to carry on the shoemaking for him. He was one of those men who will live anywhere, but will get rich nowhere. His shop was frequented by persons of a more respectable class than those with whom I had previously associated, and various topics became alternately the subjects of conversation. In cases of uncertain issue I was sometimes appealed to to decide upon a doubtful point. This, perhaps, flattering my vanity, became a new stimulus to ac-

tion. I examined dictionaries, picked up many words, and from an attachment which I felt to books which were occasionally brought to the shop to be bound, I began to have some view of the various theories with which they abounded. The more I read, the more I felt my own ignorance ; and the more I felt my own ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or another. As I had to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little, and to overcome the disadvantage, my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages. Although the providence of God has raised me above this incessant toil, when I could 'barely earn enough to make life struggle,' yet it has become so habitual that the custom has not forsaken me at the present moment.

"During my literary pursuits, I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that one customer was ever disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded, and while attending to my trade I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument which I endeavour to note, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day remains on any paper which I have at hand till the business of the day is despatched and my shop shut, when, in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze in the evening such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study, I have no retirement. I write amid the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.' Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write."

His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing-chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805, were chiefly written.

DR. JOHNSON.—Soon after the publication of the *Life of Savage*, which was anonymous, Mr. Walter Harte dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely

of the work. The next time Cave met Harte, he told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of *Savage's* life. "How could that be?" says Harte; "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the screen. There skulked the biographer, *one* Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation, and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly."

FEMALES, ANECDOTES OF.

LEARNED FEMALES.—Ladies have sometimes distinguished themselves as prodigies of learning.

Queen Elizabeth, by a double translating of Greek without missing every forenoon, and of Latin every afternoon, attained to such a perfect understanding in both tongues, and to such a ready utterance of Latin, and that with such judgment, as there were few in either of the universities or elsewhere in England that were comparable to her.

LADY JANE GREY.—Of Lady Jane Grey it is said, that beside her skill in the Latin and Greek languages, she was acquainted with the Hebrew also, so as to be able to satisfy herself in both the originals.

MARY CUNITZ.—Mary Cunitz, one of the greatest geniuses in the sixteenth century, was born in Silesia. She learned languages with amazing facility, and understood Polish, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. She attained a knowledge of the sciences with equal ease; she was skilled in history, physic, poetry, painting, music, and playing upon instruments; and yet these were only an amusement. She more particularly applied herself to the mathematics, and especially to astronomy, which she made her principal study, and was ranked in the number of the most able astronomers of her time. Her astronomical tables acquired her a prodigious reputation.

MARGARET.—Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, if not a learned, is known, at least, as a voluminous writer, for she extended her literary productions to the number of twelve folio volumes.

A. M. SCHURMAN.—Anna Maria Schurman was born in the year 1607. Her extraordinary genius discovered itself at six years of age, when she cut all sorts of figures in paper with her scissors without a pattern. At eight she learned, in a few days, to draw flowers in a very agreeable manner. At ten she took but three hours to learn embroidery. Afterward she was taught music, vocal and instrumental, painting, sculpture, and engraving; in all which she succeeded admirably. She excelled in miniature painting and in cutting portraits upon glass with a diamond. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were so familiar to her that the most learned men were astonished at it. She spoke French, Italian, and English fluently. Her handwriting, in almost all languages, was so inimitable, that the curious preserved specimens of it in their cabinets.

C. GRIERSON.—Constantia Grierson, born of poor parents in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, was one of the most learned women on record, though she died at the age of twenty-seven, in 1733. She was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and understood history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. She proved her skill in Latin by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son; to whom she also addressed a Greek epigram.

MARY.—Mary, queen of Scots, at an early period, is said to have pronounced with great applause before the whole court a Latin harangue, in which she proved that it was not unbecoming the fair sex to cultivate letters and to acquire learning. She applied also, with great success, to the study of the French, Italian, and Spanish, which she spoke not only with propriety, but with fluency and ease.

These instances are not selected to imply that a *learned education* ought to be given to females in general. They are sufficient, however, I think, to decide the controversy respecting the intellectual talents of women compared with those of men; enough to prove that there are radical powers in the female sex as well as the male.

Let me press upon my fair readers to study plans of usefulness, both as to the body and the mind, so that their families, their neighbours, their friends, their country, may be the better for them. "While others are weightily engaged in catching a fashion or adjusting a curl, let the object of your cultivation be the understanding, the memory, the will,

the affections, the conscience. Let no part of this internal creation be unadorned; let it sparkle with the diamonds of wisdom, of prudence, of humility, of gentleness. These ornaments alone will confer dignity and prepare for usefulness."

USEFUL FEMALES.—It is said of the wife of the learned Budæus, that, so far from drawing him from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side, and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity: he called her the faithful companion, not of his life only, but of his studies.

It is said of Queen Mary II., that she ordered good books to be laid in the places of attendance, that persons might not be idle while they were in their turns of service. She gave her minutes of leisure to architecture and gardening; and since it *employed many hands*, she said *she hoped it would be forgiven her*.

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James: "but, pray tell me, can she spin?"

INTREPID ENTERPRISE.—It was to a woman that Europe was first indebted for the introduction of inoculation for the smallpox, originally a benefit of the greatest consequence. When Lady Mary Wortley Montague resided at Constantinople with her husband, who was ambassador to the Ottoman court, the practice of inoculation was universal throughout the Turkish dominions. Lady Mary examined into the practice with such attention as to become perfectly satisfied of its efficacy, and gave the most intrepid and convincing proof of her belief, in 1717, by inoculating her own son, who was then about three years of age. Mr. Maitland, who had attended the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured to establish the practice in London, and was encouraged by Lady Mary's patronage. In 1721 the experiment was successfully tried on some criminals. With so much ardour did Lady Mary, on her return, enforce this salutary

innovation among mothers of her own rank, that, as we find in her letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and to the superintendence of the success of her plan. In 1722 she had a daughter of six years old inoculated, who was afterward Countess of Bute ; and, in a short time, the children of the royal family that had not had the smallpox underwent the same operation with success ; the nobility soon followed the example, and the practice thus gradually extended among all ranks and to all countries, in spite of many strong prejudices which it had to encounter.

MRS. MONTAGUE.—Many years after Mrs. Montague's celebrated "Dialogues of the Dead" had received the approbation of all persons of critical taste, it fell into the hands of Cowper the poet, who, after reading it, thus wrote to one of his correspondents : " I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montague stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment ; the learning, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed in it fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that either have already been paid to her talents or shall be paid hereafter."

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.—This lady, who had the honour of giving birth to that eloquent orator and able dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was also distinguished for her literary attainments. Her first literary performance was a pamphlet, during the time in which Mr. Sheridan was engaged in a theatrical dispute with the public in Dublin. The pamphlet being well written, and rendering Mr. Sheridan an essential service, he became anxious to know to whom he was indebted for so able a defence ; after some inquiries he found this out, got introduced to the lady, and soon after married her.

IGNORANCE.

ADAM CLARKE.—One ludicrous circumstance, relative to an invitation to breakfast, I may here mention. After Mr. Clarke had preached one morning at five o'clock, a young woman of the society came to him and said, " Sir, will you do me the favour to breakfast with me this morn-

ing? I breakfast always at eight o'clock." *I thank you, said he, but I know not where you live.* "Oh," said she, "I live in — street, near Maudlin gate, No. —." *I do not know the place.* "Well, but you cannot well miss it, after the directions I shall give you." *Very well.* "You must cross Cherry Lane, and go on to the Quaker preaching-house: do you know it?" *Yes.* "Well, then leave the Quaker preaching-house on the left hand, and go down that lane till you come to the bottom; and then, on your right hand, you will see a door that appears to lead into a garden, with an inscription over it: can you read?" *Yes, a little.* "Well, then the board will direct you so and so, and you cannot then miss." *Thank you: I shall endeavour to be with you at the time appointed.* "I went," said Mr. Clark, "and because I had the happiness of being able to read, I found out my way."

This little anecdote will serve to show, that in those times the Methodists could not expect much from their ministers, as it appears they thought it possible they might have some that could not read their Bible! Howsoever illiterate they may have been deemed, it may be safely asserted that no instance is on record of an itinerant preacher among the Methodists being unable to read his Bible. Many, it is true, of the original preachers could read but indifferently: and I have known several of the clergy who did not excel even in this: and I have known one who, in reading 2 Kings xix., made three unsuccessful trials to pronounce the word Sennacherib — *Sennacrib, Sennacherub*, and terminated with *Snatch-crab!* But such swallows make no summers, and should never be produced as instances from which the general character of a class or body of men should be deduced. The time is long past since men in any department of life have been prized on account of their *ignorance*.

A LEARNED DISCOVERY.—Among the discoveries of the learned which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank. Some years ago there were several large elm-trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctors' Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of aerial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game by means of a crossbow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study that the

rooks had often dropped senseless from their perch, no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace; and the doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion giving it as the settled conviction of his mind that *rooks* were subject to *epilepsy*!

A WATER QUACK.—In the year 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence that his uncle, who had lived almost a hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to a hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. When he happened to observe the procession of a funeral, he shrugged up his shoulders in pity. "If the deceased," said he, "had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is." His friends, among whom he distributed it generously, observing the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown the bottle; and the sale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nitre. Those who made use of it, and were attentive at the same time to the regimen, or who were happy in good constitutions, soon recovered their usual health. To others he observed, "It is your own fault if you are not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce these vices, and, believe me, you will live at least a hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice, and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbé Pones extolled this quack, and gave him the preference to the Marischal de Villars; "the latter," says he, "kills men, the former prolongs their existence." At length it was discovered that Villars's medicine was composed chiefly of river water; his practice was now at an end; men had recourse to other quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients, and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price.

TITLES.—Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding

our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly. Several ladies were in debate, going over the list; he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. "My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieutenant N., "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah," exclaimed they, eagerly, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply.

TYRANTS THE ENEMIES OF KNOWLEDGE.—Sir William Berkeley, who was governor of Virginia thirty-eight years, in his answer to the inquiries of the lords of the committee for the colonies in 1671, sixty-four years after the settlement of the province, says, "I thank God we have not free-schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them, and libels against the government. God keep us from both." Lord Effingham, who was appointed governor in 1683, was ordered expressly "to allow no person to use a printing-press on any occasion whatsoever;" and, though no act of the legislature can be found prohibiting the press in Virginia, such was the influence of the governors as to be sufficient without it; for, until 1766, there was but one printing-office in the colony, and that was supposed to be entirely under the control of the governor.

LEARNED QUACK. (*By Billy Hibbard*).—A lady who was much afflicted, and who had been attended by several physicians to no purpose, was persuaded by her friends to call in the learned quack; so he came, and, after feeling the pulse a while, the sick woman said, "Well, doctor, do you know my case?" "Oh, yes, *mem*, it is a plain case." "Well, doctor, what is it?" "Why, *mem*, it is a scrutanutory case." "Scrutanutory case, doctor; pray, what is that?" "It's a dropping of the nerves, *mem*." "Dropping of the nerves, doctor; what's that?" "Why, *mem*, the *numnaticals* drop down into the *pizer-inctum*, and the head goes *tizer-rizer*, *tizer-rizer*." "Ah, doctor, you have hit my case; it is just so with me."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE. — Self-knowledge was considered, even by the heathens, as so indispensably necessary, that it was a motto engraved on one of their temples, "*Know thyself*!" Thus they made the stones cry out of the wall to every one who entered, that, without this important acquisition, he was a vain worshipper.

A young man of more vanity than prudence once told Robert Hall that he intended to refute a certain book which was much admired by the latter. "You attack that author!" exclaimed the indignant Hall; "a fly take wing against an archangel!"

FARMER'S SON.—A rich farmer's son who had been bred at the university, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this," said the scholar, "is one, and this," continued he, "is two; two and one, you know, make three." "Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning."

ARROGANT COLLEGIATE.—Nothing is more ridiculous than to boast of advantages of education which have not been improved. A young clergyman in America was lately boasting among his relations of having been educated at two colleges, Harvard and Cambridge. "You remind me," said an aged divine present, "of an instance I knew of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very *great calf*."

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR PHILLIPS.—Many years since, when the late Lieutenant-governor Phillips, of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the university and went home. His father was a grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any towcloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers." She replied, "Yes." "Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice; return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good

scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.—Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: others find a hundred by-roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Were we to erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens, it might be inscribed a hospital for incurables! When even fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a just tribute we pay in his person to genius itself. Even in these enlightened times such have lived in obscurity while their reputation was widely spread, and have perished in poverty while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Homer, poor and blind, resorted to the public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished in his old age in the most distressful poverty; and, having sold his place to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Our great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing of it on his own account.

It is said that Samuel Boyse, whose poem on creation ranks high in the scale of poetic excellence, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulder, and fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand. He was buried by the parish.

SINGULAR CASES OF INABILITY TO DISTINGUISH COLOURS.—Mr. Harris, a shoemaker at Allonby, was unable from infancy to distinguish the cherries of a cherry-tree from its leaves, in so far as colours were concerned. Two of his brothers were equally defective in this respect, and always mistook *orange* for *grass green*, and *light green* for *yellow*. Harris himself could only distinguish black from white. Mr. Scott, who describes his own case in the "Philosophical Transactions," mistook *pink* for a pale *blue*, and a full *red* for a full *green*. All kinds of yellows and blues, except sky blue, he could discern with great nicety. His father,

his maternal uncle, one of his sisters, and her two sons, had all the same defect. A tailor at Plymouth, whose case is described by Mr. Harvey, regarded the solar spectrum as consisting only of *yellow* and *light blue*; and he could distinguish with certainty only *yellow*, *white*, and *green*. He regarded indigo and Prussian blue as black.—*Treatise on Optics*, by Dr. Brewster—*Cabinet Encyclopedia*, Vol. XIX.

LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD.—According to the enumeration of Professor Adelung, there are in the world three thousand and sixty-four different languages; of which five hundred and eighty-seven are spoken in Europe, nine hundred and thirty-seven in Asia, two hundred and seventy-six in Africa, and one thousand two hundred and sixty-four in America. The professor probably includes in this enumeration many provincial corruptions of the same general languages.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.—Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that, after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was at the end of every second hour to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies Spinosa would mix with the family-party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on "The Tranquillity of the Soul," and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

FRANKLIN—ELECTRICITY.—Franklin's celebrated discovery of the identity of lightning with the electric fire is one of the few capital discoveries in science for which we are not at all indebted to chance, but to one of those bold and happy sketches of thought which distinguish minds of a superior order. The fact of the power of points to attract the electric fluid from a great distance was not unknown to the ancients ; but it had quite sunk into oblivion, and the theory of this relation occurred to and was proposed by Franklin before he had made or known of a single experiment to rectify it. After it was proposed by Franklin, the first persons who put it to the test of experiment were Messrs. Dalabard and Delor, who erected an apparatus for the express purpose ; and were not a little jeered at, especially by the Abbé Nollet, for endangering their philosophical reputation by exhibiting themselves, *en spectacle*, to the world, in the bold attempt of drawing down from the clouds the matter of the thunderbolt. Messrs. Dalabard and Delor, however, succeeded in proving most satisfactorily the truth of Franklin's theory ; as did Franklin himself about a month afterward, but before he had heard of anything of what they had done.

Franklin was waiting for the erection of a spire in Philadelphia in order to verify his hypothesis, when it occurred to him that, by means of a common kite, he could have a readier and easier access to the regions of thunder than by any spire whatever. Preparing, therefore, a large silk handkerchief and two cross sticks on which to extend it, he took the opportunity of the first approaching thunderstorm to walk into a field in which there was a shed convenient for his purpose. But, desirous of avoiding the ridicule which too commonly attends unsuccessful attempts in science, he communicated his intended experiment to nobody but his son, who assisted him in raising the kite.

The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very promising cloud had passed over it without any effect, when, at length, just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect and avoid one another just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this promising appearance, he presented his knuckle to the key, when he instantly perceived a very evident electric

spark. Other sparks succeeded at short intervals ; and, when the string became wet with rain, electric fire was collected in abundance. The discovery, in short, was complete.

Dr. Franklin acknowledges that his grand discoveries in electricity were owing to Mr. P. Collinson, the botanist. He says, "Mr. Collinson transmitted to the Philadelphia Library the earliest accounts of every new European improvement in agriculture and the arts, and every philosophical discovery ; among which, in 1745, he sent over an account of the new German experiments in electricity, together with a glass tube and some directions for using it, so as to repeat those experiments. This was the first notice I had of that curious subject, which I afterward prosecuted with some diligence, being encouraged by the friendly reception he gave to the letters I wrote to him."

DISCOVERY OF GALVANISM.—This extraordinary agent, from its effect on animals, was originally called "animal electricity." It received its name from Professor Galvani, of Bologna, to whom we are indebted for this discovery, in which, however, as in many others, accident had no small share. His wife, who was in a declining state of health, was using a soup made of frogs as a restorative. Some of the animals, being skinned for the purpose, were lying on a table in the laboratory, when one of his assistants chanced to touch with a scalpel the crural nerve of a frog that lay near an electric conductor, upon which the muscles of the limb were strongly convulsed. This effect was noticed by the lady, a woman of superior understanding and science, and communicated to her husband. He repeated the experiment, which he varied in every possible way, first with artificial and then with atmospherical electricity. In the course of his experiments with the latter, he suspended some frogs by metallic hooks from iron palisades, and observed that the muscles were frequently and involuntarily contracted when no electricity appeared in the atmosphere. Having fully considered the phenomenon, he found that it had no connexion with the changes in the state of the electricity in the atmosphere, but might be produced at pleasure by applying two pieces of metal to different parts of the animal, and bringing them into contact.

EARLY PRINTING.—There is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveller might

have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman stereotypes, or printing immoveable types, with which they stamped their pottery. How, in daily practising the art, though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for. Did the wise and grave senate dread those inconveniences which attended its indiscriminate use? Or, perhaps, they did not care to deprive so large a body as their scribes of their business. Not a hint of the art itself appears in their writings.

CHRONOLOGY OF PRINTING.—Previous to the year 1600, printing on wooden blocks said to be known in China.

1400. Playing cards printed from blocks in Europe.

1440. John Genesteish, surnamed Guttembergh, first prints in any alphabetical language from wooden blocks, which served only for the work printed.

1445. John Meydenbuch joins his wealth to the skill of Guttembergh and John Faustus, who were the first printers.

About this time Faustus invents moveable metallic types; receiving assistance from his son-in-law, Peter Schœffer, who devised the puncheons, matrices, and moulds for casting them.

1462. Faustus prints the Vulgate Bible in two volumes, which he sold at first as high as five hundred crowns per copy. Having reduced the price to thirty, he was seriously adjudged to be in league with the devil, and would have been sacrificed for witchcraft had he not explained his art.

1466. Faustus prints Cicero de Officiis, and soon after dies.

1473. Greek first printed.

1474. First printing in England.

1475. First almanac printed.

1495. Wilkin de Worde prints the first book on paper manufactured in England.

1499. First work of a geographical nature printed in Spain about this time.

1501. Inquisition at Venice to check the diffusion of knowledge by the press.

1522. Hebrew printed in Germany.

1531. Gazettes first published in Venice, and so called from a coin named gazetta, which was the price of a paper.

1537. The first book on longitude written by Nonius and printed in Portugal.

1539. The first Bible printed in England.
1545. The first treatise of navigation, by Medina, printed in Spain.
1564. An alphabet, with instructions for the deaf and dumb, printed in Spain.
1571. Printers in Paris, as a mark of respect, authorized to wear swords.
1576. Book of Diophantine Algebra first printed.
1588. "English Mercurie," a pamphlet, printed ; the first attempt at periodical literature.
1603. First decimal arithmetic printed in Flanders.
1612. King James's (the present) version of the Bible, which had been seven years in the hands of the translators, printed.
1615. Napier's Logarithms printed.
1639. Printing at Cambridge, Massachusetts, being the first within the present limits of the United States.
1649. The first code of Russian laws printed.
1661. The "Public Intelligence," by Sir Robert l'Es-tradge, the first newspaper published in England, of which a few numbers are still preserved.
1665. First treatise on ensurance printed.
1705. The "Boston News Letter," the first paper within the limits of the United States, printed by John Campbell, a Scotchman.
1706. Dr. Franklin, the great American printer, philosopher, and statesman, born in Boston.
1719. American "Weekly Mercury," the first paper in Philadelphia, printed.
1728. The "New-York Gazette," the first paper in that state, published in June.
1729. "Maryland Gazette" printed.
1731. Printing in South Carolina.
1732. First printing on paper made within the present limits of the United States.
1737. First printing in Georgia.
1755. Johnson's Dictionary printed in England.
1771. Printing in Louisiana.
1776. Fifty-six newspapers printed in the United States.
1797. First printing in Mississippi.
1799. The "Mississippi Gazette" printed in Natchez.
1814. Printing in Alabama.
1828. Nine hundred newspapers in the United States
1836. One thousand three hundred newspapers in the twenty-six states, territories, and District of Columbia.

PRINTER'S WIDOW.—A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve in Genesis, chap. iii., v. 16. She took out the first two letters of the word HERR, and substituted NA in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy LORD" (*Herr*), to "and he shall be thy FOOL" (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

SPENCE'S PERPETUAL MOTION.—Among those who have attempted the grand problem which has puzzled philosophers in all ages, the discovery of perpetual motion, few persons have displayed more ingenuity than John Spence, an untutored mechanic of Linlithgow. When only three or four years of age, Spence was excessively fond of mechanical inventions, and never could get the idea of them banished from his mind. When eleven years old he invented and constructed a model of a loom, the whole working apparatus of which was set in motion by a winch or handle at one side. It was contrived on the same principle as the looms *subsequently* constructed in Glasgow to be wrought by the steam-engine, but had less machinery. He gave the model to a gentleman of Stirling, and never heard what became of it.

When twelve years old he was put to the trade of a shoemaker; after only eight days' instruction he was able to make shoes on his own account; not that he was master of the trade, but he was then left to the resources of his own ingenuity, and acquired the art without further actual superintendence. But the natural bent of his genius leaned towards mechanics, and he never liked the employment. Wheels and levers occupied his mind from his earliest recollection, and he was happy when he was inventing or constructing what he had invented. He soon left his native town and went to Glasgow, not with the view of following out the trade of a shoemaker, but in the hope of getting into an employment which would place him near some of the magnificent machines used by the manufacturers of that city. Uninstructed as an artist, however, and utterly ignorant of spinning and weaving, it was difficult for him to find a situation about a manufactory which he was fitted to fill. At last he thought himself qualified for the humble situation of the keeper of an engine, and accordingly engaged himself

in that capacity. For two years his daily occupation was to feed the furnace and to oil the engine; and he felt happy in the employment, for it afforded him an opportunity of looking upon wheels in motion. Tired at last of the sameness of the scene, he returned to Linlithgow, and endeavoured to follow his original trade. But the mechanical powers still haunted his imagination, and he continued to invent and construct, till he sometimes brought upon himself the admonitions of his friends and the scoffs of his enemies for devoting so much time to his visionary inventions, as they called them, instead of attending to his trade. The invention of the long-sought-for perpetual motion appeared to him a splendid enterprise, attracted by the difficulty which attended it, and it excited his ambition by the very obstacles which it presented. He directed his ingenuity to that object, and at length he produced a piece of mechanism of extraordinary ingenuity.

In the year 1814 he had become so disgusted with the trade of a shoemaker that he could continue it no longer. He now conceived the idea of becoming a weaver. He had then in view to erect looms to be worked by a water-wheel, and thus promised for himself both profit and pleasure from his change of profession. Accordingly, his first object was to learn the trade of a weaver. This was soon accomplished. He constructed with his own hands the whole apparatus of a loom except the *treddles* and reed; got a professional weaver to put in the first web, and, without any other instruction, made as good cloth as those regularly bred to the business. This scheme, however, was never prosecuted further.

His last effort was to complete his discovery of a perpetual motion. The invention was known in Linlithgow a considerable time before it was made known to the public; but it was despised there in the usual way, for a prophet is not without honour save in his own country. The voice of fame, however, at length taught the good folks that a genius was among them, and they then crowded to see it with as much eagerness as they had formerly displayed indifference about it. A considerable number of strangers also visited it, and all expressed their admiration of the ingenuity, and, at the same time, the simplicity of the contrivance.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the invention by description. A wooden beam, poised by the centre, has a piece of steel attached to one end of it, which is alternately drawn up by a piece of magnet placed above it, and down by another placed below it; and as the end of the beam approaches

the magnet, either above or below, the machine interjects a non-conducting substance, which suspends the attraction of the magnet approached, and allows the other to exert its powers. Thus the end of the beam continually ascends and descends between the two magnets without ever coming into contact with either, the attractive power of each being suspended precisely at the moment of its nearest approach. As the magnetic attraction is a permanently operating power, there appears to be no limit to the continuance of the motion but the endurance of the materials of the machine.

SPECTACLES.—Spectacles first became known about the beginning of the fourteenth century ; an inscription on the tomb of a nobleman, Salvinus Armatus, of Florence, who died in 1317, states that he was the inventor. The person, however, who first made the invention public was Alexander Spina, a native of Pisa. He happened to see a pair of spectacles in the hands of a person who would or could not explain the principle of them to him ; but he succeeded in making a pair for himself, and immediately made their construction public for the good of others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.—It was a saying of this great artist, that a sculptor should carry his compass in his eye. "The hands, indeed," said he, "do the work, but the eye judges." Of his power of eye he was so certain, that, having once ordered a block of marble to be brought to him, he told the stonecutter to cut away some particular parts of the marble, and to polish others. Very soon an exquisite figure started out from the block ; the stonecutter looked amazed. "My friend," said Michael Angelo, "what do you think of it now ?" "I hardly know what to think of it," answered the astonished mechanic : "it is a very fine figure, to be sure. I am under infinite obligations to you, sir, for thus making me discover in myself a talent which I never knew I possessed." Angelo, full of the great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chisel or his pencil. When some person reproached him with living so melancholy and solitary a life, he said, "Art is a jealous thing ; it requires the whole and entire man."

PRINTING.—It is related that Faust, of Mentz, one of the many persons to whom the honour of having invented the

invaluable art of printing is ascribed, having carried a parcel of his Bibles to Paris and offered them for sale as MSS., the French, after considering the number of books and their exact conformity to one another, even to points and commas, and that the best book-writers could not be near so exact, concluded there was witchcraft in the case, and by either actually indicting him as a conjuror, or threatening to do so, extorted the secret. Hence the origin of the popular story of the devil and Dr. Faustus.

MEZZOTINTO.—Prince Rupert, nephew to Charles the First, who devoted himself much to the prosecution of chymical and philosophical experiments, as well as the practice of mechanic arts, for which he was famous, was the inventor of mezzotinto, of which he is said to have taken the hint from a soldier scraping his rusty fusil.

The prince, going out early one morning, observed a sentinel at some distance from his post very busy doing something to his piece. The prince inquired what he was about. He replied that the dew had fallen in the night and made his fusil rusty, and therefore he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together like friezework on gold and silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. From this trifling incident Prince Rupert conceived the idea of mezzotinto. He concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes as would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that, by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his ideas to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; these being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light. It is said that the first mezzotinto print ever published was engraved by the prince himself. It may be seen in the first edition of Evelyn's *Sculptura*; and there is a copy of it in the second edition, printed in 1755.

THE SPEAKING SCROLLS OF OLD.—Simon Memmi, who flourished at Siena in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the first painter who, by way of explanation, put

written scrolls in the mouths of his figures, a practice which afterward became common. There is a piece of his now in existence, wherein the devil, almost expiring from the severe pursuit of a saint, exclaims, *Ohime ! Non posso piu.* Oh ! oh ! It is all over with me.

SCULPTURE.—Pliny relates a pleasing anecdote of the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover at the eve of a long separation. A repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered at length the faculties of the youth, and he fell fast asleep. The nymph, whose imagination was more alert, observing that, by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was strongly marked on the wall, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline with such success, that her father, when he chanced to see the sketch, determined to preserve, if possible, the effect. With this view he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay of the kind had the honour to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Archaius.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.—The circumstance which gave rise to the introduction of bills of exchange in the mercantile world was the banishment from France, in the reigns of Philip Augustus and Philip the Long, of the Jews, who, it is well known, took refuge in Lombardy. On their leaving the kingdom, they had committed to the care of some persons in whom they could place confidence such of their property as they could not carry with them. Having fixed their abode in a new country, they furnished various foreign merchants and travellers, whom they had commissioned to bring away their fortunes, with secret letters, which were accepted in France by those who had the care of their effects. Thus the merit of the invention of exchanges belongs to the Jews exclusively. They discovered the means of substituting impalpable riches for palpable ones, the former being transmissible to all parts without leaving behind them any traces indicative of the way they have taken.

GALILEO.—The succession of the noble discoveries made by Galileo, the most splendid, probably, which it ever fell to the lot of one individual to make, in a better age would have

entitled its author to the admiration and gratitude of the whole scientific world; but they were viewed at the time with suspicion and jealousy. The ability and success with which Galileo had laboured to overturn the doctrines of Aristotle and the schoolmen, as well as to establish the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun, excited many enemies. The church itself was roused to action by reflecting that it had staked the infallibility of its judgments on the truth of the very opinions which were now in danger of being overthrown.

The Dialogues of Galileo contained a full exposition of the evidence of the earth's motion, and set forth the errors of the old, as well as the discoveries of the new philosophy with great force of reasoning, and with the charms of the most lively eloquence. They are written, indeed, with such singular felicity, that we read them at the present day, when the truths contained in them are known and admitted, with all the delight of novelty, and feel carried back to the period when the telescope was first directed to the heavens, and when the earth's motion, with all its train of consequences, was proved for the first time. The author of such a work could not be forgiven. Galileo accordingly was twice brought before the Inquisition. The first time a council of seven cardinals pronounced a sentence which, for the sake of those disposed to believe that power can subdue truth, ought never to be forgotten: "That to maintain the sun to be immoveable and without local motion in the centre of the world is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, heretical in religion, and contrary to the testimony of Scripture. That it is equally absurd and false in philosophy to assert that the earth is not immoveable in the centre of the world, and, considered theologically, equally erroneous and heretical."

Galileo was threatened with imprisonment unless he would retract his opinions, and a promise was at length extorted from him that he would not teach the doctrine of the earth's motion either by speaking or writing. To this promise he did not conform.

In the year 1663 Galileo, now seventy years old, was again brought before the Inquisition, forced solemnly to disavow his belief in the earth's motion, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, though the sentence was afterward mitigated, and he was allowed to return to Florence. The sentence appears to have pressed very heavily on Galileo's mind, and he never afterward either talked or wrote on the

subject of astronomy. Such was the triumph of his enemies, on whom ample vengeance would have long ago been executed if the indignation and contempt of posterity could reach the mansions of the dead.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—The circulation of the blood was discovered in 1619, and is the most important discovery that ever was made in the whole science of physiology; the influence which it necessarily exerted on the doctrines of pathology caused a general revolution throughout the whole circle of medical knowledge. To William Harvey, an English physician, the glory of this discovery has been assigned by the almost unanimous concurrence of his successors, although some have endeavoured to deprive him of his well-earned fame by ascribing a knowledge of the circulation to various preceding writers.

Mr. Dutens, in his "*Recherches sur l'Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Modernes*," has brought forward passages from Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Julius Pollux, Apuleius, and several others, to prove that they knew the course of the blood; and yet nothing more is necessary to disprove his assertion than to examine the very passages which he adduces in support of it.

Vigneul Marville, in his *Mélanges de Littérature*, says, "It is said that the religious of St. Vannes have discovered in St. Ambrose the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which has been thought to be a modern discovery by Harvey;" and Voltaire assures us that Servetus made the discovery long before Harvey, who is considered on the Continent not as the first who *discovered* the circulation of the blood, but the first who *demonstrated* it. But Servetus only knew the minor calculation; he laid the foundation of the building which had baffled all the efforts of the great geniuses of antiquity.

The merits of Harvey, whose fame can never perish while medical science continues to be cultivated, is enhanced by considering the degraded state of medical knowledge at that time in England.

VASCO DE GAMA.—The discovery of India, to which such great advances had been made by Prince Henry of Portugal, was, thirty-four years after his death, accomplished through the heroic intrepidity of the illustrious Vasco de Gama.

The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and, therefore, much less dangerous and heroical than

that of Columbus and Magellan. But this, it is presumed, is an opinion hastily taken up and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magellan undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama, who stood out to sea for upward of three months of tempestuous weather, in order to double the Cape of Good Hope, hitherto deemed impassable. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magellan are described by their historians as far less tremendous than those which attacked Gama. The poet of the Seasons, in depicting a tempest at sea, selects that encountered by Gama as an example of all that is most terrific in this conflict of elements.

“ With such mad seas the daring Gama fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night ;
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led.”

From every circumstance, it is evident that Gama had determined not to return unless he discovered India. Nothing less than such a resolution, to perish or attain his point, could have led him on. It was this resolution which inspired him, when, on the general mutiny of the crew, he put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons, while he himself, with his faithful brother Coello and a few others, stood night and day to the helm until they doubled the Cape, and beheld the road to India before them. It was this which made him still persevere when he fell into the strong current off Ethiopia, that drove him for a time he knew not whither. How different the conduct of Columbus ! When, steering southward in search of a continent, he met great currents, which he imagined were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of heaven, which, for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, he might touch towards the south, he therefore turned his course and steered to the west ; from which, after all, he returned without being certain whether the land he discovered at the mouth of the Orinoko was an island or a continent !

DISCOVERY OF GLASS.—“ As some merchants,” says Pliny, “ were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find stones to rest their kettles on, they used for this purpose some of these pieces of nitre. The fire, which gradually dissolved the nitre and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing less than glass.”

In the reign of Tiberius, according to the same author, a Roman artist had his house demolished, or, as Petronius Arbiter and others affirm, lost his head for making malleable glass.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—The orientalists imagine that, among other acquirements, the Europeans are in possession of the philosopher's stone, and some among themselves are not wanting who pretend to this gift. When Mr. Kinneir, who travelled through Asia Minor and the neighbouring countries in eighteen hundred and thirteen and eighteen hundred and fourteen, was at Bassora, Mr. Colquhoun, the acting resident at that place, received a message from an Arabian philosopher, who supplicated his protection from the cruel and continued persecution of his countrymen. Having been informed that he had the power of transmuting the basest metals into gold, they daily put him to the torture to wring his secret from him. He added, that he would divulge everything he knew to Mr. Colquhoun, provided he was permitted to reside in the factory. He accordingly retired, and soon afterward returned with a small crucible and chafing-dish of coals; and when the former had become hot, he took four small papers, containing a whitish powder, from his pocket, and asked Mr. Colquhoun to fetch in a piece of lead; the latter went into his study, and taking four pistol bullets, weighed them, unknown to the alchymist; these, with the powder, he put into a crucible, and the whole was immediately in a state of fusion. After the lapse of about twenty minutes the Arabian desired Mr. Colquhoun to take the crucible from the fire, and put it into the open air to cool; the contents were then removed, and the residuum proved to be a piece of pure gold, of the same size as the bullets. The gold was afterward valued at ninety piastres.

"It is not easy," says Mr. Kinneir, "to imagine how a deception could have been accomplished, since the crucible remained untouched by the Arab after it had been put upon the fire; while it is, at the same time, difficult to conceive what inducement a poor Arab could have had to make an English gentleman a present of ninety piastres. Mr. Colquhoun ordered him to return next day, which he promised to do; but in the middle of the night the Sheik of Grane, with a body of armed men, broke into his house and carried him off."

Mr. Kinneir says, "Whether this unhappy man possessed, like St. Leon, the art of making gold, we are not called on

to determine." Now, although we conceive the Arabian philosopher just as capable of transmuting metals as the immaculate St. Leon, so aptly quoted by Mr. Kinneir, we still are skeptical enough to suppose that there was abundance of time to fuse a solid mass of gold during the absence of Mr. Colquhoun, and afterward to waste the lead by the natural progress of oxydation, aided by a strong fire.

PINS.—Pins were brought from France in fifteen hundred and forty-three, and were first used in England by Catharine Howard, queen of Henry the Eighth. Before that invention both sexes used ribands and laces, with points and tags, hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold.

In the year fifteen hundred and forty-three it was enacted "that no person shall put to sale any pinnes, but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the shank well shaped, the points well and round filed, counted and sharpened."

The pin manufactory affords employment to a number of children of both sexes, who are thus not only prevented from acquiring habits of idleness and vice, but are, on the contrary, initiated in their early years in those of a beneficial and virtuous industry.

THE FINE ARTS.

MYRON.—Myron of Eleutheræ, who appears from Pliny to have executed many works of excellence, seems to have been most commended for what he probably regarded as a trifling performance. A brazen heifer which he made is celebrated by no less than thirty-six epigrams in the Greek Anthologia. The following is among the best:

On the Heifer of Brass of Myron.

' Either this heifer has a brazen skin,
Or else the brass contains a soul within."

The Foot-racer of this artist was not less celebrated, as appears from the following epigram:

Myron's Foot-racer.

"Such as, when flying with the whirlwind's haste,
In your foot's point your eager soul you placed,
Such, Ladas, as here by Myron's skill you breathe,
Ardent in all your frame for Pisa's breath.

The fervid spirit from the heaving chest
Shines in the lips. Where is not hope express'd?
The brass springs forward in the nimble strife.
Oh, art more vivid than the breath of life!"

PAINTING FROM NATURE.—Eupompus, the painter, was asked by Lysippus, the sculptor, whom among his predecessors he should make objects of his imitation. "Behold," said the painter, showing his friend a multitude of characters passing by, "behold my models. From nature, not from art, by whomsoever wrought, must the artist labour who hopes to attain honour and extend the boundaries of his art."

PRAXITELES.—Praxiteles, who flourished 264 years before Christ, was the sculptor of some of the most famous statues of antiquity. Among these were two Venuses, one clothed and the other naked. The first was purchased by the Rhodians, who preferred it as the most decent. The Cnidians took the rejected one, which was so exquisitely beautiful that many persons took a voyage to Cnidus for the sole purpose of seeing it. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, was so desirous of possessing it, that he offered to pay all the public debts of Cnidus, which were large, as the price; but the citizens refused to part with it on any terms, regarding it as the principal glory of the state. Praxiteles having promised the choice of his works to Phryne, a lady to whom he was attached, she, in order to discover which he most valued, ran to him one day with the false intelligence that his house was on fire. "I am undone," he cried, "unless I save my Satyr and my Cupid." The lady, having thus obtained an indisputable criterion, chose the Cupid as the most valuable of all his performances.

LOST ART.—If we may credit a very singular story told in the Jesuit's Letters, the Chinese have now lost a very curious secret. They knew formerly how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other animals in such a manner that these figures never appeared to the eye till the porcelain vases were filled with liquor.

MONOCHROMATIC PAINTING.—A very delicate experiment, yet a very natural one, which Buffon appears to have first noticed, led, in all probability, to the invention of the monochromatic mode of painting, or painting with a single colour. If, at the moment which precedes sunset at the close of a cloudless day, a body is placed near a wall, or against

another polished body, or on a smooth chalky soil, the shadow caused by this body is *blue*, instead of being *black* or *colourless*. This effect is produced by the light of the sun being so weakened that the blue rays, which are reflected from the sky, which has always this colour on a clear day, fall, and are again driven back or reflected on that part of the wall which the dying light of the sun cannot strike; for, even at its last moment, the light which falls straight and direct is sufficiently strong to destroy that of the heavens, which is only reflected wherever they meet.

MOSAIC PAINTING.—Mosaic, as Wotton describes it in his work on architecture, is a kind of painting in small pebbles, cockles, or shells of sundry colours; and in recent times likewise with pieces of glass figured at pleasure. It is used chiefly for pavements and floorings.

The term *Mosaic* is derived from the Latin *Musivum*; and a noble lord ought not to have been laughed at in the House of Peers when he pronounced the word, as it ought to be pronounced, *Musaic*. It is odd enough that many persons have really conceived it to originate from the name of the great Jewish legislator!

Pliny shows that the Greeks were the first who practised this art, and notices a curious work of the kind, which was called "an unswept piece." This singular performance exhibited to the eye crumbs of bread, and such other things as fall from a table, which were so naturally imitated that observers were completely deceived into the belief that "an unswept" pavement lay before them. It was formed of small shells painted with different colours.

Mosaic has been practised in Italy for these two thousand years. The manner of working it is by copying with morsels of marble of different colours, everything which a picture can imitate. Instead of common stones, difficult to be collected for works of magnitude, and requiring much time to prepare and polish, the mosaic artists have sometimes recourse to a paste composed of glass and enamel, which, after passing through a crucible, takes a brilliant colour. All the pieces are inlaid, and very thin, and their length is proportioned to their slenderness. They sometimes inlay a piece not thicker than a hair. They are easily fixed in a stucco or plaster of Paris placed to receive them, and soon dry and harden. Such works are so solid that they are capable of resisting the assaults of time through many ages. The mosaic of St. Mark at Venice has existed above nine hundred years in perfect splendour and beauty.

The church of St. Dominico, at Siena, has to boast of a peculiarly elegant mosaic pavement. Duccio, of Siena, in 1350, began that part of it which is beneath the altar of St. Ausano. In 1424 the pavement under the three steps of the high altar, representing David, Samson, Moses, Judas Macabeus, and Joshua, was completed; and forty years afterward Matteo de Siena proceeded to embellish the part under the altar of the crucifix with the history of the martyrdom of the Innocents. The twelve Sybils were added in 1483; and in 1500 Dominico Beccafumi, *alias* Mecarino, completed this magnificent pavement by executing the middle part next the pulpit.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—The first engraving on wood of which there is any record in Europe is that of “the Actions of Alexander,” by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece, decorated with fanciful ornaments, there is an inscription which states the engravings to have been by “Alesandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief, with a small knife, on blocks of wood made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper, to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection. All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age.” This account, which was given by Papillon, who saw the engravings, has been much disputed; but Mr. Ottley, in his late valuable work, deems it authentic.

COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.—The invention of copperplate engraving is believed to have been derived from Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine, who lived between the years 1400 and 1460. It is said that he impressed with earth all the things which he engraved in silver, for the purpose of filling them with *niello*, a metallic substance reduced to powder, composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur, and borax. And having poured over the earthen impressions liquid sulphur, they became printed and filled with smoke. “Whence,” says Vasari, “being rubbed with oil, they showed the same

as the silver; and this he also did with damped paper, and with the same tint, pressing over it with a round roller, smooth in every part, which not only made them appear printed, but as if drawn with a pen."

BLUNDERS.—Tintoret, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, has armed the Hebrews with guns; and a modern Neapolitan artist has represented the holy family, during their journey to Egypt, as passing the Nile in a barge as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

Brengeli, a Dutch painter, in a picture of the Eastern magi, has, according to the grotesque fashion of his country, drawn the Indian king in a large white surplice, with boots and spurs, and bearing in his hand, as a present to the holy child, the model of a Dutch seventy-four.

Lanfranc has thrown churchmen in their robes at the feet of our Saviour when an infant; and Algarotti relates that Paul Veronese introduced several Benedictines among the guests at the feast of Cana.

An altar-piece in a church at Capua, painted by Chella delle Puera, representing the Annunciation, is a curious collection of absurdities. The Virgin is seated in a rich arm-chair of crimson velvet, with gold flowers; a cat and parrot placed near her, seem extremely attentive to the whole scene; and on a table are a silver coffee-pot and cup.

A modern Italian has painted the same subject in a way equally absurd. The Virgin is on her knees near the toilet; on a chair are thrown a variety of fashionable dresses, which show that, in the painter's opinion, at least, she must have been a practised coquette; and at a little distance appears a cat, with its head lifted up towards the angel, and its ears on end to catch what he has got to say.

Paulo Mazzochi painted a piece representing the four elements, in which fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire. He wished to represent the air by a chameleon; but, not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similarity of sounds, to introduce a camel, who, extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

TRIAL OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—Craasbeck, a Flemish painter, entertaining some doubts as to the affection of his wife, who was a modest and agreeable woman, and being anxious to ascertain if she really loved him, one day stripped

his breast naked, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin ; his lips and cheeks he painted of a livid colour, and on his palette near him he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a bloodlike colour. When everything was prepared, he shrieked out, as if he had been at that instant killed, and lay still. His wife ran in, saw him in that terrifying condition, and showed so many tokens of unaffected natural passion and real grief, that he rose up convinced of her affection, dissuaded her from grieving, and freely told her his motive for the whole contrivance, which he would not have violated truth by describing as a very despicable trick.

EDUCATION.—In the education of young persons, much is to be considered in respect to their teachers. As such ought to be possessed of ability, so they ought to be encouraged. "Pity it is," says the great Mr. Ascham, "that commonly more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say *nay* in one word, but they do so in deed ; for to one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and are loath to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should. For he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children ; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their child."

We should be careful what books we put into the hands of children. All publications tending to infidelity, looseness of character, vice, &c., ought to be proscribed. If the Athenian laws were so delicate that they disgraced any one who showed an inquiring traveller the wrong road, what disgrace, among Christians, should attach to that tutor, parent, or author who, when a youth is inquiring the road to genuine and useful knowledge, directs him to blasphemy and unbelief?

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It shortens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to the genius. Without it, what is man ? a splendid slave ! a reasoning savage ! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of brutal passion.—*Phillips*.

AN APT VERSION.—The late Dr. Adam, rector of the Grammar-school, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such as were of patrician descent; and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprehending rather severely for his ignorance; much more so than the boy thought he would have done had he been the son of a *right honourable*, or even of a plain Baillie Jarvie. “You dunce!” exclaimed the rector, “I don’t think you can even translate the motto of your own native place, of the *gude* town of Edinburgh. What, sir, does ‘*Nisi Dominus frustra*’ mean?” “It means, sir,” rejoined the boy, smartly, “that, unless we are lords’ sons, we need not come here.”

TACITURNITY.—“He who knows not how to be silent knows not how to speak,” said Pittacus; “and he that hath knowledge spareth his words,” said Solomon; that is, “He will be few of his words, as being afraid of speaking amiss.”

A babbler, being at table with a number of persons, among whom was one of the seven sages of Greece, expressed his astonishment that a man so wise did not utter a single word. The sage instantly replied, “*A fool cannot hold his tongue.*” “Take away from the conversations of the generality of persons, in most companies, their slanders against the absent, their shallow criticisms, their ignorant political opinions, and their barren witticisms against religion, and you will find that, on a just calculation, those who speak the most do not say more than those who keep a profound silence. It is for this reason that a man of sense always prefers passing even for stupid by his taciturnity, to the infamous talent of shining at the expense of religion, of the laws, of men of genius, and of his neighbours, to divert those who are falsely named great wits, or rejoice the hearts of men who want judgment, justice, and humanity.”

DIFFIDENCE.—While we behold some possessed but of little knowledge and a mediocrity of talent put on all the consequence of learning and all the boldness of authority, we are sometimes, on the other hand, spectators of men of uncommon worth, fine genius, and extensive abilities, labouring under the fetters of diffidence and fear. It is, however, an unhappy circumstance for such, as it must be injurious to themselves, while it precludes, in some respect, their usefulness to others.

It is said of the learned Junius that he had such an invin-

cible modesty, that throughout his life he appeared to common observers under peculiar disadvantages, and could scarcely speak upon the most common subjects without a suffusion in his countenance. In this respect he seems to have equalled our famous Mr. Addison, who likewise was at once one of the greatest philosophers as well as one of the most abashed and modest men of his time.

Such was the diffidence of that good man Dr. Conyers, that if he saw a stranger in his congregation, especially if he suspected him to be a minister, it would so disconcert him as to render him almost incapable of speaking. On these occasions he would sometimes say to Mr. Thornton, "If you expect any blessing under my ministry, I beg you will not bring so many *black coats* with you."

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.—The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius in the pages of his volume, is found not rarely to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say, "*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such

may say with Themistocles when asked to play on a lute, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence among strangers; but, if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment he laboured at some future Spectator!

Mediocrity can *talk*, but it is for genius to *observe*.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a tie-wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It was very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that, too, in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden said of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company or make repartees."

LOQUACITY.—"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." He who talks much not only often renders himself unpleasant to the company, but is in danger of offending God. There is a happy medium, which should be attended to; neither to seal up the lips in monkish stupidity, nor, on the other hand, to be guilty of impertinent and trifling loquacity.

Zeno, being present where a person of a loquacious disposition played himself off, said, with an air of concern in

his countenance, "I perceive that poor gentleman is ill. He has a violent flux upon him." The company was alarmed, and the speaker stopped in his career. "Yes," added the philosopher, "the flux is so violent that it has carried his ears into his tongue."

The Rev. Mr. Berridge being once visited by a very loquacious young lady, who, forgetting the modesty of her sex and the superior gravity of an aged divine, engrossed all the conversation of the interview with small talk concerning herself, when she rose to retire, he said, "Madam, before you withdraw I have one piece of advice to give you; and that is, when you go into company again, after you have talked *half an hour* without intermission, I recommend it to you to stop a while, and see if any other of the company has anything to say."

In conversation, great care should be taken to introduce subjects with discretion and propriety. A person once harangued on the strength of Samson. "I affirm," said he, "that this same Samson was the strongest man that ever did or ever will live in the world." "I deny it," replied one of the company; "you yourself are stronger than he." "How do you make out that?" "Because you just now lugged him in by head and shoulders."

Though the above-mentioned reproof were suitable, yet it is not to be understood that the gift of conversation is to be lightly appreciated, but only to be used with judgment. They who cannot talk at all are, perhaps, as miserable to themselves as they who talk much are disagreeable to others.

A gentleman who acquired a very considerable fortune in trade was absolutely wretched because he could not talk in company. "I am a most unhappy man," said he. "I am invited to conversations; I go to conversations; but, alas! I have no conversation." From this instance we may learn how much more conducive to our happiness it is to store our minds with intellectual wealth, than to be heaping up riches in expectation that money will supply the place of everything else.

Much is to be gained by judicious conversation. Menage once heard Varilles say, that of ten things which he knew, he had learned nine from conversation. "The tongue of the wise," says Solomon, "useth knowledge aright." And again, "The tongue of the just is as choice silver."

A number of intimate friends being at dinner together on the Lord's day, one of the company, in order to prevent impertinent discourse, said, "It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not?" This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness and self-examination. One thought, if any of this company go to hell, it must be myself; and so thought another; even the servants who waited at table were affected in the same manner; in short, it was afterward found that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to their conversion.

KNIGHT OF FLORENCE.—A knight of Florence, whose love of talking was a common theme of lamentation among his friends, met one evening at supper a party of brother patricians. As soon as supper was over he began telling a story, and seemed as if he would never have done with it. "I'll tell you what," said one of the party, interrupting him, "who ever told you this story, Sir Knight, did not tell you the whole of it." "How could that be?" asked the knight; "I know every word of it." "No, no," rejoined the speaker, "he did not tell you, I am sure, *the end* of it." The company laughed, and the story-teller, confounded with the rebuke, made an abrupt termination of his discourse.

The Abbé Raynal and the Abbé Galignani, who were both incessant talkers, were invited to the house of a mutual friend, who wished to amuse himself by bringing them together. Galignani, who began the conversation, engrossed it so thoroughly, and talked with such volubility, that Raynal could not find the least opening to introduce a word; but, turning to his friend, said, in a low voice, *S'il crache, il est perdu.*

STUDIES.

INSTANCES OF INTENSE STUDY, &c.—Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, would never leave the subject on any account. Dinner has been often three hours ready for him before he could be brought to table. His man often said of him, that, when he has been getting up of a morning, he has sometimes begun to dress, and, with one leg in his breeches, sat down again on the bed, where he has remained for hours before he has got his clothes on.

Frederic Morel had so strong an attachment to study that, when he was informed of his wife's being at the point of death, he would not lay down his pen till he had finished what he was upon; and when she was dead, as she was before they could prevail upon him to stir, he was only heard to reply coldly, "*I am very sorry; she was a good woman.*"

Adrian Turnebus, an illustrious French critic, was indefatigable in his application to study, insomuch that it was said of him, as it was of Budæus, that he spent some hours in study even on the day he was married.

Euclid was asked one day by King Ptolemæus Lagus "whether there was not a shorter and easier way to the knowledge of geometry than that which he had laid down in his Elements." He answered that "there was indeed no royal road to geometry." In the same manner, when Alexander wanted to learn geometry by some easier and shorter method, he was told by his preceptor that "he must here be content to travel the same road with others; for that all things of this nature were equally difficult to prince and people." We may apply this observation to learning in general. If we wish to enjoy the sweets, we must encounter the difficulties of acquisition. The student must not be always in the world or living at his ease if he wish to enlarge his mind, inform his judgment, or improve his powers; he must read, think, remember, compare, consult, and digest, in order to be wise and useful.

Variety of studies, so far from weakening the mind, is a powerful means of promoting its energy and growth. We seldom meet with persons of vigorous understanding whose range of thought has been confined chiefly to one department.

THREE MISTAKES.—"There are three capital mistakes," says one, "in regard to books. Some, through their own indolence, and others from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, *read no book but the Bible*. But these good men do not consider that, for the same reasons, they ought not to preach sermons; for sermons are *libri, ore, vivaque voce, pronunciati*: the Holy Scriptures are *illustrated* by other writings. Others collect great quantities of books for *show*, and not for *service*. This is a vast parade, even unworthy of reproof. Others purchase large libraries with a sincere design of reading all the books. But a very large

library is learned *luxury*, not *elegance*, much less *utility*." Much reading is no proof of much learning; fast readers are often desultory ones.

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.—Of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature, time will not abate the growing passion; for old men still cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits when all others have ceased to interest. Dr. Reid, to his last day, retained a most active curiosity in his various studies, and particularly in the revolutions of modern chymistry. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure, and in old age we may enjoy them with the same relish with which more youthful students commence.

Professor Dugald Stewart tells us that Adam Smith observed to him, that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favourite studies and favourite authors of youth; a remark which, in his own case, seemed to be more particularly exemplified while he was reperusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece. I heard him repeat the observation more than once while Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table."

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years, and became a proficient.

Fairfax, after having been general of the parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learned logic merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

Though the above instances are somewhat singular, yet young persons should beware of procrastination, and not lose the present moment in expectation of improving the future. Very few are capable of making any proficiency under the decrepitude of old age, and when they have been long accustomed to negligent habits. Great defects and indigested erudition have often characterized the *οψιμαθεις*, or "late learned."

READING.—There are some books which require peculiar attention in reading in order to understand them. A

spruce macaroni was boasting one day that he had the most happy genius in the world. "Everything," said he, "is easy to me! People call Euclid's Elements a hard book; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end, in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and teatime." "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon! How was that possible?" "Upon my honour I did, and never read smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the problems as you went?" "Demonstrations and problems! I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's; and 1's, and 2's, and 3's; and the pictures of scratches and scrawls? No, no; I skipped all them. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read, and in one piece of the afternoon too." Alas! how many such readers are there? Such are likely to get as much knowledge of the subject they read as this young man did of geometry.

DR. WATTS.—*As you proceed both in learning and in life, make a wise observation what are the ideas, what the discourses, and the parts of knowledge that have been more or less useful to yourself or others.* In our younger years, while we are furnishing our minds with a treasure of ideas, our experience is but small, and our judgment weak; it is therefore impossible at that age to determine aright concerning the real *advantage* and *usefulness* of many things we learn. But, when age and experience have matured your judgment, then you will gradually drop the more *useless part* of your younger *furniture*, and be more solicitous to retain that which is most necessary for your welfare in this life or a better. Hereby you will come to make the same complaint that almost every learned man has done after long experience in study and in the affairs of human life and religion: *Alas! how many hours, and days, and months have I lost in pursuing some parts of learning, and in reading some authors, which have turned to no other account but to inform me that they were not worth my labour and pursuit!* Happy the man who has a wise tutor to conduct him through all the sciences in the first years of his study, and who has a prudent friend always at hand to point out to him, from experience, how much of every science is worth his pursuit! And happy the student that is so wise as to follow such advice!

POPE.—Pope says, "That from fourteen to twenty he

read only for amusement; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that, in the first part of this time, he desired only to know; and, in the second, he endeavoured to judge."

PLEASURES OF STUDY.—The pleasures of study are classed by Burton among those exercises or recreations of the mind which pass within doors. "Looking about this world of books," he exclaims, "I could even live and die with such meditations, and take more delight and true content of mind in them than in all thy wealth and sport! There is a sweetness which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student; he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days, and nights spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study. The last day is *prioris discipulus*." "Heinsius was mewed up in the library of Leyden all the year long, and that which to my thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no sooner,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices whose nurse is Idleness, the mother to Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness.'" Such is the incense of a votary who scatters it on the altar less for the ceremony than from the devotion.

There is, however, an intemperance in study incompatible often with our social or more active duties. The illustrious Grotius exposed himself to the reproaches of some of his contemporaries for having too warmly pursued his studies, to the detriment of his public station. It was the boast of Cicero that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. Looking on his voluminous labours, we are surprised at this observation; how honourable is it to him that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different villas he possessed, which shows that they were composed in their respective retirements. Cicero must have been an early riser, and practised that magic art of employing his time as to have multiplied his days.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.—Cowper, the poet, in allusion to his classical studies, says, "But all this time was spent in painting a piece of wood that had no life in it. At last I

began to think indeed ; I found myself in possession of many bawbles, *but not one grain of solidity in all my treasures.* At that time I valued a man according to his proficiency and taste in classical literature, and had the meanest opinion of all other accomplishments unaccompanied with that. But I lived to see the vanity of what I had made my pride ; and in a few years found there were other attainments which would carry a man more handsomely through life than a mere knowledge of what Homer and Virgil had left behind them."

MIRABEAU.—This celebrated orator of the National Convention was directed by his preceptor, at an early period of his life, to read "Locke on the Human Understanding." He was so delighted with the profound reading of the English philosopher, that, meeting his preceptor many years after in the gardens of the Tuileries, he said, with sparkling eyes and animated countenance, "Ah, sir, I shall never forget your having made me read Locke."

READING THE BIBLE.—In the reign of Henry V. a law was passed against the perusal of the Scriptures in England. It is enacted, "That whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, catel, lif, and godes from theyre heyres for ever ; and so be condemned for heretyks to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande." On contrasting the above statute with the indefatigable exertions that are now making to print and circulate the Bible, what a happy revolution in public sentiment appears to have taken place !

BIBLE.—There is no book in the world so admirably adapted to the capacities of all men as the Bible. It is so sublime in its language, so noble in its doctrine, yet plain in its precepts, and excellent in its end, that the man must be ignorant and depraved indeed who lives without reading it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—"I walk," says she, "many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together ; so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may less perceive the bitterness of life."

COLLINS.--Collins, the poet, it is said, travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school. When a friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best." Happy would it be for poets if they were all of the same mind.

The learned Salmasius said, when on his deathbed, "Oh! I have lost a world of time! If one year more were to be added to my life, it should be spent in reading David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles."

LIBRARIES.

Of libraries, the following anecdotes seem most interesting, as they mark either the affection or the veneration which civilized men have felt for these perennial repositories of their minds. The first national library founded in Egypt seemed to have been placed under the protection of the divinities, for their statues magnificently adorned this temple, dedicated at once to religion and to literature. It was still farther embellished by a well-known inscription, for ever grateful to the votary of literature; on the front was engraved, "The nourishment of the soul;" or, according to Diodorus, "The medicine of the mind."

To pass much of our time amid such vast resources, that man must indeed be not more animated than a leaden Mercury who does not aspire to make some small addition to his library, were it only by a critical catalogue! He must be as indolent as that animal called the sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs after he has eaten all its leaves.

NICHOLAS NICCOLI.--The first *public library* in Italy, says Tiraboschi, was founded by a person of no considerable fortune: his credit, his frugality, and fortitude were indeed equal to a treasury. This extraordinary man was Nicholas Niccoli, the son of a merchant, and in his youth himself a merchant; but after the death of his father he relinquished the beaten roads of gain, and devoted his soul to study, and his fortune to assist students. At his death he left his library to the public, but his debts being greater than his effects, the princely generosity of Cosmo de Medici realized the intention of its former possessor, and afterward

enriched it by the addition of an apartment, in which he placed the Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Indian MSS.

CICERO.—To adorn his villa at Tusculum formed the day dreams of this man of genius; and his passion broke out in all the enthusiasm and impatience which so frequently characterize the modern collector. Not only Atticus, on whose fine taste he could depend, but every one likely to increase his acquisitions, was Cicero persecuting with entreaties on entreaties, with the seduction of large prices, and with the expectation that, if the orator and consul would submit to accept any bribe, it would hardly be refused in the shape of a manuscript or a statue. "In the name of our friendship," says Cicero, addressing Atticus, "suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious or rare." When Atticus informed him that he should send him a fine statue, in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, Cicero, with the enthusiasm of a maniacal lover of the present day, finds every object which is uncommon the very thing for which he has a proper place. "Your discovery is admirable, and the statue you mention seems to have been made purposely for my cabinet." Then follows an explanation of the mystery of this allegorical statue, which expressed the happy union of exercise and study. "Continue," he adds, "to collect for me, as you have promised, *in as great a quantity as possible*, morsels of this kind." Cicero, like other collectors, may be suspected not to have been very difficult in his choice, and for him the curious was not less valued than the beautiful. The mind and temper of Cicero were of a robust and philosophical cast, not too subject to the tortures of those whose morbid imagination and delicacy of taste touch on infirmity. It is, however, amusing to observe this great man, actuated by all the fervour and joy of collecting. "I have paid your agent, as you ordered, for the Megaric statues; send me as *many* of them as you can, *and as soon as possible*, with any others which you think proper for the place, and to my taste, and good enough to please yours. You cannot imagine how greatly my *passion increases* for this sort of things; it is such that it may appear *ridiculous* in the eyes of many; but you are my friend, and will only think of satisfying my wishes." Again: "Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse." And, indeed, in another place he loves Atticus both for his promptitude and cheap purchases: *Te multum amamus, quod ea abs te diligenter, parvoque curata sunt.*

PROPER BOOKS.—It was a remark of Seneca, that “he who lends a man money to carry him to a house of ill fame, or weapon for revenge, makes himself a partner of his crimes.” “I stand,” says Dymond, “in a bookseller’s store, and observe his customers come in. One orders a lexicon, and one a scurrilous work of infidelity: one Captain Cook’s Voyages, and one a new licentious romance. If the bookseller takes and executes all these orders with the same willingness, I cannot but perceive an inconsistency, an incompleteness in the moral principles of his actions. Perhaps, too, this person is so conscientious of the mischievous effects of such books, that he would not allow them in the hands of his children, nor suffer them to be seen on his parlour table. But, if he knows the evil they will inflict, can it be right for him to be an agent in selling them? Such a person does not exhibit that consistency, that completeness of virtuous conduct, without which the Christian character cannot be exhibited.” A fearful responsibility rests upon him who writes, or reads, or publishes a book of wickedness.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.—The preceding article is honourable to literature, yet impartial truth must show that even a passion for collecting books is not always a passion for literature.

The “Bibliomania,” or the collecting an enormous heap of books without intelligent curiosity, has, since libraries have existed, infected weak minds, who imagine that they themselves acquire knowledge when they keep it on their shelves. Their motley libraries have been called the *madhouses of the human mind*; and again, the *tomb of books*, when the possessor will not communicate them, and coffins them up in the cases of his library; and, as it was facetiously observed, these collections are not without a *Lock on the Human Understanding*.

The bibliomania has never raged more violently than in the present day. It is fortunate that literature is in noways injured by the follies of collectors, since, though they preserve the worthless, they necessarily defend the good.

Some collectors place all their fame on the *view* of a splendid library, where volumes arrayed in all the pomp of lettering, silk linings, triple gold bands, and tinted leather, are locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the *mere reader*, dazzling our eyes like Eastern beauties peering through their jealousies!

Bruyere has touched on this mania with humour: “Of such a collector,” says he, “as soon as I enter his house I

am ready to faint on the staircase, from a strong smell of Morocco leather; in vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan bindings, &c., naming them one after another, as if he were showing a gallery of pictures! a gallery, by-the-by, which he seldom traverses when *alone*, for he rarely reads, but me he offers to conduct through it! I thank him for his politeness, and, as little as himself, care to visit the tanhouse which he calls his library."

Lucian has composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library. Like him who, in the present day, after turning over the pages of an old book, chiefly admires the *date*. Lucian compares him to a pilot who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who, not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes; but, alas! he cannot stand in them! He ludicrously compares him to Thersites wearing the armour of Achilles, tottering at every step; leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, and his hunchback raising the cuirass above his shoulders. "Why do you buy so many books," he says; "you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments! Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms and the nibbling triumphs of the rats!"

Such collectors will contemptuously smile at the collection of the amiable Melancthon. He possessed in his library only four authors, Plato, Pliny, Plutarch, and Ptolemy the Geographer.

ANCIENT VALUE OF BOOKS.—In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it. When any person made a present of a book to a church or a monastery, in which were the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donation of such value that he offered it on the altar, *pro remedia animæ suæ*, in order to obtain the forgiveness of his sins.

TRANSLATING.—Alfieri employed a respectable young

man at Florence to assist him in his Greek translations ; and the manner in which that instruction was received was not a little eccentric. The latter slowly read aloud and translated, while Alfieri, with his pencil and tablets in his hand, walked about the room and put down his version. This he did without speaking a word ; and when he found his preceptor reciting too quickly, or when he did not understand the passage, he held up his pencil. This was the signal for repetition, and the last sentence was slowly recited or the reading was stopped until a tap from the poet's pencil upon the table warned the translator that he might continue his lecture. The lesson began and concluded with a slight and silent obeisance ; and during thirteen months thus spent, the count scarcely spoke as many words to the assistant of his studies.

LITTLETON'S DICTIONARY.—When Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary he employed an amanuensis. One day he announced the word *concurro* to the ready scribe, who, thinking he could translate it himself, said, "Concur, I suppose ;" to which the doctor peevishly replied, "Con-cur ! con-dog !" The secretary, whose business it was to write down whatever his master dictated, did his duty. *Condog* was inserted, and actually printed, as one interpretation of *concurro*, in the edition of 1678, though it was corrected in all subsequent ones.

ABSTRACTION.

Sir Isaac Newton, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had recently been kindled. By degrees, the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rang his bell with unusual violence. His servant was not at hand at the moment, but he soon made his appearance. By this time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal !" he exclaimed, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and bland philosopher ; "remove the grate before I am burned to death !" "And pray, master," said the servant, "might you not rather draw back your chair ?" "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

WILLIAM MASON.—William Mason, Esq., author of the “Spiritual Treasury,” while engaged in that work, was called upon by a gentleman on business. Instead of taking his name and address as desired, and as he thought he had done, he wrote the chapter and verse on which he had been meditating; and when he came afterward to look at the paper, in order to wait upon the gentleman, he found nothing upon it but *Acts the second, verse the eighth*; so much was his mind absorbed in divine things.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A very absent divine, finding his sight begin to fail, purchased a pair of spectacles; and on the first day of using them, preached for a brother clergyman, but was observed to have them at the top of his forehead, during the whole sermon. “So you have, at last, taken to spectacles, doctor?” said a friend after the service. “Yes,” returned the unconscious absentee, “I found I could not do without them, and I wonder now I never used them till to-day!”

LA FONTAINE.—La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterward he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but, recovering from his surprise, he observed, “It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial.”

DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES.—When Syracuse was taken, Archimedes was describing mathematical figures upon the earth; and when one of the enemy came upon him, sword in hand, and asked his name, he was so engrossed with the desire of preserving the figures entire that he answered only by an earnest request to the soldier to keep off, and not break in upon his circle. The soldier, conceiving himself scorned, ran Archimedes through the body, the purple streams gushing from which soon obliterated all traces of the problem on which he had been so intent. Thus fell this illustrious man, from the mere neglect to tell his name; for it is due to the Roman general, Marcellus, to state that he had given special orders to his men to respect the life and person of the philosopher.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE KITTENS —It is well known

to the close observers of mankind, that the most ingenious philosophers are often most signally deficient in the exercise of what is called *common sense*. This observation was remarkably illustrated in the case of Sir Isaac Newton, who is generally ranked as the most profound mathematician and astronomer that ever lived. His study was frequented by a favourite cat, which found ingress and egress through a hole cut in the door just large enough to admit her body. This cat having produced a brood of kittens, when they began to run about the philosopher was much fretted to think that they would be confined entirely to the room unless some mode was devised by which *they* also, as well as their mother, could be provided with the means of exit as often as they pleased. He, however, at length hit upon an expedient, and had a *small* hole cut in his study door, through which the little cats were enabled to pass, while the *large* hole continued to be used by the mother.

AN ABSENT GENIUS.—The Rev. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time. He was a good scholar, a lover of good eating, and a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts.

In his youth Harvest was contracted to a daughter of the Bishop of London; but on the day agreed upon for his wedding, being gudgeon fishing, he overstayed the appointed time; and the lady, justly offended at this neglect, broke off the match.

He used frequently to forget the prayer days, and would walk into church with his fishing-rod and tackle to see what could have assembled the people. In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him; so that he very often took half a dozen glasses in succession. Wherever he slept, he perverted the use of everything; wrapped the handtowel round his head, put the nightcap over the juglet, and went between the sheets with his boots on.

Once, being to preach before the clergy at a Visitation, Harvest took three sermons with him in his pocket. Some wags contrived to get possession of them, unstitched them, and, after mixing the leaves, sewed them up again into three separate sermons as before. Mr. Harvest took the first that came to his hand, began delivering it, and, as may easily be imagined, lost the thread of his discourse. He was not insensible to the strange confusion in which he found himself

entangled, but nevertheless continued till he had preached out first all the churchwardens, and next the clergy, who thought he was taken mad.

With Mr. Arthur Onslow, the father of Lord Onslow, and Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Harvest was also on terms of great intimacy. Being one day in a punt together on the Thames, Mr. Harvest began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author; and throwing himself backward in an ecstasy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend or let Mr. Harvest a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least, out of his hands. It was his practice to dismount and lead his horse, putting the bridle under his arm; sometimes the horse would pull away the bridle unobserved; and as often it was taken off the horse's head by mischievous boys, and the parson was seen drawing the bridle after him.

ASSOCIATION.

NAUTICAL SERMON.—When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New-York, he had the following bold apostrophe:

“Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of the land; but what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud rising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?”

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, rose with united voice and minds, and exclaimed, *Take to the long-boat.*—*Mirror.*

NAPOLEON.—The Emperor Napoleon, whose present cares might be supposed to have broken the chain of thought and feeling that bound him to the past, is said to have expressed himself thus: “Last Sunday evening, in the general

silence of Nature, I was walking in these grounds (of Malmaison). The sound of the church bell of Ruel fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was profoundly affected, such is the power of my early associations and habit; and I considered, if such was the case with me, what must be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar?"

NATIVE AFRICAN.—It is related in one of the published lectures of Dr. Rush, that an old native African was permitted by his master, a number of years since, to go from home in order to see a lion that was conducted as a show through the State of New-Jersey. He no sooner saw him than he was so transported with joy as to express his emotions by jumping, dancing, and loud acclamations, notwithstanding the torpid habits of mind and body superinduced by half a century of slavery. He had known that animal when a boy in his native country, and the sight of him suddenly revived the memory of his early enjoyments, his native land, his home, his associates, and his freedom.

REMARKABLE REMEDY.—Dr. Rush says, during the time I passed at a country school in Cecil county, in Maryland, I often went on a holyday with my schoolmates to see an eagle's nest, upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of that bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field this tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married, and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and among other things of the eagle's nest in her father's field. A few years ago I was called to visit this woman when she was in the lowest stage of the typhus fever. Upon entering her room I caught her eye, and, with a cheerful tone of voice, said only, "*The eagle's nest.*" She seized my hand, without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a sudden association of all early domestic connexions and enjoyments with the words I had uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails when we meet to salute me with the echo of the "eagle's nest"

MEMORY.

STRENGTH OF MEMORY.—An Englishman at a certain time came to Frederic the Great of Prussia for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his powers of recollection. Frederic sent for Voltaire, who read to his majesty a pretty long poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was present, and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, but was concealed from Voltaire's notice. After the reading of the poem was finished Frederic observed to the author that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened with amazement to the stranger, as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing; and, giving way to a momentary freak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. A statement being made to him of the circumstances, mitigated his anger, and he was very willing to do penance for the suddenness of his passion by copying down the work from a second repetition of it by the stranger, who was able to go through with it as before.

BISHOP JEWEL.—Bishop Jewel had naturally a very strong memory, which he had greatly improved by art, so that he could exactly repeat whatever he wrote after once reading. While the bell was ringing he committed to memory a repetition sermon, and pronounced it without hesitation. He was a constant preacher; and, in his own sermons, his course was to write down only the heads, and meditate upon the rest while the bell was ringing to church. So firm was his memory, that he used to say, if he were to deliver a premeditated speech before a thousand auditors, shouting or fighting all the while, they would not put him out. John Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, who was burned in the reign of Queen Mary, once, to try him, wrote about forty Welsh and Irish words. Mr. Jewel going a little while aside and recollecting them in his memory, and reading them twice or thrice over, said them by heart backward and forward, exactly in the same order as they were set down. And another time he did the same by ten lines of Erasmus's paraphrase in English; the words of which being read sometimes confusedly without order, and sometimes in order by the Lord Keeper Bacon, Mr. Jewel thinking a while on them, presently repeated them again backward and forward, in their right order and in their wrong, just as they were

read to him; and he taught his tutor, Mr. Parkhurst, the same art.

PROFESSOR PORSON.—Professor Porson, when a boy at Eton School, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up to a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy on the same form, "Porson, what have you got there?" "Horace." "Let me look at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed *Carm. 1, x.* very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other; pray, whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master; who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on, which he did easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the ode.

ALICK.—There is still living at Stirling a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of Alick, who possesses a memory of almost incalculable strength. It was observed with astonishment, that when he was a man, and obliged by the death of his parents to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, by heart; from which you may repeat any passage, and he will tell you the chapter and verse; or you may tell him the chapter and verse, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since, a gentleman, to puzzle him, read, with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered. He then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sir! there is no such verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after hearing any particular sermon or speech; and his examiners have invariably found that, had their patience allowed, blind Alick would have given them the sermon or speech.

CRITICISM.

When Pope was first introduced to read his *Iliad* to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition; but, like the cardinal, this passage and that word, this turn and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those of which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth he revealed to him his anxiety of mind. "Oh," replied Garth, laughing, "you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself." Pope made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble-dust of Angelo; and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed, "Dear *Pope*, they are now inimitable!"

PUNCTUATION.—When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his book, entitled "A Pikel for the Knowing Ones," there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land regarding punctuation, and as many diverse systems appeared for locating commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, &c., as there were words published. To obviate this difficulty, and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of his book has printed four or five pages of nothing but stops and pauses, with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

MICHAEL ANGELO.—Angelo was requested by the gonfaloniere Soderini at Florence to undertake to form a statue out of a misshapen block, on which Simon da Fiesole had many years before been unsuccessfully employed in endeavouring to represent the proportions of a giant in marble. Angelo fearlessly accepted the commission; and, in spite of the difficulties to be encountered, succeeded in producing the beautiful figure known under the name of the David, and which now stands in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The statue being finished, the gonfaloniere, who professed himself a connoisseur, came to inspect the purchase, and,

among other criticisms which he made, objected to the nose, pronouncing it to be out of all due proportion to the rest of the figure, and added that he wished some reduction should take place in its size. Angelo knew well with whom he had to deal; he mounted the scaffold, for the figure is upward of twelve feet high, and giving a few sonorous but harmless blows with his hammer on the stone, let fall a handful of marble-dust which he had scraped up from the floor below; and then, descending from his station, turned to the gonfaloniere with a look expectant of his approbation. "Ay," exclaimed the sagacious critic, "this is excellent; now you have given it life indeed." M. Angelo was content, and receiving his four hundred scudi for his task, wisely said no more; it would have been no gratification to a man like him to have shown the incapacity of a critic like Soderini.

ROYAL CRITICISM.—Zuccaro, one of the painters employed on the Escorial, failed of giving the king satisfaction, but he was notwithstanding munificently rewarded. "Senor," said Zuccaro one day, as he was displaying a painting of the Nativity for the great altar of the Escorial, "you now behold all that art can execute; beyond this which I have done, the powers of painting cannot go." The king was silent for some time, and so unmoved that neither approbation nor contempt could be determined from the expression of his countenance; at last, preserving still the same indifference, he asked if those were eggs which one of the shepherds, in the act of running, carried in his basket. The painter answered that they were. "'Tis well he did not break them," said the king, and turned away.

CONFUSION OF WORDS.—"There is nothing more common," says the lively Voltaire, "than to read and converse to no purpose. In history, in morals, in law, in physic, and in divinity, be careful of equivocal terms. One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that there was no word which did not convey an ambiguous meaning. If we possessed this lost book, our ingenious dictionaries of '*synonymes*' would not probably prove its uselessness. Whenever *the same word* is associated by the parties with *different names*, they may converse or controverse till 'the crack of doom!' This, with a little obstinacy and some agility in shifting his ground, makes the fortune of an opponent. While one party is worried in disentangling a meaning, and the other is winding and unwinding about him with another, a word of the

kind we have mentioned, carelessly or perversely slipped into an argument, may prolong it for a century or two, as it has happened !”

VAUGELAS.—Vaugelas, who passed his whole life in the study of words, would not allow that the *sense* was to determine the meaning of *words* ; for, says he, it is the business of *words* to explain the *sense*. Kant for a long while discovered in this way a facility of arguing without end, as at this moment do our political economists. “I beseech you,” exclaims a poetical critic, in the agony of a “confusion of words,” “not to ask whether I mean *this* or *that* !” Our critic, convinced that he has made himself understood, grows immortal by obscurity ! for he shows how a few simple words, not intelligible, may admit of volumes of vindication. Throw out a word capable of fifty senses, and you raise fifty parties ! Should some friend of peace enable the fifty to repose on one sense, that innocent word, no longer ringing the tocsin of a party, would lie in forgetfulness in the dictionary. Still more provoking when an identity of meaning is only disguised by different modes of expression, and when the term has been closely sifted, to their mutual astonishment, both parties discover the same thing lying under the bran and chaff after this heated operation.

Plato and Aristotle probably agreed much better than the opposite parties they raised up imagined ; their difference was in the manner of expression rather than in the points discussed.

The nominalists and the realists, who once filled the world with their brawls, and who from irregular words came to regular blows, could never comprehend their alternate nonsense, though the nominalists only denied what no one in his senses would affirm, and the realists only contended for what no one in his senses would deny ; a hair’s breadth might have joined what the spirit of party had sundered !

THE BLIND CONTROVERSIALISTS.—In our inquiries after truth and defence of it, it ill becomes us to manifest a bigoted, petulant disposition. We may, with all our zeal, be mistaken.

A certain philanthropist, observing some poor blind men, very humanely furnished each of them with a staff to help them on their way ; but they, instead of thanking him, avail-

ing themselves of the aid thus afforded them, and assisting each other in the use of it, quickly fell into disputes respecting its length, breadth, and thickness, till, being unable to adopt the same conclusion, and equally unwilling to agree to differ on the subject, forgetting the end for which the staff was bestowed and the purpose to which it should be applied, in the heat of their contention they actually employed it as a cudgel, with which they beat one another most unmercifully. Thus angry controversialists too often use the Bible; that which was given them for their support they convert into an instrument of discord and disputation.

THE COBBLER.—A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

BISHOP PATRICK.—"There were two men," says Bishop Patrick, "who, a little before the sun was up, fell into a very earnest debate concerning that part of the heavens wherein that glorious body was to rise that day. In this controversy they suffered themselves to be so far engaged, that at last they fell together by the ears, and ceased not their buffeting till they had beaten out each other's eyes; and it so came to pass that, when a little after the sun did show his face, neither of these doughty champions could discern one jot. So it is often with controversialists."

Martin Luther used to pray, "From a vainglorious doctor, a contentious pastor, and nice questions, the Lord deliver his church."

Sir Isaac Newton had a great aversion to controversy, for he did not like to have the calm repose of his life interrupted by literary disputes. When his treatise on Optics was ready for the press, on some objections being made to it, he deferred the publication. "I should reproach myself," said he, "were I to sacrifice repose, which is a substance, to run after reputation, which is only a shadow."

TOO BIG A BOOH.—The following anecdote is illustrative of the importance that may be justly attached to most controverted subjects:

A man being about to purchase a young horse, was fearful he might prove skittish, as the phrase is, and in order to test

his steadiness or strength of nerve, directed his boy to go a little way off, behind the next corner, and he would ride the colt down opposite to him, when the boy should start suddenly out and cry "booh!" and if the colt could stand that, it would be proof enough of his being firm and well broke. The boy took his station, and the man mounted and rode along; but when he came opposite the corner, and the boy jumped out and cried "booh!" the colt threw him off. The rider picked himself up soon, however, and rubbing his shoulders and shins, asked the boy what he did so for. "Why, father," said the boy, "you told me to say *booh*!" "Yes," said the old man, "but there was no need of saying such a *big booh* to such a little horse."

THE TWO KNIGHTS; OR, ZEAL TO BE DISCRIMINATED AND EXAMINED.—Many things must concur before we can be allowed to determine whether zeal be a virtue or a vice. Those who are contending for the one or the other will be in the situation of the two knights, who, meeting on a cross-road, were on the point of fighting about the colour of a cross that was suspended between them. One insisted it was gold, the other maintained it was silver. The duel was prevented by the interference of a passenger, who desired them to change their positions. Both crossed over to the opposite sides; found the cross was gold on one side and silver on the other. Each then acknowledged his opponent to be right.

CUSTOM AND HABIT.—Whatever be the cause, says Lord Kames, it is an established fact that we are much influenced by custom: it hath an effect upon our pleasures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and sentiments. Habit makes no figure during the vivacity of youth; in middle age it gains ground; and in old age governs without control. In that period of life, generally speaking, we eat at a certain hour, take exercise at a certain hour, go to rest at a certain hour, all by the direction of habit; nay, a particular seat, table, bed, comes to be essential: and a habit in any of these cannot be contradicted without uneasiness.

"The mind," says Mr. Cogan, "frequently acquires a strong and invincible attachment to whatever has been familiar to it for any length of time. Habit, primarily introduced by accident or necessity, will inspire an affection for peculiarities which have the reverse of intrinsic merit to recommend them."

"I once attended," says the last-mentioned author, "a

prisoner of some distinction in one of the prisons of the metropolis, ill of a typhus fever, whose apartments were gloomy in the extreme, and surrounded with horrors; yet this prisoner assured me afterward that, upon his release, he left them with a degree of reluctance; custom had reconciled him to the twilight admitted through the thick barred grate, to the filthy spots and patches of his plastered walls, to the hardness of his bed, and even to confinement. He had his books, was visited by his friends, and was greatly amused and interested in the anecdotes of the place.

"An officer of the municipality at Leyden also informed the author of an instance which marks yet more strongly the force of habit. A poor woman who had for some misdemeanour been sentenced to confinement for a certain number of years, upon the expiration of the term immediately applied to him for readmission. She urged that all her worldly comforts were fled, and her only wish was to be indulged in those imparted by habit. She moreover threatened that, if this could not be granted as a *favour*, she would commit some offence that should give her a *title* to be reinstated in the accustomed lodgings." Thus we see that custom is a catholicon for pain and distress.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Previous to the reign of Joseph the Second, ignominious punishments were unknown among the Likanians and Croatians of the mountains, and it was no small difficulty to substitute them for others of a more barbarous nature. The emperor one day reviewing the Likanians in Gospich, their principal district, he said to the colonel, "These brave fellows, I know, are beaten unmercifully let this treatment be discontinued." "Sire," replied the colonel, "I can assure your majesty that twenty-five strokes of a cane are nothing to a Likanian; nay, he would submit to receive them for a glass of brandy." The emperor, who was incredulous, soon had a proof of the veracity of this statement. A soldier had been sentenced to receive one hundred strokes; the emperor arrived when he had undergone half the punishment, and remitted the rest. To his extreme mortification, the culprit immediately burst into a laugh at the extravagant clemency of his sovereign.

MATHEMATICAL HABITS.—Joseph Sauveur, the eminent French mathematician, was twice married; the first time he took a very singular precaution: he would not meet the lady till he had been with a notary to have the conditions which

he intended to insist on reduced into writing, for fear the sight of her should not leave him sufficiently master of himself. This, says Dr. Hutton, was acting very wisely, and like a true mathematician, who always proceeds by rule and line, and makes his calculations when his head is cool.

OLD HABITS.—The Duke de Nivernois was acquainted with the Countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, it would be more convenient for him to marry that lady. "I have often thought so," said he, "but one thing prevents me; in that case, *where should I spend my evenings?*"

FORCE OF HABIT.—"The most extraordinary instance of the force of habit I ever beheld," says Mr. Curwen, M.P., "was about forty years ago, on a visit to the Isle of Man. On stopping at the Calf of Man, a small islet on its southwestern extremity, I found that the warreners's cot, the only human abode on the islet, was kept by his sister. For several months in the year these two persons were completely isolated, and never even heard the sound of a third human voice unless when the intervals of the raging storm conveyed the unavailing cries of the shipwrecked mariner. To support such an existence seemed to require, in a rational being, nerves of supernatural strength, or the influence of habit from the earliest period of life. Curious to ascertain how she could endure so desolate a life and such complete banishment from all human intercourse, I inquired if she were not very miserable; if she had always been accustomed to dwell in that dreary abode. To the first I was answered in the negative; to the last, my surprise was converted into perfect astonishment when I understood that, in the outset of her life, she had passed six-and-twenty years in St. James's-street. This communication excited still more my wonder, and made what I then saw and heard incomprehensible."

THE THREAD OF DISCOURSE.—Some people contract strong habits of what may be called external association, the body being more concerned in it than the mind, and external things than ideas. They connect a certain action with a certain object, so that without the one they cannot easily perform the other, although, independently of habit, there is no connexion between them. Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a clergyman who could not compose his sermon except

when he held a foot-rule in his hand ; and of another who, while he was employed in study, would always be rolling between his fingers a parcel of peas, whereof he constantly kept a trencherful within reach of his arm. Locke speaks of a young man who, in one particular room where an old trunk stood, could dance very well ; but in any other room, if it wanted such a piece of furniture, could not dance at all. A writer in the *Tatler* mentions a more probable instance of a lawyer, who in his pleadings used always to be twisting about his finger a piece of packthread, which the punsters of that time called, with some reason, the thread of his discourse. One day a client of his had a mind to see how he would acquit himself without it, and stole it from him. The consequence was, that the orator became silent in the midst of his harangue, and the client suffered for his waggery by the loss of his cause.

ELOQUENCE.

CICERO.—“How long wilt thou, oh Catiline, abuse our patience ? How long shall thy madness outbrave our justice ? To what extremities art thou resolved to push thy unbridled insolence of guilt ? Canst thou behold the nocturnal arms that watch the Palatium, the guards of the city, the consternation of the citizens, all the wise and worthy clustering into consultation, the impregnable situation of the seat of the senate, and the reproachful looks of the fathers of Rome ? Canst thou behold all this, and yet remain undaunted and unabashed ? Art thou insensible that thy measures are detected ? Art thou insensible that this senate, now thoroughly informed, comprehend the whole extent of thy guilt ? Show me the senator ignorant of thy practices during the last and preceding night, of the place where you met, the company you summoned, and the crime you concerted ? The senate is conscious, the consul is witness to all this ; yet, oh how mean and degenerate ! the traitor lives ! Lives ? he mixes with the senate ; he shares in our counsels ; with a steady eye he surveys us ; he anticipates his guilt ; he enjoys the murderous thought, and coolly marks us to bleed ! Yet we, boldly passive in our country's cause, think we act like Romans if we can escape his frantic rage !”

Here is eloquence ! here is nature ! And in thus speaking her language the true orator pierces with his lightnings

the deepest recesses of the heart. The success of this species of oratory is infallible in the *pulpit*, when the preacher understands how to manage it.

PERICLES.—The eloquence of Pericles, which his countrymen were wont to designate by the attribute of “thunder and lightning,” must have mingled a wondrous share of the persuasive in its power over the passions. When Thucydides, the Milesian, one of his great opponents in state matters, was asked by Archidamus, king of Sparta, which was the better wrestler, Pericles or himself, “It is in vain,” replied Thucydides, “to wrestle with that man. As often as I have cast him to the ground, he has as stoutly denied it; and when I would maintain that he had got the fall, he would as obstinately maintain the reverse; and so efficaciously withal, that he has made all who heard him, nay, the very spectators, believe him.”

EDWARD IV.—On this prince’s declaration of war against Louis XI. of France, he addressed his parliament in an able speech, which concluded with the following impressive words:

“But I detain you too long by my speech from action. I see the clouds of dire revenge gathering in your hearts, and the lightning of fury break from your eyes, which bodes thunder against our enemy; let us therefore lose no time, but suddenly and severely scourge this perjured court to a severe repentance, and regain honour to our nation, and his kingdom to our crown.”

TECUMSEH.—The Indian warrior Tecumseh, who fell in the late American war, was not only an accomplished military commander, but also a great natural statesman and orator. Among the many strange, and some strongly characteristic, events in his life, the council which the American General Harrison held with the Indians at Vincennes, in 1811, affords an admirable instance of the sublimity which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands which had been made from the Kickapoos. This council effected nothing, but broke up in confusion, in consequence of Tecumseh having called General Harrison “a liar.” It was in the progress of the long *talks* that took place in the conference that Tecumseh, having finished one of his speeches, looked round, and seeing every one seated, while no seat

was prepared for him, a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly General Harrison ordered that a chair should be given him. Some person presented one, and, bowing, said to him, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh's dark eye flashed. "My father!" he exclaimed, indignantly, extending his arm towards the heavens; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; she gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended he sat down suddenly on the ground.

PATRICK HENRY.—When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the stamp act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descending on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" "Treason!" cried the speaker; "treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, "*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it."

In 1774 he appeared in the venerable body of the old Continental Congress of the United States when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence which for a while overawed the minds of all present, and as he proceeded, rose with the magnitude and importance of the subject to the noblest displays of argument and of eloquence. "This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony; the question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom or slavery. If we wish to be free, *we must fight*; I repeat it, sir, *we must fight*! an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms; our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice

swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, "give me liberty or give me death!" He took his seat, and the cry "to arms!" seemed to quiver upon every lip and gleam from every eye.

Henry lived to behold the glorious issue of that revolution which his genius had set in motion; and, to use his own prophetic language before the commencement of the revolution, "to see America take her station among the nations of the earth."

A SECRET.—Mr. Jones, in his *Life of Bishop Horne*, speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he "spoke with the accent of a man of sense (such as he really was in a superior degree); but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly." The reason which Mr. Jones assigns was, that he made it an invariable rule "to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels will be sure to speak for themselves. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience."

LOGAN THE INDIAN.—Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, who had long been a zealous partisan of the English, and had often distinguished himself in their service, was taken prisoner and brought before the General Assembly of Virginia, who hesitated whether he should be tried by a court-martial as a soldier, or at the criminal bar for high treason. Logan interrupted their deliberations, and stated to the assembly that they had no jurisdiction to try him; "that he owed no allegiance to the King of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation." In answer to their inquiries as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, he thus addressed the assembly:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his tent, an advocate for peace; nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had ever thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing

even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This pathetic and affecting speech touched the sensibility of all who heard him. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments, and immediately set him at liberty. Every house in Virginia vied with each other which should entertain him the best or show him the most respect; and he returned to his native country loaded with presents and honours.

EFFECT.—Mr. Lee, the barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit of Norwich a brief was brought to him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived into a breach of promise of marriage. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome. "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What, then, must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, "that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgot to say that she had a *wooden leg*!" This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—A witness was one day called to the bar of the House of Commons, when some one took notice and pointedly remarked upon his *ill looks*. Mr. Fox (afterward Lord Holland), whose gloomy countenance strongly marked his character, observed "that it was unjust, ungenerous,

and unmanly to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which, therefore, he could not by any means remedy or avoid." Mr. Pitt rose hastily and said, "I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow-member; it is forcible, it is judicious, and true. "But there are some" (throwing his eyes full on Fox) "upon whose face the hand of Heaven has so *stamped* the mark of wickedness, that it were *IMPIETY* not to give it credit."

BOLD APPEAL.—A poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon to certain wrongs of which she complained. The king at last abruptly told her "he was not at leisure to hear her." "No!" exclaimed she; "then you are not at leisure to be a king." Philip was confounded; he pondered a moment in silence over her words, then desired her to proceed with her case, and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.

MR. BURKE.—When the trial of Mr. Hastings commenced in Westminster Hall, the first two days were taken up in reading the articles of impeachment against him; and four more were occupied by Mr. Burke in opening the case and stating the grounds of the accusation. Never were the powers of that great man displayed to such advantage as on this occasion. He seemed for the moment as if armed to destroy with all the lightning of all the passions. The whole annals of judicial oratory contain nothing finer than his conclusion.

"I impeach Warren Hastings," said he, "in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

"I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has so cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade in both sexes, every age, condition, rank, and situation in the world."

The agitation produced by this speech was such that the

whole audience appeared to have felt one convulsive emotion ; and when it was over, it was some time before Mr. Fox could obtain a hearing.

Amid the assemblage of concurring praises which this speech excited, none was more remarkable than the tribute of Mr. Hastings himself. "For half an hour," said that gentleman, "I looked up at the orator in a revery of wonder, and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth." Had the sentiment concluded here, our readers would not believe that it was in the language or manner of Mr. Hastings. "But," continued he, "I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

SENECA INDIANS.—It is a melancholy reflection, that the aboriginal tribes of North America have, with but few exceptions, received at the hands of those who have usurped their domain little else but reiterated wrongs and outrage. Whole nations of them have been already so entirely exterminated, that no trace of them now remains except their names ; and when we consider that the same system which has in so short a space of time produced such destruction, is still, with but little exception, in full operation, and must, if not speedily arrested, sweep from existence the few scattered tribes which yet survive, we think it cannot fail to excite the deepest regret in every benevolent mind, and to awaken a strong feeling of commiseration and tenderness towards this helpless and oppressed part of the great family of mankind. The voice of the oppressed never, perhaps, spoke to the ear of the oppressor in a tone of more sublime reproach than is displayed in the following passages of an address which the Seneca Indians presented to Governor Clinton, of New-York, on the subject of their condition and prospects, in the month of February, 1818.

"Father—We feel that the hand of our God has long been heavy on his red children. For our sins he has brought us low, and caused us to melt away before our white brothers as snow before the fire. His ways are perfect ; he regardeth not the complexion of men. God is terrible in judgment. All men ought to fear before him. He putteth down and buildeth up, and none can resist him.

"Father—The Lord of the whole earth is strong ; this is our confidence. He hath power to build up as well as to pull down. Will he keep his anger for ever ? Will he pursue to destruction the work of his own hand, and strike

off a race of men from the earth whom his care hath so long preserved through so many perils ?

“ Father—We thank you that you feel anxious to do all you can to the perishing ruins of your red children. We hope, father, you will make a fence strong and high around us, that wicked white men may not devour us at once, but let us live as long as we can. We are persuaded you will do this for us, because our field is laid waste and trodden down by every beast ; we are feeble, and cannot resist them.

“ Father—We are persuaded you will do this for the sake of our white brothers, lest God, who has appeared so strong in building up white men and pulling down Indians, should turn his hand and visit our white brothers for their sins, and call them to an account for all the wrongs they have done them, and all the wrongs they have not prevented that was in their power to prevent, to their poor red brothers who have no helper.”

PATRICK HENRY.—The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot, was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the war of independence. During the distress of the republican army consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers for the use of the troops from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal ; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable in the district court of New-London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have conducted himself in a manner much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook, of course, excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience ; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook ; vengeance was visible in every countenance ; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. “ Where was the man,” he said, “ who had an American bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars,

the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury by the power of his imagination to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face; they heard the shouts of victory, the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river; "but hark!" continued Henry, "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter; when Hook, turning to the clerk, said, "Never mind, you mon; wait till Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

JEREMY TAYLOR, BISHOP OF DOWN.—This eloquent prelate, from the fertility of his mind and the extent of his imagination, has been styled the Shakspeare of Divines. His sermons abound with some of the most brilliant passages, and embrace such a variety of matter and such a mass of knowledge and of learning, that even the acute Bishop Warburton said of him, "I can fathom the understandings of most men, yet I am not certain that I can always fathom the understanding of Jeremy Taylor." His comparison between a married and a single life, in his sermon on the Blessedness of the Marriage Vow, is rich in tender sentiments and exquisitely elegant imagery. "Marriage," says the bishop,

“is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, churches, and even Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and fills the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. Marriage hath in it the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship; the blessings of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than a single life; it is more merry and more sad; is fuller of joys and fuller of sorrow; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and these burdens are delightful.”

WHITFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.—Perhaps the greatest proof of the persuasive powers of the celebrated Whitfield's eloquence was evinced when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give: it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. “I did not,” says the American philosopher, “disapprove of the design; but, as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would be better to build the house at Philadelphia and bring the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon,” continues Franklin, “there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, how-

ever, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, Friend Hopkinton, I would lend to thee freely; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.'—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

BIGOTRY.—The orator of the "Emerald Isle," in a speech at a meeting of the Catholics of Dublin, thus personifies bigotry: "She has no head and cannot think; no heart and cannot feel! When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses; her god is a demon; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and, if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for keenest rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation."

SAURIN.—The celebrated Saurin, when one of the pastors to the French refugees at the Hague, was so celebrated for his preaching that he was constantly attended by a crowded and brilliant audience. His style was pure, unaffected, and eloquent, sometimes plain and sometimes flowery, but never improper. "In the introduction to his sermons," says Mr. Robinson, "he used to deliver himself in a tone modest and low; in the body of the sermon, which was adapted to the understanding, he was plain, clear, and argumentative; pausing at the close of each period, that he might discover by the countenances and motions of his hearers whether they were convinced by his reasoning. In his addresses to the wicked (and it is a folly to preach as if there were none in our assemblies), Mr. Saurin was often sonorous, but oftener a weeping suppliant at their feet. In the one he sustained the authoritative dignity of his office; in the other he expressed his Master's and his own benevolence to bad men, 'praying them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God.' In general, his preaching resembled a plentiful shower of dew, softly and imperceptibly insinuating itself into the minds of his numerous hearers, as the dew into the pores of plants, till all the church was dissolved, and all in tears under his sermons."

MASSILLON.

"There stands
 The legate of the skies! his theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear,
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace."

COWPER.

When this illustrious preacher was asked where a man like him, whose life was dedicated to retirement, could borrow his admirable descriptions of real life, he answered, "From the human heart; however little we examine it, we shall find in it the seeds of every passion. When I compose a sermon, I imagine myself consulted upon some doubtful piece of business. I give my whole application to determine the person who has recourse to me to act the good and proper part. I exhort him, I urge him, and *I leave him not till he has yielded to my persuasions.*"

On preaching the first Advent sermon at Versailles, Louis XIV. paid the following most expressive tribute to the power of his eloquence: "Father, when I hear others preach, I am very well pleased with them; when I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

The first time he preached his sermon on the small number of the elect, the whole audience were at a certain part of it seized with such violent emotion that almost every person half rose from his seat, as if to shake off the horror of being one of the cast-out into everlasting darkness.

When Baron, the actor, came from hearing one of his sermons, "Friend," said he, to one of the same profession who accompanied him, "here is an *orator*; we are only *actors*."

ANIMATION.—There are two kinds of animation in preaching; one wherein the preacher does *not* feel his subject, and therefore *assumes* the tones, and gestures, and impassioned delivery of a man in earnest. The other is when he *does* feel it; when he is really in earnest; when he is enforcing some truth which has deeply occupied his meditations; and then he becomes truly eloquent, notwithstanding, perhaps, a bad voice and an ungraceful delivery. The eloquence of the former is studied, artificial, often pompous, but falls coldly on the ear. That of the latter is plain, direct, natural, and sincere, and therefore descends into the heart. The hearers fix their eyes immoveably on the speaker; they follow him through all his illustrations; they weigh his arguments; they attend him to the conclusion; they forget the preacher in the subject, and no part of the discourse escapes their notice.

It is only men of this stamp who are or can be truly eloquent in the pulpit. It is not enough for them to know that they are uttering truth; they must feel that it is *important* truth; and the impression must be strong upon them at the moment of delivery, or "their words will return unto them void."

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—"I was one Sunday riding through the county of Orange, on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge," says Wirt, in his *British Spy*, "when my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness induced me to join the congregation. On my entrance I was struck with his supernatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. It was the day of the Sacrament; his subject was the passion of our Saviour, and he gave it a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before seen. When he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his voice and manner, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene seemed acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and of rage. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes streaming with tears, his voice breathing to God the gentle prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until it was entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, when he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks. I could not imagine how the speaker could let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them without impairing the solemnity of his subject or shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The tumult of feeling subsided, and a deathlike

stillness reigned throughout the house, when the aged man removed his handkerchief from his eyes, still wet with the torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth his palsied hand, he exclaimed, 'Socrates died like a philosopher;' then pausing, clasping his hands with fervour to his heart, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice, he continued, 'but Jesus Christ died like a God.' Had he been an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine."

SUMMERFIELD PREACHING TO CHILDREN.—As for children, says the Rev. J. N. Danforth, did ever man win their little hearts with superior grace and success? Every clergyman who has tried it knows the difficulty of addressing them appropriately, and if he can make himself understood, he thinks he has attained much. But beyond this first requisite of an orator, according to Dr. Blair, he hardly presumes to go. To be eloquent is out of the question. But Summerfield shone here. He seemed to impart his soul to their souls; to come down from the dignity and precision of a more elaborate style, and suit his thoughts, words, and feelings to their particular capacities. It was, in the soft, expressive language of Scripture, "as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers upon the grass," that his "doctrine" then distilled from his lips. He announced his text; let his face relax into one of those celestial smiles which were sometimes permitted to revel there; looked more than benevolently around on the vast assemblage of children (who thronged the church in Baltimore) before him; seemed to feel something kindling within. "That's a sweet text, is it not?" exclaimed he, by way of exordium. The effect was electrical; a thousand little faces glimmered with smiles, instinctively reflecting, as it were, the expression of that fine original that beamed before them. A collection was to be taken up for the benefit of the Wyandot Mission. No child was to give over six cents. When the plates were handed round, they were so overloaded by the tribute of little hands that they were scarcely portable, and some of them required to be unladen before they could finish their round.

H O N E S T Y.

DR. A. CLARKE.—Those who have perused the memoir of Dr. Clarke will probably recollect, that in early life he was placed with a Mr. Bennet, a linen merchant of Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. In his autobiography the doctor remarks, when speaking of the business in which he was engaged, “he thought he saw several things in it that he could hardly do with a clear conscience.” It would, perhaps, not be uninteresting to know what were these “several things.” One of them is as follows: Mr. Bennet and Mr. Clarke were one day engaged in preparing the linen for the great market in Dublin, measuring how many yards there were in each piece, Adam laying hold of one end and Mr. B. of the other. They found that one piece wanted a couple of inches to make a complete yard at the end. “Come, Adam,” says Mr. B., “lay hold of the piece and pull against me, and we shall soon make it come up to the yard.” Alas! he little knew whom he had to deal with. Adam dropped the linen on the ground, stood and looked like one confounded. “What’s the matter?” said Mr. B. “Sir,” says he, “I can’t do it; I think it is a wrong thing.” “Nonsense,” says Mr. B., “it is done every day; it won’t make the linen a bit the worse; the process it has passed through has made it shrink a little. Come, take hold.” “No,” says he, “no.” Mr. B. was a very placid man, and they entered into a dispute about this piece of linen, until, at last, he was obliged to give it up; it was a lost case; Adam would not consent to meddle with it; he thought it was not fair; at least it did not suit the standard of his conscience. Thus early exemplifying that scrupulous honesty for which he was during life remarkable.

HONESTY AND BRAVERY.—The Prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. “Sir,” said he, “the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended for me; but these I bring back to you *as having no claim on them.*” “You have, soldier,” answered the prince, “doubly deserved them by your bravery and by your honesty; therefore they are yours.”

HONESTY BEST POLICY.—Some years since there resided in a country village a poor but worthy clergyman, who, with the small stipend of forty pounds per annum, supported himself, a wife, and seven children. At one time, walking and meditating in the fields, in much distress from the narrowness of his circumstances, he stumbled on a purse of gold. Looking round, in vain, to find its owner, he carried it home to his wife, who advised him to employ at least a part of it in extricating them from their present difficulty; but he conscientiously refused until he had used his utmost endeavours to find out its former proprietor, assuring her *that honesty is always the best policy*. After a short time it was owned by a gentleman who lived at some little distance, to whom the clergyman returned it without any other reward than thanks. On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and censuring the over-scrupulous honesty of her husband; but he only replied as before, *honesty is the best policy*. A few months after this the curate received an invitation to dine with the aforesaid gentleman; who, after hospitably entertaining him, gave him the presentation to a living of three hundred pounds per annum, to which he added a bill of fifty pounds for his present necessities. The curate, after making suitable acknowledgments to his benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquainting them with the happy change in his circumstances, and adding that he hoped she would now be convinced that *honesty was the best policy*; to which she readily assented.

One day, when a vacant see was to be filled, the synod observed to the emperor, Peter the Great, that they had none but ignorant men to present to his majesty. "Well, then," replied the Czar, "you have only to pitch upon the most *honest* man; he will be worth two *learned* ones."

GOLDSMITH.—Previously to Dr. Goldsmith's publishing his "Deserted Village," the bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the doctor mentioned a few hours after to one of his friends, who observed that it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; I have not been easy since I received it; therefore I will go back and return him his note;" which he absolutely did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the piece, which turned out very considerable. Honesty is the best policy.

SMOLLETT.—A beggar asking Dr. Smollett for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, at the same time, "What a lodging has honesty taken up with!"

TRUE HONESTY.—Some years ago, two aged men near Marshalton traded, or, according to Virginia parlance, *swapped* horses on this condition: that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each, pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbour, and was going to pay it.

EXPEDIENCY.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—In confirmation of the evidence of the firmness and patriotism of Mr. Williams, the following anecdote may be added. Towards the close of the year 1776, the military affairs of the colonies wore a gloomy aspect, and strong fears began to prevail that the contest would go against them. In this dubious state of things the council of safety for Connecticut was called to sit at Lebanon. Two of the members of this council, William Hillhouse and Benjamin Huntington, quartered with Mr. Williams.

One evening the conversation turned upon the gloomy state of the country and the probability that, after all, success would crown the British arms. "Well," said Mr. Williams, with great calmness, "if they succeed, it is pretty evident what will be my fate. I have done much to prosecute the contest, and one thing I have done which the British will never pardon—I have signed the Declaration of Independence. *I shall be hanged.*" Mr. Hillhouse expressed his hope that America would yet be successful, and his confidence that this would be her happy fortune. Mr. Huntington observed, that, in case of ill success, *he* should be

exempt from the gallows, as his signature was not attached to the Declaration of Independence, nor had he written anything against the British government. To this Mr. Williams replied, his eye kindling as he spoke, "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged for not having done your duty."

HONOUR DEARER THAN LIFE.—An American officer, during the war of Independence, was ordered to a station of extreme peril, when several around him suggested various expedients by which he might evade the dangerous post assigned him. He made them the following heroic reply: "I thank you, my friends, for your solicitude; I know I can easily save my life, but who will save my honour should I adopt your advice?"

A BETTER RULE THAN "EXPEDIENCY."—Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was always remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon, he explained the rule and conduct at the bar in the following terms: "It was," said he, "the first command and council of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequences to God. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that any obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

DO SOMETHING.—I have often had occasion to observe that a warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man. A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expediciencies, and occasions, often spends his whole life without doing anything to the purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something. Do it—do it."—*Cecil*.

EARLY RISING.

It cannot be denied that early rising is conducive both to the health of the body and the improvement of the mind. It was an observation of Swift, "that he never knew any man come to greatness who lay in bed of a morning."

Though this observation of an individual is not received as a universal maxim, it is certain that some of the most eminent characters which ever existed accustomed themselves to early rising. It seems, also, that people in general rose earlier in former times than now. In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shopkeeper is scarcely awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bedchamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII., fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.

BUFFON.—Various have been the means made use of to overcome the habit of sleeping long of a morning. Buffon, it is said, always rose with the sun; he often used to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to rise early. "In my youth," says he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph" (his domestic servant) "was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to awake me, and to torment me, but he only received abuse. The next day after he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works."

FREDERIC II.—Frederic II., king of Prussia, rose very early in the morning, and, in general, allowed a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed; and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his usual early hour of rising. This loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict or

ders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his service, came to his bed and awoke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch; "I am still much fatigued." "Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page. "But another quarter of an hour more." "Not one minute," said the page: "it has struck four; I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising." "Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect."

DEAN SWIFT.—Dean Swift says that "he never knew any man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning;" and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, says that "he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

AGE OF EARLY RISERS.—The following is a catalogue of about twenty early risers. Their age has been mentioned when it was known. The average age, so far as ascertained, is about seventy.

Franklin was an early riser. He died at the age of eighty-four.

President Chauncey, of Harvard College, made it his constant practice to rise at four o'clock. He died at eighty-one.

Fuseli, the painter, rose with or before the sun. He died at eighty-one.

Wesley rose at three or four o'clock, and slept but six hours. Died at eighty-eight.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, says he was indebted to the habit of his early rising for all his knowledge, and the composition of all his works. He studied fourteen hours a day. Died at eighty-one.

Samuel Bard, M.D., of Hyde Park, rose at daylight in summer, and an hour before in winter (say about five) through life. Died at seventy-nine.

Dr. Priestley was an early riser. He died at seventy-one.

Bishop Jewel rose at four o'clock.

Parkhurst rose at five in the summer and six in the winter. Died at seventy-four.

Bishop Burnet commenced rising at four while at college, and continued the practice through a long life. Died at seventy-two.

Sir Matthew Hale rose at four or five. Died at sixty seven.

Dr. Adam rose at five, and for a part of the year at four. He died at sixty-eight.

Frederic the Great rose at three or four o'clock.

Bishop Horne was an early riser. Died at sixty-two.

Walter Scott was an early riser. Died at sixty-one.

Brougham is said to rise at four. He is now about fifty-eight.

Stanislaus I., of Poland, always retired at nine and rose at three. Died at eighty-nine.

Alfred the Great, it is believed, rose at four. Died at fifty-two.

Sir Thomas Moore, in his Utopia, represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before day-break. He himself rose at four. He was beheaded at the age of fifty-five.

T I M E.

ECONOMY OF TIME.—The celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed in the distribution of his time :

“ Six hours to *sleep*, to *law's* grave study six,
Four spend in *prayer*, the rest to *nature* fix.”

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment in the following lines :

“ Seven hours to *law*, to *soothing* slumber seven,
Ten to the *world* allot, and *all* to Heaven.”

Milton has the following remarks upon misspent time :
“ Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The misspents of every minute is a new record against us in Heaven ; sure if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it that every hour should convey up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before his glorious throne.”

THE VALUE OF TIME.—It was a speech of a woman la-

bouring under horror of conscience, when several ministers and others came to comfort her, "Call back time again; if you can call back time again, then there may be hope for me; but time is gone."

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who dispossessed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world by their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together."—*Spectator*.

DR. C. MATHER.—Dr. Cotton Mather was so careful to redeem his time, that, to prevent the tediousness of visits, he wrote over his study door, in capital letters, "BE SHORT."

MR. JESSEY.—Mr. Henry Jessey, a nonconformist minister, had the following motto put over his study door:

"Amice quisquis huc ades,
Aut agito paucis aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva."

"Whatever friend comes hither,
Despatch in brief, or go,
Or help me busied too. H. J."

EXAMPLES OF BENEVOLENCE.

ARCHBISHOP FENELON.—When Archbishop Fenelon's library was on fire, he was heard to say, "God be praised that it is not the habitation of some poor man."

ALFRED THE GREAT.—Alfred the Great was a prince of the most amiable and benevolent disposition. When in very low circumstances, by reason of his retreat from his enemies, a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. The queen informed him that they had but one small

loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in quest of food, though with but little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes can certainly make that half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." King Alfred's people soon returned with plenty of provision! How true are the words of the wise man: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

KING OF PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia once rang the bell of his cabinet, but, as nobody answered, he opened the door of the antechamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him; but, on coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out, and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows: "She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary and sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it, and, if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he would not fail of success and prosperity in this world." Upon reading this the king stepped softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke, and came into his closet. "You have been asleep, I suppose?" said the king. The page could not deny it, stammered out an excuse, put (in his embarrassment) his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What is the matter with you?" said the king. "Oh," replied the page, "somebody has contrived my ruin: I know nothing of this money." "What God bestows," resumed the king, "he bestows in sleep.* Send the money to your mother: give my respects to her, and inform her that I will take care both of her and you."

DR. CROW.—Dr. Crow, chaplain to Bishop Gibson, bequeathed him two thousand five hundred pounds; but the bishop, understanding the doctor had left some poor relations, nobly resigned the whole legacy in their favour.

The worthy Mr. Thornton, of Clapham, it is said, expended annually two thousand pounds in the distribution of

* A German proverb.

religious books only, and his charities reached to the remotest part of the globe. John Baptist Joseph Languet, vicar of St. Sulpice at Paris, sometimes disbursed the sum of a million of livres in charities in a single year. When there was a general dearth in 1725, he sold, in order to relieve the poor, his household goods, his pictures, and some curious pieces of furniture that he had procured with great difficulty.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A wealthy merchant having lost by one shipwreck to the value of one thousand five hundred pounds, ordered his clerk to distribute one hundred pounds among poor ministers and people; adding, that if his fortune was going by one thousand five hundred pounds at a lump, it was high time to make sure of some part before it was gone.

DOCTOR SAMUEL WRIGHT.—Of Doctor Samuel Wright it is said, that his charity was conducted upon rule; for which purpose he kept a purse, in which was found this memorandum: "Something from all the money I receive to be put into this purse for charitable uses. From my salary as minister, which is uncertain, a tenth part; from occasional and extraordinary gifts, which are more uncertain, a twentieth part; from copy money of things I print, and interest of my estate, a seventh part."

WHERE IT SHOULD BE.—When a gentleman who had been accustomed to give away some thousands was supposed to be at the point of death, his presumptive heir inquired where his fortune was to be found. To whom he answered, "that it was in the pockets of the indigent."

AS IT SHOULD BE.—When a collection was made in Wales for the Bible Society, we are told a poor servant-maid put down one guinea on the plate, being one third of her wages. That it might not be perceived what she put down, she covered the guinea with a halfpenny.

WASHINGTON.—One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the general about one thousand pounds. While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of prop-

erty cannot be sold in Virginia for debts unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia after the arrival of his petition in that city brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the one thousand pounds, with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the general, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money, only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

CHARITABLE PASTOR.—A Parisian, paying a visit to a curate in the middle of winter, remarked that he was living in a house with naked walls, and inquired why he had not got hangings to protect him from the rigour of the cold. The good pastor showed him two little children that he had taken care of, and replied, "I had rather clothe these poor children than my walls."

ISLE OF MAN.—It is a proverb among the hospitable inhabitants of the Isle of Man, that "when one poor man relieves another, God himself laughs for joy." Poor rates and most other parochial rates are unknown; and there is not in the whole island either hospital, workhouse, or house of correction, though in every parish there is at least one charity-school, and often a small library. A collection is made, as in Scotland, after the morning service of every Sunday, for the relief of such poor of the parish as are thought deserving of charity. The donation is optional, but it is usual for every one to give something.

EXAMPLE FOR PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Brocklesby was so assiduous in being useful to his fellow-creatures, that he was equally acceptable to the poor and the rich. When some of the former, through delicacy, did not apply to him, he would exclaim, “Why am I treated thus? Why was I not sent for?”

JOHN HOWARD.—It would be injustice here to omit the name of that great philanthropist, Mr. John Howard, who, after inspecting the receptacles of crime, of poverty, and of misery throughout Great Britain and Ireland, left his native country, relinquished his own ease, to visit the wretched abodes of those who were in want and bound in fetters of iron in other parts of the world. He travelled three times through France, four through Germany, five through Holland, twice through Italy, once through Spain and Portugal, and also through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and part of Turkey. These excursions occupied (with some short intervals of rest at home) the period of twelve years.

Never before was such a considerable portion of the life of man applied to a more benevolent and laudable purpose. He gave up his own comfort that he might bestow it upon others. He was often immured in prison that others might be set at liberty. He exposed himself to danger that he might free others from it. He visited the gloomy cell that he might inspire a ray of hope and joy in the breasts of the wretched. Yea, he not only lived, but died in the noble cause of benevolence; for in visiting a young lady who lay dangerously ill of an epidemic fever, in order to administer relief, he caught the distemper, and fell a victim to his humanity, January 20, 1790.

Mr. Howard's worth seems to be appreciated by two or three singular circumstances. The first was, that a liberal subscription was opened to defray the expenses of erecting a statue to his honour, *while yet alive*, and the sum of 1533*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* was actually subscribed. But the principles of Howard were abhorrent from ostentation; and when he heard of it, “Have not I,” said he, “one friend in England who would put a stop to such a proceeding?” The business was accordingly dropped. Another circumstance was, that his death was announced in the London Gazette, a compliment which no private subject ever received before. And a third circumstance deserves to be noticed, that, though a Dissenter, a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. The inscription tells us with truth “That he

trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity." And concludes, "May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly honourable actions."

Mr. Burke justly observed of this great man, "that he visited all Europe (and the East), not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men and in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country."

KOSCIUSKO.—The hero of Poland once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Soluthurn; and as he hesitated to trust them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes of his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something in order to satisfy the horse."

AFRICAN SYMPATHY.—A poor negro, walking towards Deptford, saw by the roadside an old sailor of different complexion, with but one arm and two wooden legs. The worthy African immediately took three halfpence and a farthing, his little all, from the side pocket of his tattered trousers, and forced them into the sailor's hand, while he wiped the tears from his eye with the corner of his blue patched jacket, and then walked away quite happy.

FEELING.—A plain, good-hearted, matter-of-fact kind of

man, who understood that a poor woman and her family were reduced to extreme distress by the loss of a cow, which was their principal support, generously went round among his neighbours to solicit that aid which he was unable to give himself. He told a plain, simple, and pathetic tale, and received from each a very liberal donation of regret, sorrow, sympathy, &c. But, thought he, this will not buy a cow, and he consequently redoubled his exertions, and to the same effect. He now lost all patience, and after being answered as usual by a real son of Midas, with a plentiful shower of sympathetic feeling, "Oho, yes, I don't doubt your feeling, but you don't feel in the right place." "Oh," said the tender-hearted Cræsus, "I feel with all my heart and soul." "Yes, yes," replied he, "I don't doubt that neither, but I want you to feel in your *pocket*."

IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

MR. EDITOR—When in Leeds, England, Rev. Robert Newton presented to Mrs. Fisk a small bust of Rev. John Wesley, said to be a perfect likeness of him at the time it was taken. A friend, in addition, procured for us the accompanying account of the circumstances and the occasion in which it is said the original of this likeness was taken. As the whole is very interesting and characteristic, I have herewith forwarded it for publication. If you think well of it, please to insert it in the Christian Advocate and Journal.

W. FISK.

Wesleyan University, June 21.

ANECDOTE OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.—Mr. Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. Dudley answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither, and after admiring the busts of the several great men

of the day, he came to *one* which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Mr. Culy, "struck Lord Shelbourne in the same manner it does you, and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are fond of anecdote, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him." On returning to the parlour, Mr. Culy commenced accordingly: "I am a very old man; you must excuse my little failings; and, as I before observed, hear it in the very words I repeated it to his lordship. 'My lord,' said I, 'perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; '*he—that race of fanatics!*' 'Well, my lord; Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me on the business of our church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. "Well," said I, "knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time you shall receive a guinea." 'What!' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken! Well, I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat, and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?' They then wished me a good-morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy! They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no

place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered, if they were come in search of poverty, they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude, and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you come here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay stretched out on a pallet of straw a young woman, in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterward from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared that he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called all his creditors together, and laid before them the state of his affairs, showing them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant; the sum was two hundred and fifty pounds, for which he obstinately declared he

should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability; that feeling was a stranger to his breast, and, in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil in painting small ornaments on cards; and thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event, that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the hapless mother was about to follow it to the grave when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered; and, as I before said, the husband was so reduced from the same cause, that, without the utmost care, he must have fallen a sacrifice; and as Mr. Wesley, who was not for doing things by halves, had acquainted himself with this case of extreme misery, he went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished to learn what he had to name to them; for so long a time had elapsed without hearing anything of the merchant or his family, some supposed him to be dead, and others that he had left the country. Among the rest he called on the lawyer, and painted to him, in the most glowing colours, the wretchedness he had beheld, and which he (the lawyer) had been instrumental in causing; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying him every farthing! Mr. Wesley repeated his visit to the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise the sum and release him. Some gave one hundred pounds, others two hundred pounds, and another three hundred pounds. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn: God seemed to prosper him, and in the second year he called his creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously obtained. Success continuing to attend him, he was enabled to pay all his debts, and afterward realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause, and for this purpose advanced a

considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors. And the very first person who partook of the same was *the inexorable lawyer!*"

This remarkable fact so entirely convinced Lord Shelbourne of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Mr. Wesley, that he immediately ordered a dozen of busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence

THE CHOICE.—A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make their compliments and ask for their usual Newyear's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry?" "As you say the book is good, I will take it and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

THE ELGIN FAMILY.—Lord Kaimes relates a pleasing anecdote of two boys, the sons of the Earl of Elgin, who were permitted by their father to associate with the poor boys in the neighbourhood. One day the earl's sons being called to dinner, a lad who was playing with them said that he would wait till they returned. "There is no dinner for me at home," said the poor boy. "Come with us, then," said the earl's sons. The boy refused, and when they asked him if he had any money to buy dinner, he answered, "No!" When the young gentlemen got home, the eldest of them said to his father, "Papa, what was the price of the silver buckles you gave me?" "Five shillings," was the reply. "Let me have the money and I'll give you the buckles again." It was done accordingly; and the earl, inquiring privately, found that the money was given to the lad who had no dinner.

PHILOSOPHY.

It was Cicero's just censure of Homer, that whereas he should have raised earth to heaven by instructing men to live according to the purity of the gods, he forced down heaven to earth, and represented the gods to live like men in this region of impurity. It is the highest glory of man to be made the image of God in moral excellences; and it is the vilest contumely to God to fashion him according to the image of man's vicious affections.

PYTHAGORAS.—“Let not sleep,” says Pythagoras, “fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day: Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.”

Saadi, the Persian author of the work called *Gulistan*, tells a story of three sages, a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian, who, in the presence of a king of Persia, debated on this question: “Of all evils, which is the greatest?” The Grecian said, “old age oppressed with poverty;” the Indian answered, “pain with impatience;” the Persian pronounced it to be “death, without good works before it.”

A FAIR DISCIPLE OF PYTHAGORAS.—Saint Ambrose, in his elaborate and pious treatise on Christian fortitude, records the resolution of a fair disciple of Pythagoras, who, being severely urged by a tyrant to reveal the secrets of her sect, to convince him that no torments should reduce her to so unworthy a breach of her vow, bit her own TONGUE asunder, and darted it in the face of her oppressor.

NEWTON AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.—This illustrious philosopher was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him, “Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket.” Newton, looking around, and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm, suddenly arising, wet him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an

ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather, of which the wisest philosopher would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye, sir? I will, then," said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, sir" (having received the money, and pointing to the sheep), "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What!" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?" "Yes, sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it or to recommend it to others.

FORTITUDE.

Anaxarchus was a philosopher of Abdera, one of the followers of Democritus, and the friend of Alexander. When that monarch had been wounded in a battle, the philosopher pointed to the wound, adding that it was human blood, not the blood of a god. The freedom of Anaxarchus offended Nicrocreon, and, after Alexander's death, the tyrant, in revenge, seized the philosopher and pounded him in a stone mortar with iron hammers. He bore this with much resignation, and exclaimed, "Pound the body of Anaxarchus, for thou dost not pound his soul!" Upon this Nicrocreon threatened to cut out his tongue, when Anaxarchus bit it off with his teeth and spat it into the tyrant's face.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—Sir Thomas More, some time Lord-chancellor of England, fell into disgrace with his sovereign and was committed to the Tower: on which occasion the lieutenant of the Tower made an apology for the diet, lodging, and accommodations, as unsuitable to the dignity of so great a man. "No apology, sir," replied the courtly prisoner; "I don't question but I shall like your accommodations very well; and, if you once hear me complain, I give you free leave to turn me out of doors."

SPARTANS.—When a handful of Spartans undertook to defend the pass of Thermopylæ against the whole army of Persia, so prodigious, it was reported, were the multitudes

of the Persians, that the very flight of their arrows would intercept the shining of the sun. "Then," said Dieneces, one of the Spartan leaders, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

Just before the battle of Agincourt, news was brought to King Henry's camp that the French were exceedingly numerous; that they would bring into the field more than six times the number of the English troops; to which the brave Captain Gam immediately replied, "Is it so? Then there are enough to be cut in pieces, enough to be made prisoners, and enough to run away."

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States' vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by the destruction and death all around him, he persisted till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you." This singular anecdote is related in a work called "Visits of Mercy, being the Second Journal of the Stated Preacher to the Hospital and Almshouse in the city of New-York, by the Rev. E. S. Ely."

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?—A chief of the Creek Indians, having been appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the citizens of South Carolina, and having met the proper authorities for that purpose, was desired by the governor to speak his mind freely and without reserve; for, as he was among his friends, he need not be "afraid." "I will," said he, "speak freely; I will not be *afraid*. Why should I be *afraid* among my friends, who am never *afraid* among my enemies?"

JOHN KNOX.—The pure, heart-searching doctrines which were preached by this Scotch apostle were then, as they are now, offensive to the carnal heart, and hence he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master and obeyed no mandate that was in opposition to his God and his Bible, paid no attention to this command of the palace. Hearing immediately from the enemies of the cross, who were then, as I fear they are at present, the favourites and friends of the palace, that her orders were disobeyed, the haughty Mary summoned the

Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived he was ushered into the room in which were the queen and her attendant lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and that he dared not preach less. "But," answered one of the lords, "our commands must be obeyed on pain of death; silence or the gallows is the alternative." The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the banner of his Saviour, and with that fearless, indescribable courage which disdains the pomp of language or of action, he firmly replied, "My lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven or rot in the bosom of the earth." Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the queen, "We may let him alone, for we cannot punish that man." Well, therefore, might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

FEMALE FORTITUDE, AND THE PERSECUTOR DISAPPOINTED.—A pious woman used to say she would never want, because her God would supply her every need. In a time of persecution she was taken before an unjust judge for attending a conventicle, as they styled her offence. The judge, on seeing her, rejoiced over her, and tauntingly said, "I have often wished to have you in my power, and now I shall send you to prison, and then how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table," and that was literally the case; for the judge's wife, being present at her examination, and being greatly struck with the good woman's firmness, took care to send her victuals from her table, so that she was comfortably supplied all the while she was in confinement; and in this she found her reward, for the Lord was pleased to work on her soul to her real conversion.

PROFANE SWEARING.

At the time when the Conformity Bill was debated in Parliament, Mr. Howe passed a noble lord in a chair in St.

James's Park, who sent his footman to call him, desiring to speak with him on this subject. In the conversation, speaking of the opponents of the dissenters, he said, "D—n these wretches, for they are mad." Mr. Howe, who was no stranger to the nobleman, expressed great satisfaction in the thought that there is a God who governs the world, who will finally make retribution to all according to their present characters; "And he, my lord, has declared he will make a difference between him that sweareth and him that feareth an oath." The nobleman was struck with the hint, and said, "*I thank you, sir, for your freedom. I take your meaning, and shall endeavour to make a good use of it.*" Mr. Howe replied, "My lord, I have more reason to thank your lordship for saving me the most difficult part of a discourse, which is the *application.*"

An elector of Cologne (who was likewise an archbishop) one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince." "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?"

SWEARING REBUKED.—The learned and pious Dr. Desaguliers being on one occasion in the company of a number of persons of the first rank, a gentleman of the party, who was unhappily addicted to swearing, at every oath he uttered kept asking the doctor's pardon. The doctor bore this levity for some time with great patience; at length he was obliged to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous, if possible, by your pointed apologies; now, sir, I must tell you, *if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell him.*"

MR. SCOTT.—"The story is well known," says Mr. Scott, "of the person who invited a company of his friends that were accustomed to take the Lord's name in vain, and contrived to have all their discourse taken down and read to them. Now, if they could not endure to hear the words repeated which they had spoken during a few hours, how shall they bear to have all that they have uttered through a long course of years brought forth as evidence against them at the tribunal of God?"

SWEARING REBUKED BY WASHINGTON.—The following is given in a note, as an extract from the orderly-book, August 3.

"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the shipyards or on special occasions, until farther orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the wicked and foolish practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

HOWARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.—As he was standing one day near the door of a printing-office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do anything else that is bad."

CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICANS.

HANCOCK AND FRANKLIN.—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways; we must all *hang* together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all *hang* together, or most assuredly we shall all *hang* separately."

CAUSE OF LAST WAR.—The following anecdote is taken from a speech of Alvin Stewart, Esq., on Human Rights, in New-York City, 1838. "We once had six hundred and forty (thousand? no, six hundred and forty men) impressed by the British on board their men-of-war. And the whole nation cried 'To arms.' Probably many of these men were in fact English. They were none of them in the bonds of irresponsible power. They were always under the protecting

care of British law ; and British humanity looked on and stood ready to procure redress if they were used with cruelty. But the nation would not have even six hundred and forty citizens deprived of their liberty and compelled against their own free choice to serve a foreign power. And not less than twenty thousand lives were lost, and a hundred and thirty millions of money expended ; and it was thought to be all proper, for the defence of human rights. Those of this assembly who were then on the stage of action will remember when the array of arms, the long line of death stretched from Chicago to Castine, and the whole nation was arranged to fight for those six hundred and forty seamen, whose only injury was in doing duty against their will on board of British ships."

AMERICAN RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.—Returning from a distant excursion, I was overtaken by the night, and found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river, which, being choked with logs and brush, could not be crossed by swimming. Observing a house on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half-naked, ill-looking fellow came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river, with some trouble ferried me over, and I followed him to his habitation, near to which our boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the meanest kind, consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which contained a family of seven or eight souls, and everything seemed to designate him as a new and unthrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water, to which he good-humouredly replied that he "never took money for helping a traveller on his way." "Then let me pay you for your milk." "I never sell milk." "But," said I, urging him, "I would rather pay you ; I have money enough." "Well," said he, "I have milk enough, so we're even ; I have as good a right to give you milk as you have to give me money."

The right of petition, and duty of Congress to hear, is forcibly illustrated in the following anecdotes.

ON PETITIONING.—There was a man who lost a horse during the revolutionary war, and he undertook to get paid for it out of the United States' treasury ; so he petitioned and petitioned as long as he lived, and after his death his widow petitioned from year to year, and all their petitions

were received, and read, and referred, and considered, and reported on, and after many years they got their money.

There was a man who lost a slave's limb in the last war by exposure around the ramparts of cotton bags at New-Orleans. This man petitioned, not for the slave, but for the mere portion of a slave, and his petition was received, read, referred, reported on, debated, and finally decided by the united wisdom of that august assembly.

GENERAL C. C. PINCKNEY.—In 1794, his firm opposition to the arrogance of the French Directory, demanding *tribute* as the price of *peace*, obtained for him the universal applause of his country; nor can it be forgotten while the hallowed standard, raised at the construction of the lines for the defence of Charleston, on the Pinckney redoubt, proclaims the cherished sentiment of America—" *Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute.*"

TEMPERANCE.

The following is extracted from Professor Edgar's speech before the London Temperance Society.

RUM-SELLER'S DIARY.—"Dec. 26. Up early this morning to give morning drams to thirsty soakers, who had been powerfully refreshed last night, being Christmas; my son told me that, in three hours, he heard two hundred blasphemies in our shop; strange that people keep all their newly-coined oaths to swear them off in my shop. Dec. 30. Lost two of my customer's to-day, one by delirium tremens, the other by a drunken fall; a coroners inquest was held on the first, and a verdict returned, '*Died by the visitation of God;*' the god Bacchus, I suppose. Dec. 31. On this last day of the year led to make a few reflections; very odd that so many of my customers desert me for the workhouse and some for the madhouse; wonder what will become of the poor fellow who went from my counter and set fire to his neighbour's cornstack? hope he won't go the same road as my old couple, poor creatures, who cut the lodger's throat to sell his body for drink, for I would lose his custom. N.B. Attended to-day the funerals of two good customers, who complained of a pain in the side; some say they died of a liver complaint; cannot understand how my eldest son

only eighteen, has become a drunkard, though I gave him good advice, not to drink spirits at all at all, except the least drop in the world; very awkward that no medicine cures my eyes, so that I wear goggles; Joshua Mim, the Quaker, had the impudence to tell me, 'If thee would wear goggles on thee mouth instead of thee eyes, thee eyes would get better.' While so many old customers are dying off, happy to see their places filled by sons and daughters, imitating their parents nobly in supporting a trade countenanced by the best in the land, and *licensed as honest and honourable by the wise laws of my country.*"

"THE DEVIL'S BLOOD."—The Rev. Mr. Heckwelder relates the following fact of the influence of rum upon an Indian.

"An Indian who had been born and brought up at Minisink, near the Delaware water-gap, told me, near fifty years ago, that he had once, under the influence of strong liquor, killed the best Indian friend he had, fancying him to be his avowed enemy.

"He said that the deception was complete, and that, while intoxicated, the face of his friend presented to his eyes all the features of a man with whom he was in a state of hostility.

"It is impossible to express the horror with which he was struck when he awoke from that delusion. He was so shocked, that he resolved never more to taste the maddening poison, of which he was convinced the devil was the inventor; for it could only be the evil spirit who made him see his enemy when his friend was before him, and produced so strong a delusion upon his bewildered senses.

"From that time until his death, which happened thirty years afterward, he never drank a drop of ardent spirit, which he always called 'the devil's blood,' and was firmly persuaded that the devil or some of the infernal spirits had a hand in preparing it."

COLONEL B—— RULING OVER RUM.—Colonel B—— was a man of amiable manners and well-informed mind. Being much employed in public business which called him from place to place, ardent spirit was often set before him with an invitation to drink. At first he took a social glass for civility's sake. But at length a habit was formed, and appetite began to crave its customary indulgence. He drank more largely, and once or twice was quite overcome. His friends

were alarmed. He was on the brink of a precipice from which many had fallen to the lowest pitch of wretchedness. In his sober hours he saw the danger he was in. Said he to himself one day when alone, "Shall Colonel B—— rule, or shall rum rule? If Colonel B—— rule, he and his family may be respectable and happy; but if rum rule, Colonel B—— is ruined, his property wasted, and his family made wretched!" At length, said he, I set down my foot, and said, "Colonel B—— shall rule and rum obey." And from that day Colonel B—— did rule. He immediately broke off from his intemperate habits, and lived to a good old age, virtuous, respected, and happy. Let every one who has acquired or is acquiring a similar habit, *go and do likewise*.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—In a neighbouring town, some twenty-five years since, a very worthy woman was left a widow, with a large family of children; and unfortunately, as is too often the case, without any provision for their maintenance. As a common expedient to obtain relief, she opened a little shop, filled with toys and sweetmeats for children. Some of her friends advised her to pursue the business of retailing ardent spirits, as being more certain and lucrative. A barrel of rum was therefore purchased, which occupied a conspicuous place among her other articles. But the good woman's conscience was ill at ease, with the reflection that she was administering to the misery of her fellow-creatures instead of contributing to their happiness. She resolved, at the hazard of starvation, to *buy no more rum*. The barrel was immediately removed, and God approved the deed by smiling on her subsequent exertions to procure an *honest* livelihood. There is something sublime and affecting in such heroic conduct. This poor woman may be emphatically styled a pioneer in the cause of temperance. We understand that she takes the liveliest interest in the efforts which are now in train for the extinction of spirituous liquors, and looks back with thrilling emotions of pleasure to the time when she voluntarily relinquished a pernicious but profitable business—in this world's loneliness and solitude, unseen and unapplauded, with her innocent offspring pleading for bread—for the sake of virtue and God.

TEMPERANCE THE STARVATION OF PHYSICIANS.—One of the kings of Persia sent a very eminent physician to Mohammed; who, remaining a long time in Arabia without practice, at last grew weary, and presenting himself before

the prophet, he thus addressed him: "Those who had a right to command me sent me here to practice physic; but since I came, I have had no opportunity of showing my eminence in this profession, as no one seems to have any occasion for me." Mohammed replied, "The custom of our country is this: *We never eat but when we are hungry; and always leave off while we have an appetite for more.*" The physician answered, "That is the way to be always in health, and to render the physician useless;" and, so saying, he took his leave and returned to Persia.

TO CURE SORE EYES.—"Good-morning, landlord," said a man the other day, as he stepped into a tavern to get something to drink.

"Good-morning, sir," replied mine host; "how do you do?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the man, raising his goggles and wiping away the rheum; "I'm plagued most to death with these ere pesky sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em."

"Willingly," said the merry host. "Wear your goggles over your mouth, wash your eyes in brandy, and I'll warrant a cure."

THE ANTAGONIST.—At a temperance meeting in which the Rev. T. P. Hunt was speaking of the destructive effects of spirituous liquor upon the human system, a miserable drunkard arose and said he was as strong as any man; and he would challenge any man to fight with him. An able-bodied temperance man immediately stepped forward and accepted the challenge. "Hold," said Mr. H., "there is no need of your wasting your energies; there is nothing wanted but a little black bottle, that will trip up his legs in five minutes." The poor drunkard sat down in utter confusion.

TEMPERATE DRINKING.—The respectable temperate drinker upholds and sustains the whole trade in intoxicating drinks. Let such abandon the use, and the whole machinery of making and vending these poisons falls to the ground. The trade cannot live by the patronage of the intemperate drinker. Temperate drinkers of alcohol, is not this so?

Æschines, commending Philip, king of Macedon, for a jovial man that would drink freely, Demosthenes answered "that this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

A CUTTING REBUKE.—On an occasion, as a religious grog-seller was attempting to quiet a disturbance which originated in a brothel not many yards from his own house on a Saturday evening, the bully of the den issued forth, and accosted the worthy pillar of the church, “Yes,” said he, “it’s very fine for you, Mr. —, to come here and complain of the noise after you have supplied them with the stuff that makes them drunk, and steals away their sense, while you have their money in your pocket !” As may naturally be expected, the worthy Levite was speechless by such a rebuke from such a character.—*Isle of Man Herald*.

THE WISE GOAT.—The late R. P. of W. was for some time awfully ensnared by the sin of drunkenness, but was, at length, recovered from it in the following singular way : he had a tame goat, which was wont to follow him to the alehouse which he frequented. One day, by way of frolic, he gave the animal so much ale that it became intoxicated. What particularly struck Mr. P. was, that, from that time, though the creature would follow him to the door, he never could get it to enter the house. Revolving this circumstance in his mind, Mr. P. was led to see how much the sin by which he had been enslaved had sunk him beneath a beast, and from that time became a sober man.

To what an awful extent must the rage for ardent spirits have prevailed at one period in England, when the parliament was obliged to prohibit for twelve months the distillation of gin ! Smollett informs us that there were at that time signs or showboards to the tippling houses, with this tariff of prices, “drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, straw for nothing.”

Every man is in danger of becoming a drunkard who is in the habit of drinking ardent spirits on any of the following occasions : 1. When he is warm. 2. When he is cold. 3. When he is wet. 4. When he is dry. 5. When he is dull. 6. When he is lively. 7. When he travels. 8. When he is at home. 9. When he is in company. 10. When he is alone. 11. When he is at work. 12. When he is idle. 13. Before meals. 14. After meals. 15. When he gets up. 16. When he goes to bed. 17. On holydays. 18. On public occasions. 19. On any day ; or, 20. On any occasion.

INTOXICATION.—By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of

the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a man when intoxicated was deemed to deserve double punishment.

PLEASURES OF EXPECTATION.—A drunken fellow, at a late hour in the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendôme. A friend of his happening to pass, recognised him and said, "Well, what do you here! why don't you go home?" The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, 'tis just what I want (hiccough), but the place is all going round (hiccough), and I'm waiting for my door to pass by."

LICENSE SYSTEM (By Professor Edgar).—"Is it not a sad feature of our excise revenue, that it fattens as the people starve? A curse is upon such revenue; it is stained with blood, it is washed with the tears of widows and of orphans. There was a time when the account of crime was easily settled. Did the debauchee, tired of the mother of his children, wish another in her place? He bought an indulgence, and had his wish. You have heard of the nobleman who, having bought from Tetzal an indulgence for a crime to be committed, robbed him, beat him, and told him that was the crime for which he paid. This nobleman was not half so mischievous as the rumseller, and Tetzal never drove so barefaced a trade in indulgences as our own government. Rumsellers' *licenses* are all indulgences, like the nobleman's, for future crimes. The rumseller presents himself at the office of indulgences—the excise—asking a license. What does he want? *A license to kill*. Is it with the sword? The sword is an antiquated weapon, which may cut down some thousands of men in a single day, then for years it rusts in its scabbard; but he drives a trade in death, which goes on night and day, mingling young and old, male and female, in one indiscriminate slaughter. Does he ask inoculation for the plague? The plague may spread its havoc once in a century, but it is soon gone, and health and beauty smile where once was the house of the dead; but the grave for his victims must never close, the tears of his widows must never dry; whether spring scatters her flowers or winter his frost, the crowd of victims must throng to his den to return no more. Honour and conscience must die, female virtue must fall before the seducer, and a profligate race must leave to sons' sons a heritage of iniquity and death. For all this he modestly asks a *license*, and our wise, paternal, and Christian government answer, 'PAY THE PRICE AND

BEGIN.' " A friend of mine, distressed by the ravages of the neighbouring rumsellers, prosecuted them for not having legal qualifications. They were convicted, but the magistrate said it was neither patriotic nor loyal to deprive the revenue of such a sum as so many rumseller's paid; and so the rumseller's returned to their drunkeries in triumph.

QUIETING CONSCIENCE.—In a town not many miles off, the *sober* part of it, in imitation of their neighbours of other towns, resolved to call a meeting for the purpose of considering the expediency of adopting the best measures for the suppression of intemperance. Accordingly, notice to this effect was given, and a meeting was convened. The meeting being organized, and the objects of it stated by a venerable and very good sort of a man, various resolutions were adopted. Among them was one which seemed to embrace the whole subject, as it would, it was supposed, put an entire veto upon the crying sin of intemperance. It is well known to the "wool-growing" part of the community that their sheep must be effectually washed, in order to cleanse the wool for the manufacturer, *once* a year. Now this is a laborious business; not only so, but a very wet and cold business, as the sheep should be washed early in the season, before the wool begins to fall. In consequence, the good people of the town resolved, under heavy penalties, that they would, in no case whatever, drink *any ardent spirits* save at the laborious, cold, and wet business of washing sheep. Not many days after it was observed that one of those who composed the aforesaid meeting was a "little the worse for liquor." He was charged with the fact, but he protested he had lived up to the very spirit and letter of the resolution. He was asked how that could be. "Why," said he, "I have a sheep in that pen which I *regularly wash seven times a day!*"

TEMPERANCE.—Anachonis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, answered, "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxicated." Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.—It appears from "Gardiner's

England's Grievance in Relation to the Coal Trade," that in the time of the commonwealth, the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne punished drunkards by making them put a tub over their heads, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the Drunkard's Cloak, and thus walk through the streets of the town.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF DRUNKARDS.—When Kirtledge published his first address, which electrified the nation, his introduction of a case of combustion was almost universally regretted. It was so new, and appeared so incredible, that scarce any one was found ready to believe or sustain it, while every moderate and immoderate drinker of alcohol from Georgia to Maine, and every manufacturer and vender of intoxicating drinks, laid hold of it as effectual to counteract and destroy all the influence which that most thrilling address was calculated to produce. But now these cases have multiplied so much, and been so well attested, that few are disposed to call them in question. Doctor Peter Schofield, of Upper Canada, gives the following case; a terrible monition to all drunkards.

"It was the case of a young man, about twenty-five years of age: he had been an habitual drinker for many years. I saw him about nine o'clock in the evening on which it happened. He was then, as usual, not drunk, but full of liquor. About eleven the same evening I was called to see him. I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop just across the way from where he had been. The owner all of a sudden discovered an extensive light in his shop, as though the whole building was in one general flame. He ran with the greatest precipitancy, and on flinging open the door discovered a man standing erect in the midst of a widely-extended silver-coloured blaze, bearing, as he described it, exactly the appearance of the wick of a burning candle in the midst of its own flame. He seized him by the shoulder and jerked him to the door, upon which the flame was instantly extinguished.

"There was no fire in the shop, neither was there any possibility of fire having been communicated to him from any external source. It was purely a case of spontaneous ignition. A general sloughing came on, and his flesh was consumed, or removed in the dressing, leaving the bones and a few of the larger bloodvessels standing. The blood, nevertheless, rallied around the heart, and maintained the

vital spark until the thirteenth day, when he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-featured, and dreadful picture that was ever presented to human view, but his shrieks, his cries, and lamentations were enough to rend a heart of adamant. He complained of no pain of body; his flesh was gone. He said he was suffering the torments of hell; that he was just upon its threshold, and should soon enter its dismal caverns; and in this frame of mind gave up the ghost. Oh, the death of a drunkard! Well may it be said to beggar all description. I have seen other drunkards die, but never in a manner so awful and affecting. They usually go off senseless and stupid as it regards a future state!"

In all such cases Professor Silliman remarks:

"The entire body having become saturated with alcohol absorbed into all its tissues, becomes highly inflammable, as indicated by the vapour which reeks from the breath and lungs of a drunkard: this vapour, doubtless highly alcoholic, may take fire, and then the body slowly consume."

As a valuable document, we present from Dr. Lindsley's Prize Essay the following table:

OF THE PRINCIPAL CASES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION FROM THE
DICTIONAIRE DE MEDECINE.

	Works in which they are reported.	By Whom.	Time Ago.	Combustion Complete.	Immediate Cause.	Habit of Life.	Situation of the Remains.
1	Actes de Copenhague.	Jacobæus.	1692	Except a part of the scull and the last joints of the fingers.		Abuse of spirits for three years.	Upon a chair.
2	Annual Register.	Blanchinde Verone.	62	Except the scull, a part of the face, and three fingers.	A lamp.	Frequent fomentations of camphorated spirits.	Upon the floor.
3	Annual Register.	Wilmer	50	Except the thigh and one leg.	A light upon a chair near the bed.	Having drunk for a length of time a pint of rum daily.	Upon the floor near the bed.
4	Ency. Method.		50	Except a few bones.		Habitually drunken.	
5	Acta Medica.			Except the scull and fingers.		She drank brandy as her only drink.	
6	Mem. upon spontaneous combus.	Lecat.	1744	Except a part of the head and limbs.	A pipe which she was smoking.	A drunkard.	Near the chimney.
7	Ibid.	Ibid.	1745	Ibid.	A fire.	Habitually drunken.	Upon the hearth.
8	Ibid.	Ibid.	1749	Except a black skeleton.	Fire of the hearth.	Drinking brandy only for many years.	Sitting upon a chair before the fire.
9	Journal de Medecine.		1779	Except a few bones, a hand, and a foot.	A foot stove under her feet.	A drunkard.	
10	Ibid.		1782	Ibid.	A fire of the hearth.	Ibid.	Upon the hearth.
11	Revue Medicale.	Julia Fontenelle.	1820	Except the scull and a portion of skin.	A candle.	Abuse of wine and eau de Cologne.	In bed.
12	Ibid.	Ibid.	1830	Except the right leg.	Ibid.	Ibid.	In the same bed; these two burned together.
13		Gen. Wm. Keppel.	very old.	Except a few parts of the body.	A lighted pipe.		Upon the floor.
14	Journal de Florence.	Joseph Batay.	1786	The skin of the right arm and of the right thigh were burned.	A lamp.	Abuse of brandy.	Upon the floor; he lived four days.
15	Revue Medicale.	Robertson.	1799	Combustion incomplete.			Cured.
16	Ibid.	M. Marchand.		Hand and thigh only burned.	A candle.		Cured.
17	Journal Hosp.		17	One finger of the right hand burned.	A foot stove.	Abuse of spirits.	Upon a chair.
18		Alph. Devenge.	51	The muscles of the trunk, thighs, and superior extremities burned.	A foot stove.	Ibid.	Upon the floor.

All these were females, except numbers 14, 15, 16

PLEDGE BREAKING.—“Many of the tee-totallers break their pledges,” said an objector the other day, insinuating as much as if that were an objection to the tee-total cause. “Yes,” replied the tee-totaller, “many break their pledges, but you cannot find one of them that betters himself thereby.”

DRINKING THE KING’S HEALTH.—I shall preserve the story in the words of Whitelocke; it was something ludicrous as well as terrific.

From Berkshire (in May, 1650) that five drunkards agreed to drink the king’s health in their blood, and that each of them should cut off a piece of his buttock and fry it upon the gridiron, which was done by four of them, of whom one did bleed so exceedingly that they were fain to send for a chirurgeon, and so were discovered. The wife of one of them, hearing that her husband was among them, came to the room, and taking up a pair of tongs, laid about her, and so saved the cutting of her husband’s flesh.—*Whitelocke’s Memorials*, p. 453, second edition.

LUXURY.—In the tenth year of the reign of Edward IV., 1470, George Nevill, brother to the Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into the archiepiscopal see of York, entertained most of the nobility and principal clergy, when his bill of fare was 300 quarters of wheat, 350 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, a pipe of spiced wine, 80 fat oxen, six wild bulls, 1004 wethers, 300 hogs, 300 calves, 3000 geese, 3000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2000 chickens, 4000 pigeons, 4000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 4000 ducks, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 2000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1000 egrets, 200 rees, 400 bucks, does, and roebucks, 1506 hot venison pasties, 4000 cold ditto, 1000 dishes of jelly, parted, 4000 dishes of jelly, plain, 4000 cold custards, 2000 hot custards, 300 pikes, 300 breams, eight seals, four porpoises, 400 tarts. At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward, the Earl of Bedford treasurer, and Lord Hastings comptroller, with many more noble officers; 1000 servitors, 62 cooks, 515 menial apparitors in the kitchen. But such was the fortune of the man, that, after this extreme prodigality, he died in the most abject but unpitied poverty, *vinctus jacuit in summa inopia*.

And as to dress, luxury in that article seems to have attained a great height long before Holinshed’s time; for, in the reign of Edward III., we find no fewer than seven sumptuary laws passed in one session of parliament to restrain it.

It was enacted that men-servants of lords, as also of tradesmen and artisans, shall be content with one meal of fish or flesh every day, and the other meals daily shall be of milk, cheese, butter, and the like. Neither shall they use any ornaments of gold, silk, or embroidery, nor their wives or daughters any veils above the price of twelpence. Artisans and yeomen shall not wear cloth above the price of 40s the whole piece (the finest being about 6*l.* per piece), nor the ornaments before named. Nor the women any veils of silk, but only those of thread made in England. Gentlemen under the degree of knights, not having 100*l.* yearly in land, shall not wear any cloth above 4½ marks the whole piece. Neither shall they or their females use cloth of gold, silver, or embroidery, &c. But esquires having 200*l.* per annum or upward of rent may wear cloth of five marks the whole piece of cloth, and they and their females may also wear stuff of silk, silver ribands, girdles, or furs. Merchants or citizen-burghers, and artificers or tradesmen, as well of London as elsewhere, who have goods and chattels of the clear value of 500*l.*, and their females, may wear as is allowed to gentlemen and esquires of 100*l.* per annum. And merchant-citizens and burgesses worth above 1000*l.* in goods and chattels may (and their females) wear the same as gentlemen of 200*l.* per annum. Knights of 200 marks yearly may wear cloth of six marks the piece, but no higher; but no cloth of gold nor furred with ermine; but all knights and ladies having above 400 marks yearly, up to 1000*l.* per annum, may wear as they please, ermine excepted; and they may wear ornaments of pearl and precious stones for their heads only. Clerks having degrees in cathedrals, colleges, &c., may wear as knights and esquires of the same income. Ploughmen, carters, shepherds, and such like, not having 40*s.* value in goods or chattels, shall wear no sort of cloth but blankets and russet lawn of 12*d.*, and shall wear girdles and belts; and they shall only eat and drink suitable to their stations. And whosoever useth any other apparel than is prescribed in the above laws shall forfeit the same.

SOURCE OF LUXURY.—A Norwegian reproaching a Dutchman with luxury, "What is become," said he, "of those happy times when a merchant on going from Amsterdam to the Indies left a quarter of dried beef in his kitchen, and found it at his return? Where are your wooden spoons and iron forks? Is it not a shame for a sober Dutchman to lie in a damask bed?" "Go to Batavia," answered the man of

Amsterdam; "get ten tons of gold, as I have done, and see whether you will not want to be a little better clothed, fed, and lodged."

INGRATITUDE.—In a little work entitled *Friendly Cautions to Officers*, the following atrocious instance of ingratitude is related. An opulent city in the west of England, little used to have troops with them, had a regiment sent to be quartered. The principal inhabitants and wealthiest merchants, glad to show their hospitality and attachment to their sovereign, took the first opportunity to get acquainted with the officers, inviting them to their houses, and showing every civility in their power. This was truly a desirable situation. A merchant, extremely easy in his circumstances, took so prodigious a liking to one officer in particular, that he gave him an apartment in his own house, and made him, in a manner, absolute master of it, the officer's friends being always welcome to his table. The merchant was a widower, and had only two favourite daughters; the officer, in so comfortable a situation, cast his wanton eyes upon them, and, too fatally succeeding, ruined them both. Dreadful return to the merchant's misplaced friendship!

The consequence of this ungenerous action was, that all officers ever after were shunned as a public nuisance, as a pest to society; nor have the inhabitants perhaps yet conquered their aversion to a redcoat.

We read in Rapin's History, that during Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James II., a certain person, knowing the humane disposition of one Mrs. Gaunt, whose life was one continual exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was concealed and maintained for some time. Hearing, however, of the proclamation which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that he was pardoned and recompensed for his treachery, while she was burned alive for her charity.

MACEDO.—Basilus Macedo, the emperor, exercising himself in hunting, a sport he took great delight in, a great stag, running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horns in the emperor's girdle, and, pulling him from his horse, dragged him a good distance to the imminent danger of his life; which a gentleman of his retinue perceiving, drew his sword and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which

disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe what reward he had for his pains : "He was sentenced to lose his head for putting his sword so near the body of the emperor," and suffered death accordingly.

THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.—A certain soldier in the Macedonian army had in many instances distinguished himself by extraordinary marks of valour, and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On some occasion he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on the shore helpless and naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress ; and, with all humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey. In some time after he presented himself before the king ; he recounted his misfortunes, magnified his services ; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request ; and this soldier, now returned to his preserver, repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief ; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was instantly fired with indignation ; he ordered that justice should be done without delay ; that the possessions

should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid ; and having seized the soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, *The Ungrateful Guest* ; a character infamous in every age and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who from the earliest times were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

FORWARDNESS.—Nothing, perhaps, is more unbecoming young persons than the assumption of consequence before men of age, wisdom, and experience. The advice, therefore, of Parmenio, the Grecian general, to his son, was worthy of him to give, and worthy of every man of sense to adopt : “ My son,” says he, “ would you be great, you must be less ;” that is, you must be less in your own eyes if you would be great in the eyes of others.

An acute Frenchman has remarked, “ that the modest deportment of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly ; but, as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down and withdraws from observation.”

Anthony Blackwall, the author of that excellent work, the “ Sacred Classics Defended and Illustrated,” had the felicity to bring up many excellent scholars in his seminaries at Derby and Bosworth. A gentleman who had been his scholar, being patron of the church of Clapham, in Surrey, presented him to that living, as a mark of his gratitude and esteem. This happening late in life, and Blackwall having occasion to wait upon the bishop of the diocese, he was somewhat pertly questioned by a young chaplain as to the extent of his learning. “ Boy,” replied the indignant veteran, “ I have forgotten more than ever you knew.” An answer this much like that of Sergeant Glanville to the young lawyer.

Once, at a meeting of ministers, a question of moment was started to be debated among them. Upon the first proposal of it, a confident young man shoots his bolt presently. “ Truly,” said he, “ I hold it so.” “ You hold, sir !” answered a grave minister ; “ it becomes you to hold your tongue.”

A young minister once preaching for Mr. Brewer, evidently laboured to set *himself* off to the best advantage. Being afterward very solicitous to know of Mr. Brewer what the people said of him, he received the following answer : “ Why, sir, the people said, and I said with them, that *you said* I am a very clever fellow.”

A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the King of Prussia, requesting that his majesty would appoint him inspector in a certain place where a vacancy had just happened. As it was an office of much consequence, the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man; and, instead of any answer to the petition, he wrote underneath, "2 Book of Samuel, chapter x., verse 5," and returned it. The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation; but, to his great disappointment, found the words, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown."

A BITE.—A very important stripling, whom favouritism had raised to the dignity of quartermaster of a regiment of infantry, wishing, one parade day, to dismount from his charger for the purpose of wetting his whistle and adjusting his spurs, called out in a very commanding tone to a spectator who was near him:

"Here, fellow, hold this horse."

"Does he kick?" bawled out the person addressed.

Kick! no! take hold of him."

"Dose he bite?"

"Bite! no! take hold of the bridle, I say."

"Does it take two to hold him?"

"No!"

"Then hold him yourself."

PEDANTRY REPROVED.—A young man who was a student in one of our colleges, being very vain of his knowledge of the Latin language, embraced every opportunity that offered to utter short sentences in Latin before his more illiterate companions. An uncle of his, who was a seafaring man, having just arrived from a long voyage, invited his nephew to visit him on board of the ship. The young gentleman went on board, and was highly pleased with everything he saw. Wishing to give his uncle an idea of his superior knowledge, he tapped him on the shoulder, and pointing to the windlass, asked, "Quid est hoc?" His uncle, being a man who despised such vanity, took a chew of tobacco from his mouth, and throwing it in his nephew's face, replied, "Hoc est quid."

HONOURABLE DESCENT.—A newly imported cockney tourist lately requested a gentleman of Philadelphia to give him letters of introduction to some foreigners in New-York, with

whom he might associate without degradation; some who had "*descended from great houses*," &c. The courteous American readily complied with his request, and the cockney was formally introduced to three Irish hodmen, while they were in the very act of *descending* from a "great house" in Broadway. The traveller's mortification was highly relished by the honest Hibernians.

CONSEQUENCE.—A pragmatical fellow, who travelled for a mercantile house in town, entering an inn at Bristol, considered the traveller's room beneath his dignity, and required to be shown to a private apartment; while he was taking refreshment, the good hostess and her maid were elsewhere discussing the point as to what class their customer belonged. At length the bill was called for, and the charges declared to be enormous. "Sixpence for an egg! I never paid such a price since I travelled for the house!" "There!" exclaimed the girl, "I told my mistress I was sure, sir, that you were no gentleman."

Another gentleman, going into a tavern in the Strand, called for a glass of brandy and water with an air of great consequence, and after drinking it off, inquired what was to pay. "Fifteen pence, sir," said the waiter. "Fifteen pence! fellow, why that is downright imposition; call your master." The master appeared, and the guest was remonstrating, when "mine host" stopped him short by saying, "Sir, fifteen pence is the price we charge to gentlemen; if any persons not entitled to that character trouble us, we take what they can afford, and are glad to get rid of them."

FLATTERY.—A flatterer one day complimented Alphonso V. in the following words: "Sire, you are not only a king like others, but you are also the brother, the nephew, and the son of a king." "Well," replied the monarch, "what do all these vain titles prove? That I hold the crown from my ancestors, without ever having done anything to deserve it."

His majesty King James the First once asked Bishop Andrews and Bishop Neale the following question: "My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it without all this formality in parliament?" Bishop Neale readily answered, "God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the king turned and said to Bishop Andrews, "Well, my lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied the bishop, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king answered, "No put offs my

lord ; answer me presently." "Then, sir," said he, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it."

DOMITIUS.—The orator Domitius was once in great danger from an inscription which he had put upon a statue erected by him in honour of Caligula, wherein he had declared that that prince was a second time consul at the age of twenty-seven. This he intended as an encomium ; but Caligula, taking it as a sarcasm upon his youth and his infringement of the laws, raised a process against him, and pleaded himself in person. Domitius, instead of making a defence, repeated part of the emperor's speech with the highest marks of admiration ; after which he fell upon his knees, and, begging pardon declared that he dreaded more the eloquence of Caligula than his imperial power. This piece of flattery succeeded so well, that the emperor not only pardoned, but also raised him to the consulship.

DUELLING.

The number of duels that are now fought prove the sad depravity of the times, and of the little sense men have of another world. "If every one," says Addison, "that fought a duel was to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice."

Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of hasty disposition, insisted that the other should fight him next morning ; the challenge was accepted on condition that they should breakfast together at the house of the person challenged previous to their going to the field. When the challenger came in the morning according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend, with his wife and children, ready to receive him ; their repast being ended, and the family withdrawn without the least intimation of their purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, sir," said he, "not till we are more on a par ; that amiable woman, and those six lovely children who just now breakfasted with us, depend, under Providence, on my life for subsistence ; and till you can stake something equal in my estimation to the welfare of seven persons dearer to

me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "*We are not, indeed!*" replied the other, giving him his hand. These two persons became firmer friends than ever.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.—Frederic the Great is said to have taken the following summary and very successful method of suppressing duelling in his army:

An officer desired his permission to fight a duel with a fellow-officer. He gave his consent, with the understanding that himself would be a spectator of the conflict. The hour of meeting arrived, and the parties repaired to the place of slaughter. But what was their surprise to find a gibbet erected upon the spot. The challenger inquired of Frederic, who was present according to agreement, what this meant. "I intend," said he, sternly, "to *hang* the survivor!" This was enough. The duel was not fought; and by this simple but effectual means, it is said duelling was broken up in the army of Frederic.

A SWISS RETORT.—A French officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for *money*, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for *honour*." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."

JUDGE THACHER.—The late Judge Thacher, of Maine, while a member of the national legislature, was challenged on a certain occasion by, I think, a member of Congress. The judge was not deficient in true courage, but his principles were decidedly opposed to duelling. "I will go and consult my *wife*," replied he, "and if she will consent I will fight you." "You are a *coward*," replied the challenger. "Very well," said the judge; "you knew I was, or you never would have challenged me."

THE DUEL PREVENTED.—Two soldiers belonging to the Vendean cavalry having fallen into a dispute, agreed to decide their quarrel with the sword. The Marquis de Donnissau, passing by at the moment, remonstrated with them on their want of charity. "Jesus Christ," said he, "pardoned his executioners, and a soldier of the Christian army endeavours to kill his comrade." At these words the two soldiers threw aside their sabres and rushed into each other's arms.

A quarrel having arisen between a celebrated gentleman in the literary world and one of his acquaintances, the latter heroically and less laconically concluded a letter to the former on the subject of the dispute with, "I have a life at your service if you dare take it." To which the other replied, "You say you have a life at my service if I dare take it. I must confess to you that I dare not take it; I thank my God I have not the courage to take it. But though I own that I am afraid to deprive you of your life, yet, sir, permit me to assure you that I am equally thankful to the Almighty Being for mercifully bestowing on me sufficient resolution, if attacked, to defend my own." This unexpected kind of reply had the proper effect; it brought the madman back again to his reason. Friends intervened, and the affair was compromised.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF A REMARKABLE DUEL.—The fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall at the castle of Montargis, in France; the sculpture represents a dog fighting with a champion, and was occasioned by the following circumstance:

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not leave his master's grave for several days, till at length, compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, then looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all the actions of the dog; his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he always had been; the sudden disappearance of his master; and, perhaps, that divine dispensation of justice and events which will not permit the guilty to remain long undetected, made the company resolve to follow the dog, who conducted them to the tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, to signify that that was the spot they should search. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unfortunate Aubri was found.

Some time after the dog accidentally met the assassin,

who is styled, by all historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when, instantly seizing him by the throat, it was with great difficulty he was made to leave his prey.

Whenever he saw him after, the dog pursued and attacked him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared extraordinary to those persons who recollected the dog's fondness for his master, and, at the same time, several instances wherein Macaire had displayed his envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion, which at length reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) sent for the dog. He appeared extremely gentle, till, perceiving Macaire in the midst of twenty noblemen, he ran directly towards him, growled, and flew at him as usual.

In those times, when no positive proof of a crime could be procured, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and accused. These were denominated the judgment of God, from a persuasion that Heaven would sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of war; or, in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the aisle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon was a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to recover breath. The combatants being ready, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he gripped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and forced him to confess his crime before the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted on his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the aisle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoirs sur les Duels*, and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger and Montfaucon, neither of them relators of fabulous stories.

BIBLE THE BEST SWORD.—The late Rev. Jonathan Scott, a captain in the British army, who about forty-five years ago was a zealous and affectionate preacher of the gospel in England, was accustomed to deliver his addresses from the

pulpit (at such places as he was quartered) in his *regimentals*.* His preaching having been made effectual to the production of a great change in a certain young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman, so that she could no longer join the family in their usual dissipations, and appeared to them as melancholy, or approaching to it, her father, who was a very gay man, looking upon Mr. Scott as the sole cause of what he considered his daughter's misfortune, became exceedingly enraged at him, so much so that he actually lay in wait in order to shoot him. Mr. Scott, being providentially apprized of it, was enabled to escape the danger. The diabolical design of the gentleman being thus defeated, he sent Mr. Scott a challenge. Mr. Scott might have availed himself of the law and prosecuted him, but he took another method. He waited upon him at his house, was introduced to him in his parlour, and, with his characteristic boldness and intrepidity, thus addressed him: "Sir, I hear you have designed to shoot me, by which you would have been guilty of murder; failing in this, you sent me a challenge. And what a coward must you be, sir, to wish to engage with a blind man" (alluding to his being short-sighted). "As you have given me the challenge, it is now my right to choose the time, the place, and the weapon. I therefore appoint the present moment, sir, the place where we now are, and for the weapon, the sword to which I have been most accustomed." The gentleman was evidently greatly terrified, when Mr. Scott, having attained his end, produced a pocket Bible, and exclaimed, "This is my sword, sir, the only weapon I wish to engage with." "Never," said Mr. Scott to a friend, to whom he related this anecdote, "never was a poor careless sinner so delighted with the sight of a Bible before." Mr. Scott reasoned with the gentleman on the impropriety of his conduct in treating him as he had done for no other reason but because he had preached the everlasting gospel. The result was, the gentleman took him by the hand, begged his pardon, expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and became afterward very friendly to him.—*Eng. Paper*.

CLARKE ON DUELLING.—The following is an extract from Dr. A. Clarke's commentary on Hosea iv., 2, and corresponds with his expressions elsewhere on the subject.

"*Blood toucheth blood*.—Murders are not only frequent, but assassinations are mutual. Men go out to *kill each other*—as in our duels, the phrensy of cowards—and as there

* Your correspondent has been an eyewitness to this.

is no law regarded and no justice in the land, the nearest kin slays the murderer. Even in our land, where *duels* are so frequent, if a man kill his antagonist, it is *murder*, and so generally brought in by an honest coroner and his jury. It is then brought into court; but who is *hanged* for it? The very murder is considered as an *affair of honour*, though it began in a dispute about a *prostitute*; and it is directed to be brought in manslaughter; and the murderer is slightly fined for having hurried his neighbour, perhaps once his *friend*, into the eternal world, *with all his imperfections on his head*! No wonder that a land *mourns* where these prevail, and that God should have a *controversy* with it. Such crimes as these are sufficient to bring God's curse upon any land!"

HOW TO TREAT A BULLY.—In 1793, the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake. They observed one day an old major of hussars, who was covered with the scars of wounds received in the "seven years' war," and half-hidden by enormous gray mustaches. The conversation turned on duels. A young stout-built cornet began to prate in an authoritative tone on the subject. "And you, major, how many duels have you fought?" "None, thank Heaven," answered the old hussar, in a subdued voice; "I have fourteen wounds, and, Heaven be praised, there is not one in my back; so I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a *duel*." "But you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across to give him a blow. The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when a unanimous cry was raised, "*Stchen sie rhuic herr, major!*" "Don't stir, major!" All the officers present joined in seizing the cornet, when they threw him out at the window, and sat down again to table as if nothing had occurred.

GENERAL HAMILTON.—In the year 1804 General Hamilton, who had been just appointed ambassador from the United States to Paris, got involved in a political dispute with Colonel Aaron Burr, then vice-president. Dr. Cooper had published a pamphlet, in which he said, "General Hamilton and Dr. Kent say that they consider Colonel Burr as a dangerous man, and one unfit to be trusted with the reins of government." In another place the same writer says, "General Hamilton has expressed of Colonel Burr opinions still more despicable."

The last passage excited the resentment of Colonel Burr, who demanded from General Hamilton "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the expression, which could justify this interference on the part of Dr. Cooper." General Hamilton admitted the first statement, which he contended was fairly within the bounds prescribed in cases of political animosity, and objected to being called on to retrace every conversation which he had held either publicly or confidentially in the course of fifteen years' opposition. This would not satisfy Colonel Burr, who demanded satisfaction and a meeting.

On the evening before the duel, General Hamilton made his will, in which he enclosed a paper containing his opinions of duelling, and expressive of the reluctance with which he obeyed a custom so repugnant to his feelings. He says :

"On my expected interview with Colonel Burr, I think proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives, and views. I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons.

"*First.* My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling; and it would ever give me pain to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

"*Secondly.* My wife and children are extremely dear to me; and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

"*Thirdly.* I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to hazard.

"*Fourthly.* I am conscious of no ill will to Colonel Burr distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

"*Lastly.* I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview."

The parties met, and Colonel Burr's shot took fatal effect. General Hamilton had determined not to return the fire; but, on receiving the shock of a mortal wound, his pistol went off involuntarily in an opposite direction. Few individuals died more lamented than General Hamilton, whose funeral at New-York was observed at that place with unusual respect and ceremony. All the public functionaries attended; the bells (muffled) tolled during the day; all business was suspended; and the principal inhabitants wore mourning for

six weeks. No death since that of Washington filled the republic with such deep and universal regret.

AMERICAN CONGRESS FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The American Congress, soon after the Declaration of Independence, passed the following resolution :

“Whereas true religion and good morals are the only solid foundation of public liberty and happiness,

“Resolved, That it be, and hereby is, earnestly recommended to the several states to take the most effectual measures for the encouragement thereof, and for the suppression of theatrical entertainments, horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of principles and manners.”

TRUE COURAGE.—“Coward ! coward !” said James Lawton to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger at him. Edward’s face turned very red, and the tears started in his eyes as he said, “James Lawton, don’t call me a coward.” “Why don’t you fight John Taylor, then, when he dares you ? I would not be dared by any boy.” “He is afraid,” said Charles Jones, as he put his finger in his eye and pretended to cry. “I am not afraid,” said Edward ; and he looked almost ready to give up ; for John Taylor came forward and said, “Come on, then, and show that you are not afraid.” A gentleman passing by said, “Why do you not fight the boy ? Tell me the reason.” The boys all stood still, while Edward said, “I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward.” “That is right, my noble boy,” said the gentleman. “If you fight with that boy, you really disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your companions than of breaking the commandments of God. It is more honourable to bear an insult with meekness than to fight about it. Beasts and brutes, which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves ; but God has given you understanding, and though it be hard to be called a coward, and to submit to indignity and insult, yet remember the saying of the wise man, ‘He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.’ Suppose you fight with this boy, and your companions all call you a brave fellow, what will this be when you are called to stand before God ? Many a poor, deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel to show his bravery, and thus displayed to all that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his com-

panions. Rather follow the example of that brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight, said, 'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God.'"

THE INDIAN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.—The Indian has more sober sense than the white man. When the white man is challenged by a reckless and desperate enemy, he thinks it is more honourable to shoot his enemy through the heart than decline the combat; and so fearful is he of the charge of cowardice, that he will take the field, risk his own life, stain his honour with the blood of a once-loved friend, when a candid expression of his feelings would have healed the breach, and restored him in the confidence of his friend. The duellist may possess some physical bravery, but he lacks the moral courage of the Indian, who, when he was challenged, replied: "I have two objections to this duel affair; the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good that it would do me to put a bullet through your body; I could not make any use of you when dead; but I could of a rabbit or turkey. As to myself, I think it more sensible to avoid than to put myself in the way of harm; I am under great apprehension that you might hit me. That being the case, I think it more advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or anything about my size, and if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been there you might have hit me."

CURIOSITY.—A little travelling Frenchman chanced to breakfast at a tavern with a tall, bony Jonathan, who ate voraciously. The Frenchman was astonished, and asked, with a flourishing bow, "Sare, vil you be so polite as to tell me, is dat your breakfass or your dinnair vat you make?" The Yankee at first made no reply; but monsieur, not satisfied, repeated the question. "Go to the d—l," says Jonathan, feeling himself insulted. A challenge ensued, and the Kentucky rifle proved too much for the little Frenchman's vitality. While he was writhing in his last agonies, Jonathan's compassion was awakened, and he entreated the little Frenchman, if there was anything he could do for him, though it should cost him years to perform it, to let him know, and it should be done. "Oh, monsieur," replied the dying man, "tell me, vas dat your dinnair or your breakfass you did make, and I vill die happy."

FIRST DUEL IN AMERICA.—The first duel fought in New-

England, North America, was in the year 1630, upon a challenge at single combat, with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of a Mr. Hopkins. Both were wounded, one in the hand and the other in the thigh. As it was deemed necessary to repress as much as possible such affairs of honour, the two men were sentenced to have their head and feet tied together, and to lie in that condition for twenty-four hours, without either meat or drink. This punishment was begun to be inflicted; but in an hour, on account of the pain they felt, and at their own and their master's request, and promise of good behaviour, they were released by Governor Bradford, who relates this anecdote.

AN ORDINANCE OF CROMWELL AGAINST DUELLING.—“It is enacted, That if any person should challenge or cause to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge, to fight a duel, he shall be committed to prison without bail for six months, and find security for his good behaviour for one whole year after. Persons challenged, not discovering it in twenty-four hours afterward, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death shall ensue, to be adjudged murder. The seconds, in the last case, to be deemed principals, and in every other to be banished from the Commonwealth for life, and to suffer death in case of return. CROMWELL.

“Whitehall, 1654, A. S.”

WAR.

A WARRIOR'S OPINION OF WAR.—The following is singular language to be used by a brother of Napoleon. It is from an answer of Louis Bonaparte to Sir Walter Scott:

“I have been enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a battle; but I also confess that the sight of a battle-field has not only struck me with horror, but turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings, who call themselves reasonable and have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding, but in putting an end to each other's existence, as if Time did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age I still think; ‘wars, with the pain of death, which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state,’ disguised and ornamented by an ingenious institution and false eloquence.”

CAUSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—When the late President Adams was minister at the court of St James, he often saw his countryman, Benjamin West, the late President of the Royal Academy. One day Mr. West asked his friend if he should like to take a walk with him and see the cause of the American revolution. The minister smiled at the proposal, and said he should like to accompany his friend West anywhere. The following day he called, according to agreement, and took Mr. Adams into Hyde Park, to a spot near the Serpentine River, where he gave him the following narrative: The king came to the throne a young man, surrounded by flattering courtiers; one of whose frequent topics it was to declaim against the meanness of his palace, which was wholly unworthy a monarch of such a country as England. They said there was not a sovereign in Europe lodged so poorly; that his sorry, dingy old brick palace of St. James looked like a stable; and that he ought to build a palace suited to his kingdom. The king was fond of architecture, and would, therefore, more readily listen to suggestions which were, in fact, all true. The spot that you see here was selected for the site, between this and this point, which was marked out. The king applied to his ministers on the subject. They inquired what sum would be wanted by his majesty, who said that he would begin with a million. They stated the expenses of the war and the poverty of the treasury, but that his majesty's wishes should be taken into full consideration. Some time afterward the king was informed that the wants of the treasury were too urgent to admit of a supply from their present means, but that a revenue might be raised in America to supply all the king's wishes. This suggestion was followed up; and the king was in this way first led to consider, and then to consent to, the scheme of taxing the colonies.

PROFIT OF WAR.—Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally; but, on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

THE REWARD OF WAR.—The Duke of Marlborough observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt-end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus: "Why so pensive, my friend, after so glorious a victory?"

"It may be glorious," replied the brave fellow, "but I am thinking that all the human blood I have spilled this day *has only earned me fourpence.*"

"IMMENSE AND DREADFUL PROFANATION."—Oliver Cromwell, the very "pink of purity" in his day, with pious sanctity inscribed upon the mouths of his cannon, "Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth thy praise." Did he live in our day, the "moral discernment" of the age would thunder in his ears louder than his artillery.

STRATAGEM OF COLONEL WASHINGTON.—Being on a foraging excursion, this active officer had penetrated within thirteen miles of Camden, to Clermont, the seat of Colonel Rugeley, of the British militia. This was fortified by a blockhouse, encompassed by an abatis, and defended by one hundred inhabitants, who had submitted to the royal government. Colonel Washington advanced before it, mounted the trunk of a pine-tree on wagon-wheels, so as to resemble a field-piece, and peremptorily demanded a surrender. The stratagem had the desired effect. Dreading a cannonade, the garrison instantly obeyed the summons, without a shot having been fired on either side.

BONAPARTE.—Kleber designated him as a chief who had two faults; that of advancing without considering how he should retreat, and of seizing without considering how he should retain. He had said, *Let war feed war.* It did so, and Russia spread her tablecloth of snow to receive the fragments of the feast. But all this energy and all this talent were clouded by a perfect want of principle; he knew he had none himself, and here he was *right*; but he thence concluded that all others had none, and here he was often *wrong*.

PIRATE'S DEFENCE.—Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?" "Why," rejoined the rover, boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore called pirate; thou with a great army warrest against nations, and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference between us but in the name and means of doing mischief." Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished.

VETERAN CORPS.—During the American war, eighty old German soldiers, who, after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America, and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of independence. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. “But,” said the veterans, “we should be deficient in gratitude if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression.” Such a band of soldiers never before, perhaps, appeared in a field of battle.

HORRORS OF WAR.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW, SEPTEMBER 14, 1812.—The French entered Moscow on the 14th of September, but they possessed only a heap of smoking ruins. A degree of mystery hangs over the conflagration of this ancient city; whether it was occasioned by the inhabitants, or in consequence of the defence made by them and the bombardment of the French, is yet doubtful. The fact, however, is certain, and the grand effects of this destruction are of the most consoling nature. It is impossible, however, to contemplate without horror an event which deprived two hundred thousand persons of their homes and possessions, and consigned to the agonizing tortures of the flames many thousands of persons, including a large number of sick and wounded soldiers who had bled in the defence of their country.

The retreat of the French from Moscow exhibits a picture of disaster and human misery dreadful and horrific almost beyond example. It is stated that the cold from the 6th of November was so intense, that in a few days more than 30,000 horses perished; the cavalry was dismounted, and the baggage without the means of conveyance. From the 9th to the 18th of November, Bonaparte lost, without counting the killed and wounded, 11 generals, 243 officers, 34,000 rank and file in prisoners, 250 pieces of cannon, and four stand-

ards, besides baggage, &c. The total loss to France and her allies in this campaign has been estimated at 400,000 men killed, disabled, and prisoners, and 5,900,000*l.* of property in equipments, &c., &c.

The loss of the Russians in soldiers (killed, wounded, and prisoners), may be stated at 130,000, to which must be added 70,000 persons burned and destroyed in various ways at Moscow; the loss of Russian property cannot be less than 108,100,000*l.* Severe as these sacrifices appear to be, the safety and independence of Russia have been established; and we cannot sufficiently admire the patriotism and the courage of all ranks, from the prince to the peasant, in their united determination not only to resist, but to vanquish the common enemy.

In a German publication, the loss of men during the late war, from 1802 to 1813, in St. Domingo, Calabria, Russia, Poland, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, &c., including the maritime war, contagious diseases, famine, &c., is stated to amount to the dreadful sum of *five millions eight hundred thousand!!!*

In the battle of Moskwa, September 7, 1812, the French lost above 30,000 men, the Russians nearly 50,000.

An account of the wars between England and France, with the terms of their duration, since the one which commenced in 1110, and which continued two years; 1141, one year; 1161, twenty-five years; 1211, fifteen years; 1224, nineteen years; 1294, five years; 1332, twenty-one years; 1368, fifty-two years; 1422, forty-nine years; 1492, one month; 1512, two years; 1521, six years; 1549, one year; 1557, two years; 1562, two years; 1627, two years; 1665, one year; 1689, ten years; 1702, eleven years; 1744, four years; 1756, seven years; 1776, seven years; 1793, nine years; and lastly, in 1803, near eleven years; making within a period of 704 years, 270 years of war, of which 27 fell within the reign of George III.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.—While the Persians, after the reign of Cyrus, became enervated by luxury and servitude, the Athenians were nobly animated by the freedom they had so recently recovered. It was this that enabled Miltiades in the plains of Marathon, with only ten thousand Athenians, to overcome the Persian army of a hundred thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry. This memorable battle, which was fought in the year 490 before Christ, reflected the high-

est glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being surrounded by the enemy, he drew it up in front of a mountain, extended his line as much as possible, placed his chief strength in his wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to prevent the enemy's cavalry from charging them in the flank.

The Athenians rushed forward on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running; but by their impetuosity they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the attacks of the Persians. The battle was at first fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy; but the wings of the Athenian army attacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and among the rest the traitor Hippias, the principal cause of the war. The rest of the Persian army fled quickly, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Animated by their success, they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more. On this occasion one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand; when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being also cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so until he died. Another soldier, all covered with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens; and after crying out, "Rejoice, we are conquerors!" fell dead in the presence of his fellow-citizens. The Greeks in this engagement lost only two hundred men.

INDIAN CHIEF.—"Father," said the Indian chief, Captain Pipe, to the British commanding officer at Detroit in 1801, "here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me" (handing a stick with a scalp on it). "I have done with the hatchet what you ordered me to do, and found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do *all* that I *might* have done. No, I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for *your* enemy. *Innocence* (women and children) had no part in your quarrels, therefore I distinguished, I spared. I took some *live-flesh* (prisoners), which, while I was bringing to you, I spied one of your large canoes, in which I put it for you. In a few days you will receive this *flesh*, and

find that the skin is of the same colour with your own. Father, I hope you will not destroy what I have saved. You, father, have the means of preserving that which with me would perish for want. The warrior is poor, and his cabin is always empty ; but your house, father, is always full."

MASSACRE AT WYOMING.—The following account of the devastation of the flourishing settlement of Wyoming, in July, 1778, and the massacre of its inhabitants by a party of tories and Indians, under the command of the infamous *Colonel Butler* and *Brandt*, a half-blooded Indian, is thus related by Mrs. Willard in her *History of the United States*.

"The devastation of the flourishing settlement of Wyoming by a band of Indians and tories was marked by the most demoniac cruelties. This settlement consisted of eight towns on the banks of the Susquehanna, and was one of the most flourishing as well as delightful places in America. But even in this peaceful spot the inhabitants were not exempt from the baneful influence of party spirit. Although the majority were devoted to the cause of their country, yet the loyalists were numerous. Several persons had been arrested as tories, and sent to the proper authorities for trial. This excited the indignation of their party, and they determined upon revenge. They united with the Indians, and resorting to artifice, pretended to desire to cultivate peace with the inhabitants of Wyoming, while they were making every preparation for their meditated vengeance. The youth at Wyoming were at this time with the army, and but five hundred men capable of defending the settlement remained. The inhabitants had constructed four forts for their security, into which these men were distributed. In the month of July, 1600 Indians and tories, under the command of Butler and Brandt, appeared on the banks of the Susquehanna. Two of the forts nearest the frontier immediately surrendered to them. The savages spared the women and children, but butchered the rest of their prisoners without exception. They then surrounded Kingston, the principal fort, and to dismay the garrison, hurled into the place two hundred scalps still reeking with blood. Colonel Denison, knowing it to be impossible to defend the fort, demanded of Butler what terms would be allowed the garrison if they surrendered ; he answered, "*the hatchet*." They attempted further resistance, but were soon compelled to surrender. Enclosing the men, women, and children in houses and barracks, they set fire to these, and the miserable wretches were all consumed.

“The fort of Wilkesbarre still remained in the power of the republicans; but the garrison, learning the fate of the others, surrendered without resistance, hoping in this way to obtain mercy. But submission could not soften the hearts of these unfeeling monsters, and their atrocities were renewed. They then devastated the country, burned their dwellings, and consigned their crops to the flames. The tories appeared to surpass even the savages in barbarity. The nearest ties of consanguinity were disregarded; and it is asserted that a mother was murdered by the hand of her own son. None escaped but a few women and children; and these, dispersed and wandering in the forests, without food and without clothes, were not the least worthy of commiseration.”

COLOURS SAVED.—In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death, that a sergeant, in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy made a violent effort; and throwing the dead corpse, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French, seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with clapping and repeated shouts of applause.

What an evidence of human weakness and depravity!
“COLOURS SAVED,” *but how many souls lost!!*

JUSTICE.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS JUDGE.—Sir Matthew Hale, when chief baron of the exchequer, was very exact and impartial in his administration of justice. He would never receive any private addresses or recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first peers of England went once to his chamber, and told him “that, having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was then to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be heard in court.” Upon which Sir Matthew interrupted him, and said “he did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike,” so he would not suffer him to go on. Whereupon his grace (for

he was a duke) went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the king as a rudeness that was not to be endured. But his majesty bade him content himself that he was no worse used, and said "he verily believed he would have used himself no better if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes."

Another passage fell out in one of his circuits, which was somewhat censured as an affectation of unreasonable strictness; but it flowed from the exactness to the rules he had set himself. A gentleman had sent him a buck for his table that had a trial at the assizes; so, when he heard his name, he asked "if he was not the same person that had sent him venison." And finding that he was the same, he told him "he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck." To which the gentleman answered "that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit," which was confirmed by several gentlemen then present; but all would not do, for the lord chief baron had learned from Solomon that "a gift perverteth the ways of judgment;" and therefore he would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record. And at Salisbury, the dean and chapter having, according to custom, presented him with six sugar loaves in his circuit, he made his servants pay for the sugar before he would try their cause.

THE INFLEXIBLE JURYMAN.—In the trial of the famous William Penn and William Mead, at the Old Bailey, for an unlawful assembly in the open street, in contempt of the king's laws, &c., we find a striking instance of the inflexible justice of the jury. After the jury had withdrawn an hour and a half, the prisoners were brought to the bar to hear their verdict; eight of them came down agreed, but four remained above, to whom they used many unworthy threats, and particularly to Mr. Bushel, whom they charged with being the cause of the disagreement. At length, after withdrawing a second time, they agreed to bring them in guilty of speaking in Grace-church-street, which the court would not accept for a verdict, but, after many menaces, told them they should be locked up, without meat, drink, fire, or tobacco; nay, they should starve unless they brought in a proper verdict. William Penn, being at the bar, said, "My jury ought not to be thus threatened. We were by force of arms kept out of our meeting-house, and met as near it as the soldiers would give

us leave. We are a peaceable people, and cannot offer violence to any man." And looking upon the jury, he said, "You are Englishmen; mind your privilege; give not away your right." To which some of them answered, "Nor will we ever do it." Upon this they were shut up all night, without victuals or fire, nor so much as a chamber utensil, though desired. Next morning they brought in the same verdict; upon which they were threatened with the utmost resentments. The mayor said he would cut Bushel's throat as soon as he could. The recorder said "he never knew the benefit of an inquisition till now; and that the next sessions of parliament a law would be made, wherein those who would not conform should not have the benefit of the law. The court having obliged the jury to withdraw again, they were kept without meat and drink till next morning, when they brought in the prisoners *not guilty*; for which they were fined forty marks a man, and to be imprisoned till paid. The prisoners were also remanded to Newgate, for their fines in not pulling off their hats. The jury, after some time, were discharged by *habeas corpus*, returnable in the Common Pleas, where their commitment was judged illegal. This was a noble stand for the liberty of the subject in very dangerous times, when neither law nor equity availed anything.

THE DIVINE LAW MAGNIFIED.—The story of Zeleucus, prince of the Locrians, is well known. To show his abhorrence of adultery, and his determination to execute the law he had enacted, condemning the adulterer to the loss of both his eyes; and, at the same time, to evince his love to his son, who had committed that crime, he willingly submitted to lose one of his own eyes, and ordered, at the same time, one of his son's to be put out. Now what adulterer could hope to escape, when power was vested in a man whom neither self-love, nor natural affection in all its force, could induce to dispense with the law, or relax the rigour of its sentence? So in God's way of saving sinners, the language both of the Father and the Son is manifestly and most emphatically, "Let the law be magnified and be made honourable in the sight of the whole universe."

THE IRRITATED MAGISTRATE.—Magistrates are in the Scriptures designated gods; and if such be their title, what ought to be their conduct? God hath set them in the chair of justice and lent them his name. When the rude soldiers saw the senators at Rome sitting gravely in their robes, they

looked upon them as gods; but as soon as one of them became irritated, and showed his temper, they took them for men. Thus it will be with all magistrates: as long as they act with dignity, justice, gravity, and equity, they will be honoured as gods; but if once they discover the fears, prejudices, and partialities of men, they will grow into contempt even with their friends. Claudius was at first a just judge, but his wife and servants ruined his principles.

RESPONSIBILITY OF JUDGES IN HOLLAND.—A servant-girl was erroneously convicted at Middleburg of robbing her master; the property was found locked up in her box: her mistress had placed it there. She was flogged, brand-marked, and confined to hard labour in the rasp-house. While she was suffering her sentence, the guilt of her mistress was discovered. The mistress was prosecuted, condemned to the severest scourging, a double brand, and hard labour for life. The sentence was reversed, and a heavy fine inflicted on the tribunal, and given to the innocent sufferer as an indemnification.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.—Madame de Maintenon one day asked Louis XIV. for some money to distribute in alms. "Alas! madame," said the king, "what I give in alms are merely fresh burdens upon my people. The more money I give away, the more I take from them." "This, sire," replied Madame de Maintenon, "is true; but it is right to ease the wants of those whom your former taxes to supply the expenses of your wars have reduced to misery. It is truly just that those who have been ruined by you should be supported by you."

PETITION OF THE HORSE.—In the days of John, king of Atri (an ancient city of Abruzzo), there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that, after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which had become unserviceable through age, so that, to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and, pulling it, the bell rang. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which ap-

peared to demand justice. They decreed that *the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age*; a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

SOLON.—Anacharsis was wont to deride the endeavours of Solon, whose code of laws superseded the bloody one of Draco, to repress the evil passions of his fellow-citizens with a few words, which, said he, “are no better than spider’s webs, which the strong will break through at pleasure.”

“So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.”
Denham.

The reply of Solon was worthy of the lawgiver of a refined people. “Men,” said he, “will be sure to stand to those covenants which will bring evident disadvantages to the infringers of them. I have so framed and tempered the laws of Athens, that it shall manifestly appear to all that it is more for their interest strictly to observe, than in anything to violate and infringe them.”

SOCRATES.—While Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates the philosopher was summoned to the senate-house, and ordered to go with some other persons whom they named to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates positively refused. “I will not willingly,” said he, “assist in an unjust act.” Chericles sharply replied, “Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone, and not to suffer?” “Far from it,” replied he; “I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly.”

ARISTIDES.—A tragedy by Æschylus was once represented before the Athenians, in which it was said of one of the characters, “that he cared not more to *be* just than to *appear* so.” At these words all eyes were instantly turned upon Aristides as the man who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character. Ever after he received, by universal consent, the surname of *the Just*; a title, says Plutarch, truly royal, or, rather, truly divine. This remarkable distinction roused envy, and envy prevailed so far as to procure his banishment for ten years upon the unjust suspicion that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. When the sentence was passed by his country-

men, Aristides himself was present in the midst of them, and a stranger who stood near, and could not write, applied to him to write for him in his shell. "What name?" asked the philosopher. "Aristides," replied the stranger. "Do you know him, then," said Aristides, "or has he in any way injured you?" "Neither," said the other; "but it is for this very thing I would he were condemned. I can go nowhere but I hear of Aristides the Just." Aristides inquired no further, but took the shell and wrote his name in it as desired.

The absence of Aristides soon dissipated the apprehensions which his countrymen had so idly imbibed. He was in a short time recalled, and for many years after took a leading part in the affairs of the republic, without showing the least resentment against his enemies, or seeking any other gratification than that of serving his country with fidelity and honour. His disregard for money was strikingly manifested at his death; for though he was frequently treasurer as well as general, he scarcely left sufficient to defray the expense of his burial.

The virtues of Aristides did not pass without reward. He had two daughters, who were educated at the expense of the state, and to whom portions were allotted from the public treasury.

Aristides being judge between two private persons, one of them declared that his adversary had greatly injured Aristides. "Relate rather, good friend," said he, interrupting him, "what wrong he hath done thee, for it is thy cause, not mine, that I now sit judge of."

Being desired by Simonides, the poet, who had a cause to try before him, to stretch a point in his favour, he replied, "As you would not be a good poet if your lines ran contrary to the just measures and rules of your art, so neither should I be a good judge or an honest man if I decided aught in opposition to law and justice."

A judge suspected of bribery checked his clerk for having a dirty face. "I plead guilty, my lord," said the clerk; "but my hands are clean."

LITIGATION.—Lord Erskine, when at the bar, and at the time when his professional talents were most eminent and popular, having been applied to by his friend Dr. Parr for his opinion upon a subject likely to be litigated by him, after recommending the doctor "to accommodate the differ-

ence amicably," concluded his letter by observing, "I can scarcely figure to myself a situation in which a lawsuit is not, if possible, to be avoided."

LAWYER AND CLIENT.—It is said that in former days an eminent counsellor was called on for his professional advice by a countryman, who entered on the consultation thus: "*Mr. A—, my father died, and made his will.*" The lawyer professed himself utterly unable to understand him; the countryman in vain endeavoured to make himself understood, and took his departure, surprised at the dulness of one reputed to be singularly acute. Meeting with a friend, he expressed to him his disappointment; his friend, more knowing, at once inquired whether he had given a retaining fee to the lawyer. "No," was the reply; "I left that for another opportunity." His friend advised him to return, and by no means to postpone that preliminary step. He did so; placed a shining guinea in the learned man's hand, and began once more: "*My father died, and made his will.*" The lawyer stopped him, saying, "Oh! I understand you now; you mean, *your father made his will, and then died.*" From that time forward the client found no cause to complain that his counsel was either dull of apprehension or negligent of his interests. Hints should not be thrown away.

ACQUITTAL EXTRAORDINARY.—Mrs. Minty Graham was lately tried on an indictment as a *common* scold. After a tedious examination of numerous witnesses, and a zealous prosecution and elaborate defence by able counsel, the jury retired, and soon returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty*. It satisfactorily appeared in evidence that she was an *uncommon* scold.

HUMANE JURYMAN.—"Look at the juryman in the blue coat," said one of the Old Bailey judges to Justice Nares; "do you see him?" "Yes." "Well, we shall not have a single conviction to-day for any capital offence." The observation was verified. This fact was related by Mr. Justice Nares himself to a magistrate of London.

LONG SUIT.—The longest suit on record in England is one which existed between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and the heirs of a Lord Berkeley, respecting some property in the county of Gloucester, not far from Wotton-under-edge. It began at the end of the reign of Ed-

ward the Fourth, and was depending until the beginning of that of James the First, when it was finally compounded, being a period of not less than one hundred and twenty years !!!

EXAGGERATION.—A man was brought before Lord Mansfield, when on the home circuit, charged with stealing a silver ladle ; and, in the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney. “Come, come,” said his lordship, in a whisper to the counsel, “don’t exaggerate matters ; if the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend on it he would have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle.”

ACCUSATION AND ACQUITTAL.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of our bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order, “*Has been accused of possessing talents ;*” another, seeing the accusation, immediately wrote under the charge, “*Has been tried and acquitted.*”

DENY EVERYTHING, AND INSIST UPON PROOF.—Lawyer Acmoody figured at the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts, something like half a century ago. He had a student named Varnum, who, having just completed his studies, was journeying to a distant town in company with his master. Acmoody, on his way, observed to his student, “Varnum, you have now been with me three years, and finished your studies ; but there is one important part of a lawyer’s practice of great consequence that I have never mentioned.” “What is that ?” inquired the student. “I will tell it,” replied A., “provided you will pay expenses at the next tavern.” The student agreed, and Acmoody imparted the maxim at the head of this article. The supper, &c., were procured ; and, on preparing to set off from the tavern, Acmoody reminded Varnum that *he* had engaged to pay the bill. “*I deny everything, and insist upon proof,*” retorted Varnum. The joke was so good that Acmoody concluded it best to pay the bill himself.

BON MOT.—Mr. Bethel, an Irish counsellor, as celebrated for his wit as his practice, was once robbed of a suit of clothes in rather an extraordinary manner. Meeting, on the next day after, a brother barrister in the Hall of the Four Courts, the latter began to condole with him on his misfortune, mingling some expressions of surprise at the singu-

larity of the thing. "It is extraordinary, indeed, my dear friend," replied Bethel, "for, without vanity, I may say it is the first *suit* I ever lost."

COUNSEL AND WITNESSES.—A gentleman who was severely cross-examined by Mr. Dunning, was repeatedly asked if he did not lodge in the verge of the court; at length he answered that he did. "And pray, sir," said the counsel, "for what reason did you take up your residence in that place?" "To avoid the rascally impertinence of *dunning*," answered the witness.

MISTAKING SIDES.—A Scottish advocate (we believe the present Lord H——d), who had drank rather freely, was called on unexpectedly to plead in a cause in which he had been retained. The lawyer mistook the party for whom he was engaged; and, to the great amazement of the agent who had feed him, and the absolute horror of the poor client who was in court, he delivered a long and fervent speech, directly opposite to the interests he had been called upon to defend. Such was his zeal, that no whispered remonstrance, no jostling of the elbow could stop him, *in medio gurgite dicendi*. But, just as he was about to sit down, the trembling solicitor in a brief note informed him that he had been pleading for the wrong party. This intimation, which would have disconcerted most men, had a very different effect on the advocate, who, with an air of infinite composure, resumed his oration. "Such, my lords," said he, "is the statement which you will probably hear from my learned brother on the opposite side in this cause. I shall now, therefore, beg leave, in a few words, to show your lordship how utterly untenable are the principles and how distorted are the facts upon which this very specious statement has proceeded." The learned gentleman then went over the whole ground, and did not take his seat until he had completely and energetically refuted the whole of his former pleading.

A similar circumstance happened in the Rolls Court, on the eleventh of July, 1788.

Mr. A., an eminent counsel, received a brief in court a short time before the cause was called on, for the purpose of opposing the prayer of a petition. Mr. A., conceiving himself to be the petitioner, spoke very ably in support of the petition, and was followed by a counsel on the same side. The Master of the Rolls then inquired who opposed the petition. Mr. A., having by this time discovered his mistake,

rose in much confusion, and said that he felt really much ashamed for a blunder into which he had fallen, but that, instead of supporting the petition, it was his business to have opposed it. The Master of the Rolls, with great good-humour, desired him to proceed now on the other side, observing that he knew no counsel who could answer his arguments so well as himself.

PETER THE GREAT.—Peter the Great being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some about him “what all those busy people were, and what they were about.” And being answered, “They are lawyers,” “Lawyers!” returned he, with great vivacity, “why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home.”

FORBEARANCE AND KINDNESS.

Anger and revenge are uneasy passions; “hence,” says Seed, “it appears that the command of *loving our enemies*, which has been thought a *hard saying* and impossible to be fulfilled, is really no more, when resolved into its first principles, than bidding us to be at peace with ourselves, which we cannot be so long as we continue at enmity with others.”

The heathens themselves saw the reasonableness of the spirit which we are now inculcating, and approved of it. It is said concerning Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he would suffer himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments, and also that he could forget nothing but wrongs, and remember nothing but benefits.

“It becomes a man,” says the Emperor Antoninus, “to love even those that offend him.” “A man hurts himself,” says Epictetus, “by injuring me; and what then? Shall I therefore hurt myself by injuring him?” “In benefits,” says Seneca, “it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better.” Another heathen, when he was angry with one by him, said, “I would beat thee, but I am angry.”

PHILIP.—Philip, king of Macedon, discovered great moderation, even when spoken to in shocking and injurious terms. At the close of an audience which he gave to some

Athenian ambassadors who were come to complain of some act of hostility, he asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "will be to hang thyself." Philip, though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, made the following answer, with the utmost calmness of temper: "Go; tell your superiors that those who dare make use of such insolent language are more haughty and less peaceably inclined than those who can forgive them."

MR. BURKITT.—Mr. Burkitt observes in his journal, that some persons would never have had a particular share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him. This reminds me of an exemplary passage concerning Mr. Lawrence's once going, with some of his sons, by the house of a gentleman that had been injurious to him. He gave a charge to his sons to this purpose: "That they should never think or speak amiss of that gentleman for the sake of anything he had done against him; but, whenever they went by his house, should lift up their hearts in prayer to God for him and his family." This good man had learned to practise that admirable precept of our Lord, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

MR. HENDERSON.—Of Mr. John Henderson it is observed, that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected; it was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson; some mutual friends introduced him, and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance), threw a full glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—When Sir Walter Raleigh was brought upon the scaffold to suffer death, he vindicated his conduct in a most eloquent and pathetic speech, and then

feeling the edge of the fatal instrument of death, observed, with a smile, "*It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all my woes.*" Being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he replied, "*So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.*"

MR. CLARKE.—The late Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Frome, was a man of peace. He was one day asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels." He answered, "By letting the angry person always have the quarrel to himself." This saying seems to have had some influence on some of the inhabitants of that town; for, when a quarrel has been likely to ensue, they have said, "Come, let us remember old Mr. Clarke, and leave the angry man to quarrel by himself." If this maxim were followed, it would be a vast saving of expense, of comfort, and of honour, to thousands of the human race.

PAESIELLO.—One day, during the stay of Paesiello, the celebrated composer, at Venice, I heard him relate an anecdote illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catharine of Russia towards him. She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented with clasps of brilliants of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow. Paesiello, who was a powerful, athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the marshal laid his complaint before the empress, and demanded from her majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the court for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a marshal of the Russian empire. Catharine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paesiello."

PERICLES.—Pericles was of so patient a spirit, that he was hardly ever troubled with anything that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all the day but rail at him in the market-place, before all the people, notwithstanding

ing Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles, however, took no notice of it, but, despatching sundry cases of importance till night came, he went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, it being dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch and light the fellow home.

COWPER.—Bishop Cowper's wife, it is said, was much afraid that the bishop would prejudice his health by overmuch study. When he was compiling his famous dictionary, one day, in his absence, she got into his study, and took all the notes he had been for eight years gathering, and burned them; whereof, when she had acquainted him, he only said, "Woman, thou hast put me to eight years study more."

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.—The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was one day riding with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about, that he did not bring his cloak. "You may stay, sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot, and said, very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

SON OF ALI.—A familiar story is related of the benevolence of one of the sons of Ali. In serving at table, a slave had inadvertently dropped a dish of scalding broth on his master. The heedless wretch fell prostrate to deprecate his punishment, and repeated a verse of the Koran: "Paradise is for those who command their anger." "I am not angry." "And for those who pardon offences." "I pardon you." "And for those who return good for evil." "I give you your liberty and four hundred pieces of silver."

MAGNANIMOUS.—A Chinese emperor being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his ap-

proach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How," cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them." Let every Christian imitate so noble an example, and learn "to overcome evil with good."

THE PATIENT SHOPKEEPER.—In days of yore there lived in Chester, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his imperturbable disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbours, who was something of a wag, bet five dollarst that *he* could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown to him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves: *this* was too coarse, *the other* was too fine; one was of too dark a colour, another too light; still the old Diogenes continued placid as new milk; and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; *this* is the very thing; I will take a *cent's* worth of the pattern," at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manners; and then laying the cent upon the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the very size of the money, and wrapping it carefully in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted anything in his line again.

HUMANITY.

GEORGE THE FIRST.—Mr. Rosenhagen, who was domestic steward of the Duchess of Munster, used to relate as a fact within his personal knowledge, that when the Earl of Nithsdale made his escape out of the Tower the night before he was to be executed, the Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, as soon as it was known, went to St. James's to acquaint the king with it, and to vindicate himself from any remissness or treachery in his conduct. His majesty was entertaining himself with a select party of the nobility, and it was with difficulty the lieutenant gained admittance; when, with some alarm and concern, he told his majesty that he had some ill news to acquaint him with, the king said directly, "What! is the city on fire, or is there a new insurrection?" He said that neither was the case, but told his master of Nithsdale's escape. The king most humanely replied, "Is that all? It was the wisest thing he could do, and what I would have done in his place. And pray, Mr. Lieutenant, be not too diligent in searching after him, for I wish for no man's blood!"

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.—When Catharine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. to massacre all the Protestants in France, orders were sent to the governors of the different provinces to put the Huguenots to death in their respective districts. One Catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate. "Sire," said he, in a letter to his sovereign, "I have too much respect for your majesty not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid, it should be really the order of your majesty, I have too much respect for the personal character of my sovereign to obey it."

EMPEROR FRANCIS II.—One arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a large suburb called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this suburb, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis the Second, who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened,

and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain ; while on the other shore his subjects, famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands and supplicated relief. Their monarch's sensibility at length got the better of his prudence ; he leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming, "Never shall it be said that I made no effort to save those who would risk their all for me." The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea successfully, and gained the suburb just when their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across at the risk of his life.

CÆSAR.

"This placed Cæsar among the gods."

Mar. Aurelius.

Julius Cæsar was not more eminent for his value in overcoming his enemies than for his humane efforts in reconciling and attaching them to his dominion. In the battle of Pharsalia he rode to and fro, calling vehemently out, "Spare, spare the citizens !" Nor were any killed but such as obstinately refused to accept of life. After the battle he gave every man on his own side leave to save any of the opposite from the list of proscription ; and at no long time after he issued an edict, permitting all whom he had not yet pardoned to return in peace to Italy to enjoy their estates and honours. It was a common saying of Cæsar, that no music was so charming to his ears as the requests of his friends and the supplications of those in want of his assistance.

HUMANE DRIVER REWARDED.—A poor Macedonian was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use ; the beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under his burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet ; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own."

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.—When Henry IV. of France was advised to attempt to take Paris by an assault before the King of Spain's troops arrived to succour the leaguers, he absolutely protested against the measure on the principle of

humanity. "I will not," said he, "expose the capital to the miseries and horrors which must follow such an event. I am the father of my people, and will follow the example of the true mother who presented herself before Solomon. I had much rather not have Paris than obtain it at the expense of humanity, and by the blood and death of so many innocent persons."

Henry reduced the city to obedience without the loss of more than two or three burgesses, who were killed. "If it was in my power," said the humane monarch, "I would give fifty thousand crowns to redeem those citizens, to have the satisfaction of informing posterity that I had subdued Paris without spilling a drop of blood."

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.—The Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The emperor hastened to this, and, knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "can you give me a lodging for one night?" "Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare; you are come at an unlucky time; my wife is in labour; her cries will not let you sleep; but come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and such as we have you shall be welcome to."

The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly. A girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other almost seven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plaints and groans were distinctly heard. "Stay here," said the peasant to the emperor. "I will go and get something for your supper."

He went out and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children. I must go and assist my wife." "Your hospitality," said the Czar, "must bring down blessings upon your house; I am sure God will reward your goodness." "Pray to God, my good friend," replied the peasant, "pray to God Almighty that she may have a safe delivery: that is all I wish for." "And is that all you wish to make you happy?" "Happy! judge for yourself; I have five fine children; a dear wife that loves me; a father and mother both in good health; and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all." "Do your father and mother live with you?" "Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife." "But your cottage here is so very small!" "It is large enough; it can hold us all."

The good peasant then went to his wife, who in about an hour after was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar; "Look," said he, "look; this is the sixth she has brought me! May God preserve them as he has done my others!" The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the infant in his arms; "I know," said he, "from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate. He will arrive, I am certain, at preferment." The peasant smiled at the prediction; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss their newborn brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same.

In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around, and contemplated everything with an eye of tenderness and emotion; the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. "What a happy chasm! What delightful tranquillity!" said the emperor; "avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!" In such reflections and on such a bed did the mighty emperor of the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at the break of day, and his guest, after taking leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow, my friend; I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening; I

will be back in three hours at the farthest." The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise ; but, in the good nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger's request.

The Czar immediately took his leave : the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church ; but, as he was leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses and the rattling of many coaches. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry and stood before their door. The horses, men, and carriages soon formed a circular line, and at last the state coach of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door.

The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened, the Czar alighted, and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him : " I promised you a god-father ; I am come to fulfil my promise : give me your child, and follow me to church." The peasant stood like a statue ; now looking at the emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy ; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned ; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who lay all night with him upon straw.

The emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus : " Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity ; to-day I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy ; but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your newborn child shall become my ward ; for you may remember," continued the emperor, smiling, " that I prophesied he would be fortunate."

The good peasant could not speak ; but, with tears of sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected ; he took the child in his arms, and carried him himself to church ; and, after

the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his farther settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

God hath wisely and kindly implanted in the breasts of parents a most ardent principle of affection towards their children. And, indeed, the various trials and difficulties of a family require more than ordinary regard to conduct it with propriety; to bear with patience whatever transpires, and to watch with constancy against every evil to which children are exposed.

FOND FATHERS.—The warlike Agesilaus was, within the walls of his own house, one of the most tender and playful of men. He used to join with his children in all their innocent gambols, and was once discovered by a friend showing them how to ride upon a hobby-horse. When his friend expressed some surprise at beholding the great Agesilaus so employed, "Wait," said the hero, "till you are yourself a father, and if you then blame me, I give you liberty to proclaim this act of mine to all the world."

The grave Socrates was once surprised in nearly a similar situation by Alcibiades, and made nearly the same answer to the scoffs of that gay patrician. "You have not," said he, "such reason as you imagine to laugh so at a father playing with his child. You know nothing of that affection which parents have to their children; restrain your mirth till you have children of your own, when you will, perhaps, be found as ridiculous as I now seem to you to be."

The elder Cato, in the busiest periods of his life, always found time to be present at the bathing and dressing of his son; and, when he grew up, would not suffer him to have any other master than himself. Being once advised to resign the boy to the care of some learned servant, he replied that "he could not bear that any servant should pull his son by the ears, or that his son should be indebted for his learning and education to any other than himself."

Charles the Great was so fond a father, that he never dined or supped without his children at table; he went nowhere but he took them along with him; and when he was asked why he did not marry his daughters, and send his sons abroad to see the world, his reply was, "that he was sure he could not be able to bear their absence."

THE THEATRE AND THE PRISON.—"Some time ago," says Rev. T. East, in his sermon in the British pulpit, "I called to see a mother: she was in distress. She not merely wept, but wept aloud.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, my child!" and she wept again. 'Oh, my child is just committed to prison, and I fear he will never return to his father's house,' and she wept again; and, with all my firmness, I could not forbear weeping too. I was afraid to ask the cause. I did not need, for she said,

"Oh, that THEATRE! He was a virtuous, kind youth, *till that theatre proved his ruin!*" This was her testimony, and it was the testimony of the young man himself."

SAVING FROM FIRE.—In 1813 a wealthy farmer, residing near Tuam, who was left a widower, with three helpless children, on his return home about midnight from the fair of Clare, found his house all in a blaze. His first exclamation was, "Where are my children? I must relieve them, or we must perish together." He ran to the yard, where fortunately there happened to be a ladder, which he applied to the wall, rushed into the flames, and succeeded in penetrating into the room where the little children were in bed; he had already taken two of them in his arms, when a third, the youngest, a beautiful girl, cried out, "Sure, father, you will not leave your own little Hannah in the fire." The distracted parent took up the little innocent, wrapped in her night-clothes, in his teeth, and providentially escaped without any material injury to himself or to his precious burden. The house, with all the furniture, fell a prey to the flames.

STEELE AMONG HIS CHILDREN.—It is a common remark, that literary men make but indifferent fathers of families. We see few Melancthons among them who will rock the cradle, and write or read at the same time; few, indeed, who can bear to have anything to do with nursery cares or frolics in their hours of study or contemplation. A letter which is extant of Sir Richard Steele to his wife, shows

him to have been, in this respect, a splendid exception to his class. Seldom have parental affection and good-nature been more pleasingly exemplified than in the family picture which he here presents to us: "Your son," says he, "at the present writing, is mighty well employed, in tumbling on the floor in the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit; he is also a very great scholar; he can read his primer, and I have brought down my Virgil; he makes more shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. My dear wife, preserve yourself for him that sincerely loves you, and to be an example to your little ones of religion and virtue. Your daughter Bess gives her duty to you, and says she will be your comfort; but she is very sorry you are afflicted with the gout. The brats, my girls, stand on each side the table; and Molly says that what I am writing now is about the new coat. Bess is with me till she has new clothes. Miss Moll has taken upon her to hold the sandbox, and is so impertinent in her office that I cannot write more." What a subject for a Wilkie!

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of the predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed "that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss he declared it was impossible for him to survive." The magistrate was thunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king; and the consequence was, that his majesty immediately despatched back the courier, with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his incom-

parable son. The last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave, with all humility, to decline; and the motive for the refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he deserved it was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the direful remembrance of an unhappy father's shame?" His majesty (the King of Sweden) actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him directly to the office of his private confidential secretary.

DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.—Among the families who fell victims to popular fury in the revolt of the Cossack Pugatchef was an old man, his wife, and daughters. The servants endeavoured to protect the youngest, aged only seventeen years, and who was universally beloved for the sweetness of her disposition, from the assassins. They disguised her in the dress of a peasant, and she might have escaped with the greatest ease; but, being deeply affected by the cruelties she saw committed on her father and mother, she would not survive them. She tore herself from the arms of the domestics, and, in the fulness of her despair, threw herself on the bodies of her unfortunate parents, her eyes streaming with tears, and her hands raised to heaven, fervently imploring God to put an end to her suffering. The murderers were for an instant softened by her youth and beauty. "Go, go," said they to her, "we will not kill you;" but her grief was so poignant that she did not listen to them. She exclaimed, "I cannot survive these horrors! Can I forsake my dear relatives? Let me die with them. I seek not to exist longer, since you have robbed me of all that attached me to life!" and again she bent over them, imploring the Divine mercy. One of the monsters then struck her on the head with a club; but she was not entirely stunned. Raising her clasped hands, she prayed to God to have pity on her family. She was instantly despatched, and thus terminated a life of innocence.

QUINTUS.—Among the multitude of persons who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome were the celebrated orator Cicero and his brother Quintus. The latter found means to conceal himself so effectually at home

that the soldiers could not find him. Enraged at their disappointment, they put his son to the torture, in order to make him discover the place of his father's concealment; but filial affection was proof against the most exquisite torments. An involuntary sigh, and sometimes a deep groan, were all that could be extorted from the youth. His agonies were increased; but with amazing fortitude he still persisted in his resolution of not betraying his father. Quintus was not far off; and it may be imagined better than can be expressed how his heart must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in torture to save his life. He could bear it no longer; but, leaving the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, begging of them to put him to death and dismiss the innocent youth. But the inhuman monsters, without being the least affected with the tears either of the father or the son, answered that they both must die; the father because he was proscribed, and the son because he had concealed the father. Then a new contest of tenderness arose who should die first; but this the assassins soon decided by beheading them both at the same time.

AN AFFECTING STORY.—The following thrilling account of the execution of Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, during the war of the American revolution, was related by the Rev. M. Beckwith in a discourse "On the Evils of War."

"Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American revolution was Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honour and uprightness, had secured the good-will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six children, the eldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole army largely participated. Colonel Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the English forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both English and American, interceded for his life; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were on their bended knees humble suiters for their beloved father, but all in vain.

"During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son

was permitted to stay with him in the prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavoured to console him by reminding him that the unavailing grief of his son tended only to increase his own misery; that he came into this world merely to prepare for a better; that he himself was prepared to die, and could even rejoice that his troubles were so near ended. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I set out for immortality; you will accompany me to the place of my execution; and, when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your poor mother.' The youth fell upon his father's neck, crying, 'Oh, my father, my father, I die with you!' Colonel Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, could not return the embrace of his son, and merely said in return, 'Live, my son, live to honour God by a good life; live to take care of your brother and little sisters.'

"The next morning," proceeds the narrator of these distressing events, "Colonel Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, 'Tom, my son, show yourself a man! that tree is the boundary of my life and all my life's sorrow. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be short. It was but lately your mother died; to-day I die. And you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow.' 'Yes, my father,' replied the broken-hearted youth, 'I shall shortly follow you, for I feel indeed that I cannot live long.' And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then," proceeds the narration, "he had wept incessantly; but, as he saw that, the fountain of his tears was stanch'd, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called on his father in terms that brought tears from the hardest heart."

MUSIC.

THE ORGAN.—We do not find any mention of an organ before the year 757, when Constantine Cupronymus, emper-

or of the East, sent to Pepin, king of France, among other rich presents, a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder and sometimes the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected on first hearing it played on that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterward be restored to her reason.

In the reign of the Emperor Julian these instruments had become so popular, that Ammianus Marcellinus complains that they occasioned the study of the sciences to be abandoned.

THE HARPSICHORD.—Neither the name of the harpsichord nor that of the spinet, of which it is manifestly but an improvement, occurs in the writings of any of the monkish musicians who wrote after Guido, the inventor of the modern method of notation. As little is there any notice taken of it by Chaucer, who seems to have occasionally mentioned all the various instruments in use in his time. Gower, indeed, speaks of an instrument called the citole in these verses :

“He taught her, till she was certeyne
Of harp, *citole*, and of ciote,
With many a tune and many a note.”

Confessio Amantis.

And by an ancient list of the domestic establishment of Edward III., it appears that he had in his service a musician called a cyteller or cysteller. This citole (from *citolla*, a little chest) Sir John Hawkins supposes to have been “an instrument resembling a box, with strings on the top or belly, which, by the application of the tastatura or key-board borrowed from the organ and sacks, became a spinet.” Of the harpsichord, however, properly so called, the earliest description of it which has been yet met with occurs in the *Musurgia of Ottomanis Luscinus*, published at Strasburgh in 1536.

WRATH OF AMURATH SUBDUED.—Sultan Amurath, a prince notorious for his cruelty, laid siege to Bagdad; and, on taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of the victims was a musician, who entreated the officer to whom the execution of the sultan's order was intrusted to spare him for a moment that he might speak to the author of the dreadful decree.

The officer consented, and he was brought before Amurath who permitted him to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the capture of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternative plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity and repented of his cruelty. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

PYTHAGORAS.—Pythagoras says that the whole world is made according to musical proportion. Plato asserts that the soul of the world is conjoined with musical proportion.

Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the principles of harmony pervade the universe, and gives a proof of the general principle from the analogy between colours and sounds.

From a number of experiments made on a ray of light with the prism, he found that the primary colours occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of a musical chord; and hence he has obviously shown the affinity between the harmony of colours and musical sounds.

Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Mason, and other eminent poets, all seem to favour the Pythagorean system. The first of these, whose vast mind grasped the whole creation with its internal mechanism at once, thus happily alludes to the subject in his play of "The Merchant of Venice:—"

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

POWER OF RELIGION—INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—One of the most interesting anecdotes illustrating the power of music was related a few days since in a social meeting by an English clergyman who was acquainted with the facts.

"A nobleman, Lord —, was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honours, and his

friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended for her education, and well did she repay in her intellectual endowments the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners. They were all strangers to God.

"At length Miss — attended a Methodist meeting in London; was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she was delighted in the service of the sanctuary and social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds, animated with similar hopes. She was often found in the house of God.

"The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated was to him an occasion of deep grief, and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasure and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashions and extravagances of others of her birth, and leave the Methodist meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her on long journeys, conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

"After failing in many projects which he fondly anticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her into company under circumstances in which she must either join in the recreation of the party or give offence. Hope lighted up in the countenance of this affectionate but misguided father as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies, on the approaching festive occasion, should give a song, accompanied by the piano-forte.

"The hour arrived, the party assembled. Several had performed their parts to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss — was now called on for a song, and many hearts now beat high in hopes of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; should she comply, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate! With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the piano-forte, ran her fingers over the keys, and commenced playing and singing, in a sweet air, the following words:

“No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone;
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th’ inexorable throne !

No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment’s misery or joy ;
 But oh ! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend ?

“ She rose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud ! One by one they left the house.

“ Lord —— never rested until he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence, having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, at the time of his death, nearly half a million of dollars.”

LUTHER.—“ Music,” says Luther, “ is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy ; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline ; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music,” adds Luther, “ and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art.”

THE PIANO-FORTE.—The invention of the piano-forte has formed an era in the art of music. It has been the means of developing the sublimest ideas of the composer, and the delicacy of its touch has enabled him to give the lightest shades, as well as the boldest strokes of musical expression.

The first piano-forte was made by Father Wood, an English monk, at Rome, about the year 1711, for Mr. Crisp, the author of “ Virginia.” The tone of this instrument was much superior to that produced by quills, with the additional power of producing all the shades of piano and forte by the fingers ; it was on this last account it received its name.

Fulk Greville, Esq., purchased it from Mr. Crisp for 100 guineas, and it remained *unique* in this country for many years, until Plenius, the maker of the lyrichord, made one in imitation of it.

CARDS.

Cards were first invented under the reign of Charles VI., king of France, to amuse him during the intervals of the disorder which carried him to the grave. The world would have sustained no loss had his majesty been suffered to die in peace without this invention. They seem, however, to be the delight of vast numbers of mankind; and even men who profess to have a superiority of taste and a greater extent of knowledge than the generality, pass away too much of their time in this useless and often injurious pursuit. The following is a very pointed and suitable reproof to such.

MR. LOCKE.—Mr. Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. “My lord,” said Locke, “I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two.” This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately ceased their play, and entered into a conversation more rational and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

ADDISON.—“I think it very wonderful,” says Addison, “to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?”

MR. DODD.—Mr. Dodd, an eminent minister, being solicited to play at cards, arose from his seat and uncovered his

head. The company asked him what he was going to do. He replied, "To crave God's blessing." They immediately exclaimed, "We never ask a blessing on such an occasion." "Then," said he, "I never engage in anything but what I beg of God to give his blessing."

GAMBLING HOUSES AT NEW-ORLEANS.—These rooms are very splendid, richer than any private apartments at the North; more luxurious. Sofas, couches, mirrors, paintings, fountains of nectar, and the music of seraphs, enchant the senses. How many wretched forms have reclined upon these very couches! How many haggard faces have been reflected from these mirrors! Here, sitting where my form rests, the suicide thought of his beggared wife, and the boy, the first-born of his union; and, burying his face in his hands, formed the awful resolution. Here, too, the old and respectable planter has sat in mute despair to contemplate his bankruptcy and loss of reputation; but he did not think of suicide. The old love life, though they know it to be pain and sorrow. Can splendour, and music, and gayety, and youth, throw even a gleam of joy over apartments so accursed? The air is death. Men will not grow wise by anything but their own experience. Though all the dead bodies of suicides, and all the mental pangs personified, sat by to warn the gambler, he would not stop. Yes! all goes on now as before. The cards that are handled to-day, and the dice that rattle so merrily, and the spots so well drawn, have been handled, and rattled, and seen by fingers and eyes that now clasp the worm, and furnish a nest for the coiling reptile.—*Knickerbocker*.

GAMING.—The wife of a gamester came with death in her looks to seek her husband where he had been playing for two days. "Leave me," said he, "I shall see you again, perhaps!" He did, indeed, come to her: she was in bed with the last child at her breast. "Rise," said he; "the bed on which you lie is no longer yours."

ELIZABETH EDMONDS.—Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force, she nominated Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. This doctor, coming with the commission to Chester on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her majesty was

sending a messenger into Ireland, and he being a churchman, waited on the doctor, who, in discourse with the mayor, took out of a cloakbag a leather box, saying unto him, "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland," calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother, named John Edmonds, of the same, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her convenient time, while the mayor took his leave, and the doctor complimented him down the stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of paper with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The doctor, coming up to his chamber, and suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day, going to the water side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed towards Ireland, and landed on the seventh of October, 1558, at Dublin. When he arrived at the castle, the Lord Fitz-Walter, being lord deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy council. He came accordingly, and after he had made a speech, relating upon what account he had come over, he presented the box to the lord deputy, who, causing it to be opened that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the lord deputy and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the lord deputy made answer, "Let us have another commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the mean while." The doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away and returned into England, and, coming into court, obtained another commission; but, staying for the wind on the water side, news came to him that the queen was dead; and thus God preserved the Protestants of Ireland. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by Lord Fitz-Walter on his return to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, whose husband's name was Mathershad, and gave her a pension of forty pounds during her life.

MR. ROMAINE.—A lady who once heard Mr. Romaine expressed herself mightily pleased with his discourse, and told him afterward that she thought she could comply with his doctrine and give up everything but one. "And what is that, madam?" "Cards, sir." "You think you could

not be happy without them?" "No, sir; I know I could not." "Then, madam, they are your god, and they must save you." This pointed and just reply is said to have issued in her conversion.

DANCING.

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.—Again was Elizabeth arrayed in the garb of fashion, and ready for the amusement of the ballroom. As she stood at the glass placing the last rose amid her clustering locks, she hastily turned around and said to me, "Why, what makes you look so sad? What is the matter?" and she threw her arms around my neck, and embraced me with all the enthusiasm of her young heart. "Come, don't be sad any more. Put this lovely rose in my hair, and see how sweetly it will look."

I kissed her cheek, and, as I bade her good-night, whispered, "Can you ask *God's blessing on the dance*, Elizabeth?" She gave me a quick, earnest look, and hurried down the steps.

At an earlier hour than usual I heard Elizabeth's voice at the door. I was in my chamber; and when I went down to meet her, I found that she had retired to her room. I followed her thither, wishing to see her a few moments before I slept. She supposed that all the family had retired, and her door was unlocked. I entered and found her on her knees before God; her hands uplifted, and her streaming eyes raised to heaven. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, I beseech thee, and let my cry come before thee."

I returned to her room in about half an hour, and welcomed her home.

"Yes," said she, "I *have* got home. In that bewildered ballroom I danced with the merriest and laughed with the loudest, but there was an *arrow here*;" and she laid her hand on her heart.

"*God's blessing on the dance!* Why, those words rang in my ear at every turn: I rejoice that they still ring there. Oh, if God will forgive the past, if he will yet receive me, I will turn my back upon this gilded folly, and lay upon his altar what I once promised to lay there—*my whole heart.*"

We knelt together, and asked God to strengthen the resolution now made in his name. Our prayers have, we humbly trust, been heard; for among the group of lovely dis-

ciples who keep near the Lord, walking in his footsteps and bearing his cross, few are more humble, consistent, and devoted than the once gay and thoughtless Elizabeth G——.

SENSIBLE QUERY.—When one of the English naval commanders was at Canton, the officers of his frigate gave a ball. While they were dancing, a Chinese, who had quietly looked on during the operations, softly said to one of the company, “Why don’t you make your servants do this for you?”

A GOOD REASON FOR DANCING.—A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent beings) assemble at a ballroom. Soon they array themselves in opposing lines; presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot, and comes down again. Again she springs up, and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up, and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward, and seize each other’s hand, and jump up again; then shake their feet, and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set by them, jumping, shaking, and turning, and so on to the end; all for no other reason, that I can perceive, than because black Cuffee sits in the corner drawing a horsehair across a catgut.

DANCING BEFORE A KING.—The following is an extract from an authentic MS. relative to the expenses of Edward II. “Item, The eleventh day of March, paid to James St. Albans, the king’s painter, who danced before the king on a table, and made him laugh heartily, being a gift by the king’s own hands, in aid of him, his wife, and children, one pound one shilling.”

CLERICAL DANCING.—Louis XII. of France held a grand court at Milan in 1501, where the balls are said to have been magnificent. Two cardinals, Cardinal de Narbonne and Cardinal de St. Leverin, footed it there with the rest of the courtiers. Cardinal Pallavino relates that the fathers, doctors, bishops, and other church dignitaries assembled at the Council of Trent, rested for a while in 1562 from their theological polemics, and deliberated on the important proposition of giving a ball to Philip II., king of Spain. The project, after mature discussion, was adopted,

the ball was appointed, all the ladies of the city were invited, and the Spanish bigot, together with all the fathers of the council, danced on the occasion.

INDOLENCE.

"Indolence," says an Eastern writer, "is the daughter of folly, the sister of vice, and the mother of misfortunes; whoever falls into this pernicious habit cannot hope to make much progress in knowledge or learning of any kind, and, consequently, must give up the glorious aim of rendering himself useful or conspicuous in any capacity or situation in life. Wisdom is not to be won but with great assiduity and constant application; she must be sought early and attended late; but he who consumes his hours in idle sauntering, or buries them in morning slumbers, shall never see the light of fame, no more than the light of the sun rising upon him."

SPINOLA.—"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola one day to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, sir," replied he, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all." Montesquieu says, "We in general place idleness among the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather, I think, be put amid the tortures of hell. Austin calls it the burying a man alive."

IDLERS.—Skilful politicians have been so sensible of the dangers of idleness, that they have always been vigilant to find work for their people. When Pisistratus had the supreme command, he sent for those who were idle about the streets, and asked why they loitered about doing nothing. "If your cattle be dead," said he, "take others from me and work; if you want seed, that I will also give you." So fearful was he of the injurious effects that would result from habits of idleness.

THE SILVER HOOK.—Doctor Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf bobbing for little mudcats and eels, he called to him, "Ah, Tom, what a pity 'tis you cannot fish with a *silver* hook." The young man replied, "he was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days

after this, the doctor passing that way, saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again with his long pole bending over the flood; "What, Tom," cried the doctor, "have you got the silver hook yet?" "God bless you, doctor," cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook." "Poh, poh!" replied the doctor; "go home to your anvil, and you will make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

INDUSTRY.

ROYAL GARDENER.—When Lysander, the Lacedæmonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odours universally throughout the delightful scene. "Everything charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement which I cannot sufficiently admire." Cyrus replied, "It was I that drew the plan and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands." "What!" exclaimed Lysander, with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot, "is it possible that, with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down to my table without having fatigued myself either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said, "You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue."

REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

"This is the only witchcraft I have used."

Shakspeare.

Pliny tells us of one Cressin, who so tilled and manured a piece of ground that it yielded him fruits in abundance, while the lands around him remained extremely poor and barren. His simple neighbours could not account for this wonderful difference on any other supposition than that of his working by enchantment; and they actually proceeded to arraign him for his supposed sorcery before the justice seat. "How is it," said they, "unless it be that he enchants us, that he can contrive to draw such a revenue from his inheritance, while we, with equal lands, are wretched and miserable?" Cressin was his own advocate; his case was one which required not either ability to expound or language to recommend. "Behold," said he, "this comely damsel; she is my daughter, my fellow-labourer; behold, too, these implements of husbandry, these carts, and these oxen. Go with me, moreover, to my fields, and behold there how they are tilled, how manured, how weeded, how watered, how fenced in! And when," added he, raising his voice, "you have beheld all these things, you will have beheld all the art, the charms, the magic which Cressin has used!"

The judges pronounced his acquittal, passing a high eulogium on that industry and good husbandry which had so innocently made him an object of suspicion and envy to his neighbours.

 PETER THE GREAT.

"Immortal Peter! first of monarchs."

Thomson

It was the custom of Peter the Great to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage them, but also to judge what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently were the forges of Muller at Istia, ninety versts from Moscow. The Czar once passed a whole month there; during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of state, which he never neglected, he amused himself with seeing and examining everything in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that on one of the last days of his remaining there he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite were employed in

blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood. "Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller. "Very well," replied the Czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas." Muller brought eighteen ducats, offered them to Peter, and told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused. "Keep your ducats," said he; "I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the bars of iron forged by Peter the Great, and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

Our poet Thomson, in speaking of Peter, makes the following beautiful comparison between him and those ancient heroes who imagined that greatness was only to be acquired by deeds of war or schemes of subtle policy.

"Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd,
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar,
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before. * * *
* * * His country glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade,
For what his wisdom plann'd and power enforced,
More potent still *his great example* show'd."

HOW TO PAY FOR A FARM.—A man in the town of D—.

some twenty years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H., who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance; that this, his only property, worth two thousand dollars, was mortgaged for one thousand to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

Mer. I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Far. No: I would make every exertion; I think I could clear it.

Mer. Well, if you will obey my directions, I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good endorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the endorser for his security. You must pay in one hundred dollars every sixty days. Can you do it?

Far. I can get Mr. — for endorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Mer. Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank; you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind; in order to get along, you must spend nothing, buy nothing: make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "*I am a free man; I do not owe any man ten dollars; but look at me.*" He was imbrowned with labour, and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife looks worse than I do." "So you have cleared your farm," said the merchant. "Yes," answered he, "and now *I know how to get another.*"

Thus good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty and put them in possession of a competency which we believe they yet live to enjoy. Thus may one retrieve a falling fortune if he will; and by using the same amount of self-denial, and making as great exertions in the way to heaven, we may secure an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away."

F A S H I O N.

It is not worth noticing the changes in fashion, unless to ridicule them. However, there are some who find amusement in these records of luxurious idleness; these thousand and one follies! Modern fashions, till very lately a purer taste has obtained among our females, were generally mere copies of obsolete ones, and rarely originally fantastical. The dress of some of our beaux will be only known a few years hence by their caricatures. In 1751 the dress of a *dandy* is described in the Inspector. A black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings. This, too, was the era of black silk breeches; an extraordinary novelty, against which "some frowsy people attempted to raise up worsted in emulation." A satirical writer has described a buck about forty years ago; one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to be one of our contemporaries. "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence on a block not worth a farthing."

"It may be a sufficient censure of some fashions," observes Mr. Newton, "to say that they are ridiculous. Their chief effect is to disfigure the female form. And perhaps the inventers of them had no worse design than to make a trial how far they could lead the passive unthinking *many* in the path of absurdity." Some fashions, which seem to have been at first designed to hide a personal deformity, have obtained a general prevalence with those who had no such deformity to hide. We are informed that Alexander had a wry neck, and therefore his courtiers carried their heads on one side that they might appear to be in the king's fashion. We smile at this servility in people who lived in Macedonia twenty centuries before we were born; yet it is little less general among ourselves in the present day.

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not pay some attention to dress and the fashions without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there."

A certain minister lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance who was newly married, and who was attired in the modern indecent fashion. After the usual compliments, he familiarly said, "I hope you have got a good husband, madam." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man too." "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly; "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked."

THE MAN OF FASHION.—"The external graces, the frivolous accomplishment of that impertinent and foolish thing called a man of fashion, are commonly more admired than the solid and masculine virtues of a warrior, a statesman, a philosopher, or a legislator. All the great and awful virtues, all the virtues which can fit either for the council, the senate, or the field, are, by the insolent and insignificant flatterers who commonly figure the most in such corrupted societies, held in the utmost contempt and derision. When the Duke of Sully was called upon by Louis the Thirteenth to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favourites and courtiers whispering to one another, and smiling at his unfashionable appearance. 'Whenever your majesty's father,' said the old warrior and statesman, 'did me the honour to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of the court to retire into the antechamber.'

ORIGIN OF FASHION.—"Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?" "From Boston." "Well, where do the Boston folks get them from?" "From England." "Ah, and where do the English get them from?" "From France." "And where do the French get them from?" "Why—why right straight from the devil; there, now, stop your noise!"

NO JUDGE.—A learned judge who shall be nameless, while trying a case during the last circuit, saw, just in front of him, a person wearing a hat. His lordship desired one of the officers to make that man take off his hat or leave the court. "My lord," said the supposed offender, who proved to be a lady in a riding habit, "I am no man." "Then," said his lordship, "I am no judge."

FASHIONABLE SLANDER.—Slander is a sad employment, to say the best of it. Of all species of slandering, that is the

most harmless which females direct against each other's bonnets, shawls, and shoulder-knots. Miss *Biddy Bluecheek* went a shopping the other day in Broadway, and so much employment did she find for critical remarks upon her friends, that she actually returned to dinner and a glass of lemonade without buying a single article she had gone out in search of. That lady's bonnet displeased her, this one's blue gauze dress over a white gown, the other one's waist was too long, too short, too bulky, too round, too slender, or anything you please. The cut of a dandy's coat displeased, and the tie of his cravat almost put her into hysterics. "Oh!" said she, "what abominable fashions those are nowadays," while she swallowed down a whole glass of lemonade, just coloured, for constitution's sake, with ten imperceptible drops of French brandy.—*Snowden's Advocate*.

ADDISON.—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's headdress. Within my own memory I have known it to rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. And as I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, I must say I am highly pleased with the present fashion, and think that it shows the good sense which at present reigns among the sex. But I do not remember," continues Addison, "in any part of my reading, that the headdress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century, when it was built up in a couple of convex spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head that a woman who was but a pigmy without her headdress appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. A certain monk, enraged at such enormous headdresses, declaimed against them with great zeal; and so successful was he that many of the women threw down their bonnets in the middle of the sermon, and made a bonfire of them in sight of the pulpit. This monk was so renowned for his manner of preaching that he often had twenty thousand people to hear him, and the females, who sat by themselves, to use the similitude of an ingenious writer, appeared like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. The monk, however, continued to fell them by his persevering efforts, but ever-changing and resistless fashion soon reared

them again. To conclude," continues our author, "I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face: she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair that sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the ultimatum of elegance and beauty; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and strangely and foolishly continue to improve the masterpiece of Heaven's skill with childish gewgaws, ribands, and lace."

Dr. Franklin observed: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture."

MOURNING COSTUMES.—The colours of dress for mourning differ according to persons and countries. In Italy, the women once mourned in white and the men in brown. In China they wear white. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, celestial blue. In Egypt, yellow, or the colour of a dead leaf. The Ethiopians wear gray; and in Europe the mourning colour is black.

Each of these colours had originally its signification: white is the emblem of purity; celestial blue denotes the place we wish to go to after death; yellow, or the dead leaf, indicates that death is the end of human hope, and that man falls as the leaf; gray signifies the earth to which the dead return; and black marks the absence of life, because it is the want of life.

The Lycians, as we read in Valerius Maximus, when any cause of mourning befell them, put on the clothes of women, in order that the effeminacy of the dress might the sooner make them ashamed of grieving. The Thracians, again, never grieved at all; but used to celebrate the death of a friend with every expression of mirth and joy, as a removal from a state of misery to one of never-ending felicity.

Previous to the reign of Charles the Eighth, the queens of

France wore white upon the death of their husbands, and were called "reines blanches." On the death of that monarch the colour was changed to black.

A wardrobe account for half a year to Lady Day, 1684, in a MS. purchased by Mr. Brander, at the sale of the library of George Scott, Esq., of Woolston Hall, contains the following entries for the king's mourning: "A gray coat lined with murrey and white flowered silk, with gold loops, and four crape hatbands. A sad-coloured silk coat, lined with gold striped lusting, with silver and silk buttons, and a purple crape hatband. A purple coat."

ENGLISH AND SCOTS.—The Monk of Malmesbury, in his Life of Edward the Second, complains that such was the pride of dress, that the squire endeavoured to outshine the knight in the richness of his apparel; the knight the baron, the baron the earl, and the earl the king himself. This vanity became general among the people of every class at the commencement of the following reign, which gave occasion to the Scots, who, Dr. Henry says, could not afford to be such egregious fops as the English, to make the following well-known lines:

"Long beirds hertiless,
Peynted whoods witless,
Gay cotes graceless,
Maketh England thiteless."

CONTRAST.—Among the Hindoos, none but the women who are in the service of the pagodas are allowed to learn to read, to sing, and to dance. Such accomplishments belong to them exclusively, and are, for that reason, held by the rest of the sex in such abhorrence that every virtuous woman would consider the mention of them as an affront. Peculiar to ladies of this description are also perfumes; elegant and attractive attire, particularly of the head; sweet-scented flowers, entwined with exquisite art about their hair; multitudes of ornamented trinkets, adapted with infinite taste to the different parts of the body; a graceful carriage, and measured step, &c.

If in reading these passages we omit the fact that this is the education of females intended for "the service of the pagoda," who would not believe that they related to the conduct of some fashionable boarding-school in a very different quarter of the world!

ROMAN WOMEN.—Among the Romans the women wore

dresses of a kind of stuff so transparent that the body might be seen through it. This stuff was made of silk so extremely fine that it was died a purple colour before it was made up; for when this species of gauze was manufactured it was so delicate that it could not possibly have admitted the die. The shellfish which furnished the precious material for this colour was found near the Island of Cos; whence writers have denominated this stuff the dress of Cos. Varro named these habits "dresses of glass." They continued in vogue till the time of Jerome, who declaims loudly against them. We learn from Isaiah that the women and maidens of Jerusalem wore dresses of a similar nature.

FANS.—The fan of antiquity was of a very different shape from that in use in our time; it was more like a handscreen with a round handle, was frequently composed of feathers, and then was used by the Roman ladies; the Italian fans were, however, very like ours, and it is probable that the shape of the modern fan has been copied from the Italians. It appears that men were sometimes so effeminate as to use a fan.

"Lady W—— (Wellesley, we presume) assimilates herself with Spanish fashion; she has adopted the dress of the ladies; in the playful use of the fan, she confesses her deficiency; she has translated Addison's descriptions of his application of it by the ladies of different ages and inclinations, which the Spanish ladies exemplify and allow to be correct. You would hardly have supposed that the Spectator was in Cadiz; but, as I have it at hand, I will quote the passage which gives you the words of command, and I will refer you to the second paper of that work for the full explanation of them.

" 'Handle your fans.
Unfurl your fans.
Discharge your fans.
Ground your fans.
Recover your fans.
Flutter your fans.'

"All these parts of the exercise a lady told me were correct; and she went through her part in the various uses of it from youth to age as perfectly as if Addison himself had been the drill sergeant."

HIGH AND LOW HEADDRESSES.—About the year 1714, two English ladies visiting Versailles gave the fashion of low headdresses to the French ladies, who at that time

wore them so high, arranged like organ pipes, that their heads seemed in the middle of their bodies. The king loudly expressed his approbation of the superior taste and elegance of the English fashion, when the ladies of the court were, of course, eager to adopt it.

The high headdresses, however, had scarcely been exploded in France than they were adopted in England, and carried to the utmost extravagance. The ingenuity of the hairdressers was racked to know how to build decorative towers on the heads of our females, and various have been the expedients they have hit upon in cases of emergency ; a lady's slipper or an old distaff often serving the purpose of producing a due elevation.

INVENTRESS.—A Mrs. Turner was less fortunate than Simon: she was convicted and condemned. When the lord chief justice pronounced the sentence of death upon her, he said, "that as she was the first inventress and wearer of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last that wore them ; and for that purpose strictly charged that she should be hanged in that garb, that the fashion might end in shame and detestation." His hope was fully accomplished, as from the day she was executed neither yellow ruff nor cuff was ever worn.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTIC.—Lucas, a painter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was employed to paint a gallery for the Earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral. He was to represent the habits of different nations. When he came to the English, he painted a naked man, with cloth of various sorts lying by him, and a pair of shears, as a satire on their fickleness of dress. The thought was borrowed from Andrew Borde, who, in his Introduction to Knowledge, prefixed a naked Englishman, with these lines :

"I am an Englishman, and naked ; I stand here
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear."

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.—The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be died black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goats ; and to render them thus

their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aqualine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any contention between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children, and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover not silk or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female headdress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper or of gold, according to the quality of the person. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the headdress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion.

CHOICE OF CLOVIS.—Erchionalde, mayor of the palace in the reign of Clovis II., bought from some pirates a girl of

exquisite beauty, named Bandour or Baltide, whom he afterward presented to his sovereign. The monarch was so transported with her charms, that he thought he could not better grace his throne than by raising her to share it along with him. History does the fortunate fair one the justice to inform us, that while on the throne she never forgot having been a slave, and that after the death of Clovis, having taken the veil, her mind became wholly purified from any passion for grandeur, and she appeared almost to forget that she had once been a queen.

FORTUNE WELL TOLD.—A young lady, a native of Martinique and a Creole, was on her voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel on board of which she was a passenger was captured by an Algerine cruiser and taken into Algiers. The fair captive was at first overwhelmed with affliction at the prospect of captivity before her; but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old negress had predicted that she would one day become one of the princesses in the world! “Ah!” exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the handmaid of inclination, “it is doubtless so; I am to be a princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune. Who knows what may come out of this?” So strong did this prepossession grow upon the young lady, that, ere she reached the Barbary shore, she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation as any devotee of Islamism could possibly be. The French consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman; but no; the fair Creole would not be ransomed, for fear of offending fortune by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the seraglio of the Dey of Algiers the lady went; and, strange indeed to tell, from his highness’s seraglio she was sent as a present to the grand seignor, who was so struck with her beauty and manners (for in both she was excelling) that he elevated her to the dignity of his favourite sultana! Such was the singular rise of the late Sultana Valide, who died in 1818, and was the mother of the present grand seignor.

BEAUTY.—Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment; of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within; of lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition; a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for beauty that dwells in “ruby lips,” or “flowing tresses,” or “snowy

hands," or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time; but those ever-enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of time, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

ETIQUETTE.

A LEVEE ACCIDENT.—A British consul at the court of St. Petersburg, attending to pay his compliments on a birthday, took his station as usual, waiting to be presented when the empress passed by. The master of the ceremonies announcing, as the empress walked on, the names of the noblemen and gentlemen present, at last announced "the British consul, Mr. C——." The consul bowed, but unfortunately standing under a cut-glass chandelier, and being somewhat fidgety, as most Englishmen are upon great occasions, had got somehow or other the toupee of his bag-wig entangled in the wire of the drops; so that when he bowed (and that he did very low) there was at least two feet between his bald pate and the suspended periwig, and he could not, on rising, get his head into dock again. The smothered laugh was against him, and it required all his good sense and good nature, when he got home, to make so unlucky a day as pleasant as he did most others to his amiable family.

VICTIM OF ETIQUETTE.—The preposterous degree of etiquette for which the court of Spain has always been remarkable proved the ruin of one of the most illustrious of Spaniards, in the person of the Duke of Ossuna. He was viceroy of Naples, and greatly renowned for his talents as a soldier and a statesman. In consequence of some calumnious reports, he was called to court to give an account of his administration; and on presenting himself to the king, being troubled with the gout and of short stature, he carried, for matter of convenience, his sword in his hand. His majesty, it seems, did not like this *sword-in-hand* style of approaching him, and, turning his back on Ossuna, left the room without speaking. The duke, probably unconscious of the cause of the king's displeasure, was much incensed at this treatment, and was overheard to mutter, "This comes of serving boys." The words being reported to his majesty, an order was given for Ossuna's arrest. He was committed

prisoner to a monastery not far from Madrid, and there he continued till his beard reached his girdle. Growing then very ill, he was permitted to go to his house at Madrid, where he died about the year 1622.

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE.—In France, under the old regime, there was an honourable distinction paid to the *Tiers Etat*, or commons, by the other two orders, very different from what takes place in Britain. When a royal session occurred, the commons were received by the nobles and clergy standing and uncovered. In parliament, when the king meets the lords and commons, the commons are not permitted to sit down, but must stand below the bar. The French assume to themselves the credit of being the politest nation in the world, and this anecdote alone may suffice to vindicate their title to the distinction.

SATISFYING A COQUETTE.—It is much harder to satisfy a lady of little sense in etiquette than one of discrimination, education, and refinement. The first knows nothing of politeness but what she has learned; the latter penetrates every shade of character, and instantly appreciates real gentlemanly feeling, that will not stoop to *vain* flattering attentions in its manly independence, nor offer an insult to a woman of sense by treating her as a mere creature of whim, to whom a certain round of unmeaning ceremonies must be paid.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—The etiquette or the rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fireside; the firemaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Pota appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but *he* excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out, the *fire* burned fiercer, and the *king* endured it rather than derogate from his *dig-*

nity; but his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms; but the Spanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

POLITENESS.

When Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William, "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."

A similar anecdote is related of Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli). When he ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also, on which the master of the ceremonies told his highness that he should not have returned the salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the good pontiff; "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

POLITE PILLAGING.—When Field-marshal Fretag was taken prisoner at Rexpoede, the French hussar who seized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, said, "Give me your watch." The marshal instantly complied with the demand of the captor. A short time after, when he was liberated by General Walmoden, and the French hussar had become a prisoner in his turn, he with great unconcern pulled the marshal's watch from his pocket, and, presenting it to him, said, "Since fate has turned against me, take back this watch; it belonged to you, and it would not be so well

to let others strip me of it." The marshal, pleased with the honesty of the hussar, bid him keep the watch in remembrance of his having once had its owner for a prisoner.

DOCTOR BARROW.—The celebrated Lord Rochester one day met Dr. Barrow in the Park, and being determined, as he said, to put down *the rusty piece of divinity*, accosted him by taking off his hat, and, with a profound bow, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." The doctor, perceiving his aim, returned the salute with equal ceremony, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." His lordship then made a deeper congee, and said, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre." Barrow replied, with the same formality, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes;" on which Rochester made another attempt, by exclaiming, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." "There, my lord," said Barrow, "I leave you," and immediately walked away.

MODESTY.

WASHINGTON.—When General Washington, the immortal saviour of his country, had closed his career in the French and Indian war, and had become a member of the House of Burgesses, the speaker, Robinson, was directed, by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of colouring and strength of expression as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honour; but such were his trepidation and confusion that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second; when the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address that would have done honour to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

A man in the contest for liberty in the first of the American war was taken from home, and left a wife and one child. He was not heard of throughout the war. His wife hoped that after the peace he would come home, if alive; therefore all temptations to marriage she rejected, though she had many. After eight years had gone by, and all hopes of her dear husband's return lost, she consented to give her hand in a second marriage. The guests were bidden, the ceremony past, and supper preparing. Her little daughter happened to go into the kitchen, and there was a poor stranger sitting among the servants. She eyed him, and thought she saw some of the traits of her father in his countenance. She stepped in and privately told her mother. The bride immediately left the company to take a look at the stranger, but little features of her former husband could she see in his war-worn face. She asked him if he ever was in that neighbourhood before; he told her he thought he had been. She asked him if he was ever in that house before; he said he thought he had been. She desired him to tell her plainly what his name was; he told her, and she found it was the husband of her youth. She led him in to the company, and told them "here is my long-lost husband;" and, after she had given sufficient vent to her joyous grief, she told the bridegroom he and she were as they were the day they were born, and no harm done through the mistaken marriage!

CAPTIVES BEFORE CYRUS.—Xenophon relates, that when an Armenian prince had been taken captive with his princess by Cyrus, and was asked what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty, he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked, "What think you of Cyrus?" To which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was fixed upon the generous man who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

PAULINA.—Paulina, the wife of Seneca, being determined not to survive her husband, whom Nero had condemned to death, opened a vein in her arm, and would soon have bled

to death if the tyrant had not sent persons who compelled her to stop the blood. For the remainder of her life her face wore an unusual paleness ; which, says Tacitus, was a glorious testimony of her fidelity to her husband.

AFFECTING MEETING.—In one of the mining districts of Hungary there lately occurred the following affecting and most extraordinary incident :

In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a miner, apparently about twenty years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling in of the mine.

The body was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed, from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air the body became stiff, but the features and general air were not decomposed. The person of the deceased was not recognised by any one present ; but an indistinct recollection of the accident, by which the sufferer had thus been engulfed in the bowels of the earth for more than half a century, was prolonged by tradition among the miners and the country people. Farther inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial. At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepit old woman of the neighbouring village, who, supported by crutches, had left her bedridden couch, to which infirmity had for years confined her, and advanced to the scene with feelings of joy, and grief, and anxiety so intensely painted on her aged face as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, and with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous.

The old woman gazed upon the corpse for an instant, and sweeping the long hair from its forehead in order to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her countenance became, as it were, supernaturally lighted up ; and, in the midst of her hysteric cries and sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by ties of mutual affection and the promise of marriage more than sixty years before ! In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to Heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections, and declared that she could now descend to the tomb content. The powers of life were now prostrated by her agitated feelings and exertion, and she was

borne homeward by the villagers; but, ere she proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled; and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now housed in one grave together.

GALATIAN WIDOW.—Simorix, being enamoured of Camma, a lady of Galatia, assassinated her husband Sinatus, and then sought her hand. Camma, after having long resisted the presents and entreaties of Simorix, being at last apprehensive that he would have recourse to violence, pretended to give her consent to espouse him. She engaged him to meet her in the Temple of Diana, of which she was the priestess, in order to give solemnity to their union. It was the custom that the bride and bridegroom should drink out of the same cup. Camma first took the vase, in which she had infused a mortal poison, and, after drinking freely, presented it to Simorix, who, not having the slightest suspicion, drank off the remainder. Camma, transported with joy, instantly exclaimed, "I die happy, since my honour is preserved, and the murder of my husband is avenged!" They both expired soon after.

MELANCHOLY INSTANCE OF FEMALE CONSTANCY AND TENDERNESS.—A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by, Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or after condemnation found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed upon him; none excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions but may conceive her agonies; besides, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity. Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any one of those extravagances her

friends had apprehended ; but when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, " My dear, I follow thee ! Lord Jesus, receive both our souls together !" fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

BONAPARTE.—Monsieur le Compte de Polignac had been raised to honour by Bonaparte ; but, from some unaccountable motive, betrayed the trust his patron reposed in him. As soon as Bonaparte discovered the perfidy, he ordered Polignac to be put under arrest. Next day he was to have been tried, and, in all probability, would have been condemned, as his guilt was most undoubted. In the interim, Madame Polignac solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor. " I am sorry, madam, for your sake," said he, " that your husband has been implicated in an affair which is marked throughout with such deep ingratitude." " He may not have been so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess. " Do you know your husband's signature ?" asked the emperor, as he took a letter from his pocket and presented it to her. Madame de Polignac hastily glanced over the letter, recognised the writing, and fainted. As soon as she recovered, Bonaparte, offering her the letter, said, " Take it ; it is the only legal evidence against your husband ; there is a fire beside you." Madame de Polignac eagerly seized the important document, and in an instant committed it to the flames. The life of Polignac was saved ; his honour it was beyond the power even of the generosity of an emperor to redeem.

INDIAN VIRTUE.—A married woman of the Shawanee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. " Oulman, my husband," said she, "*who is for ever before my eyes*, hinders me from seeing you or any other person."

FEMALE CAPTIVE.—The Portuguese making war on the Island of Ceylon, their general, Thomas de Susa, made many prisoners, among whom was a beautiful female Indian, who had just before promised to give her hand in marriage to a handsome youth of her own country. The lover, as soon as he heard of the unfortunate lot of his beloved mistress, hastened to throw himself at her feet, when she received him with open arms. Their misfortunes not permitting them to live together in the enjoyment of freedom, he

freely took upon himself to divide with her the horrors of slavery.

Susa, who had a noble heart, susceptible of the tenderest feelings, was much affected at this scene. "It is enough," said he to the generous youth, "that love loads you with chains; and may you wear them to the latest period of your life. Go, and live happy together; you are from this moment free from my fetters." The two lovers threw themselves at his feet, and ever afterward attached themselves to their generous deliverer, wishing to live under the laws of a nation which knew so nobly how to employ their victories.

CHASTITY.—When Appius Claudius, the decemvir, became enamoured of Virginia, and her father had heard of his violent proceedings and intentions, he arrived at the place to which his daughter was removed, and demanded to see her; and when his request was granted, he snatched a knife and plunged it into Virginia's breast, exclaiming, "This is all, my dearest daughter, I can give thee to preserve thy chastity from the lust and violence of a tyrant!" However unjustifiable this might be, to take away the life of his child, it showed his great abhorrence of the act of unchastity, at least in his own daughter.

THE WIDOW AND THE BISHOP.—A poor widow, encouraged by the famed generosity of an ecclesiastic of great eminence, came into the hall of his palace with her only daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age. The good divine, discerning marks of extraordinary modesty in their demeanour, engaged the widow to tell her wants freely. She, blushing and in tears, told him she owed five crowns for rent, which her landlord threatened to force her to pay immediately, unless she would consent to the ruin of her child, who had been educated in virtue; and she entreated that the prelate would interpose his sacred authority, till, by industry, she might be enabled to pay her cruel oppressor. The bishop, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue, bid her be of courage; he immediately wrote a note, and putting it into the hands of the widow, said, "Go to my steward with this paper, and he will give you five crowns to pay your rent." This poor woman, after a thousand thanks to her generous benefactor, hastened to the steward, who immediately presented her with fifty crowns. This she refused to accept; and the steward, unable to prevail on her to take it, agreed to return with her to his master; who, when informed of the

circumstance, said, "It is true I made a mistake in writing fifty crowns, and I will rectify it." On which he wrote another note; and turning to the poor woman, whose honesty had the second time brought her before him, said, "So much candour and virtue deserve a recompense; here I have ordered you five hundred pounds; what you can spare of it lay up as a marriage portion for your daughter."

JEALOUSY.

A JEALOUS MAN is a melancholy he-cat, a wild-man, a staring-man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chase. He sighs, beats his breast, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair, though ever so honest, she is false. Is she witty? then she is wanton. Speaks any friend to her? he woos her. Smile she on him? there is a promise. Is she merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is she sad? she will anon be merry abroad. Is she gone far from home? then his head aches and his breast pants. Stays she out long? then he is hornmad, and runs bellowing like a bull up and down to find her. His body grows lean with fretting, his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his carelessness. Old age claps him on the shoulder while he is yet young, and his head grows white before it is old. His children he will not love because he suspects they are bastards. He is never merry at heart, never sleeps soundly; never sits, but sighs; never walks, but is distracted; and dies in despair to leave her to another.

DENON.—When Denon was travelling in Egypt, in 1798, with the troops across the desert from Alexandria, they met a young woman whose face was smeared with blood. In one hand she held a young infant, while the other was vacantly stretched out to the object that might strike or guide it. The curiosity of Denon and his companions was excited. They called their guide, who was also their interpreter. They approached; and they heard the sighs of a being from whom the organs of tears had been torn away. Astonished, and desirous of an explanation, they questioned her. They learned that the dreadful spectacle before their eyes had been produced by a fit of jealousy. Its victim presumed to utter no murmurs, but only prayers in behalf of the innocent who partook her misfortune, and which was on the point of

perishing with misery and hunger. The soldiers, struck with compassion, and forgetting their own wants in the presence of the more pressing ones of others, immediately gave her a part of their rations. They were bestowing part of the precious water which they were threatened soon wholly to be without themselves, when they beheld the furious husband approach, who, feasting his eyes at a distance with the fruits of his vengeance, had kept his victims in sight. He sprang forward, snatched from the woman's hand the bread, the water (that last necessary of life!) which pity had given to misfortune. "Stop!" cried he, "she has lost her honour, she has wounded mine; this child is my shame; it is the son of guilt!" The soldiers resisted the attempt to deprive the woman of the food they had given her. His jealousy was irritated at seeing the object of his fury become that of the kindness of others. He drew a dagger, and gave the woman a mortal blow; then seized the child, threw it into the air, and destroyed it by its fall; afterward, with a stupid ferocity, he stood motionless, looking steadfastly at those who surrounded him, and defying their vengeance. M. Denon inquired if there were no prohibitory laws against so atrocious an abuse of authority. He was answered that the man had *done wrong* to stab the woman, because, at the end of forty days, she might have been received into a house and fed by charity.

MATRIMONY.

CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Among some who have read Blackstone and more who have not, an opinion prevails that a husband may chastise his wife, provided the weapon be not thicker than his little finger. For the honour of England, we wish we could pronounce this opinion as legally erroneous as it is ungallant and barbarous. It is much to the credit of our descendants on the other side of the Atlan-

tic that they have not carried with them this relic of the once savage state of their forefathers. In a case which came before the Supreme Court of South Carolina some years ago, the presiding judge summed up an admirable view of the law of the republic on the matrimonial relation by quoting these lines from the "Honey Moon," which may be said also to contain the law of humanity on the subject :

"The man that lays his hand upon a woman
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward."

A MONSTER.—Dr. Franklin, with a party of his friends, was overtaken by bad weather on one of the West Indian Islands (which they had put into on a voyage to Europe), and took shelter in a public house kept by a foreigner. Upon their requesting that more wood might be brought and put on the fire, the inhuman brute of a landlord ordered his sickly wife to go out in the storm and bring it, while a young, sturdy negro wench stood by doing nothing ! When asked why he did not send the girl rather than his wife, he replied, "That wench is worth eighty pounds ; and if she should catch cold and die, it would be a great loss to me ; but, if my wife dies, I can get another, and perhaps money into the bargain."

APOLOGY FOR TURKISH POLYGAMY.—Lady C—— was one day rallying the Turkish ambassador concerning its being permitted in the Alcoran to each Mussulman to have many wives. "'Tis true, madam," replied the Turk, "and it permits it that the husband may, in several, find the various accomplishments which many English women like your ladyship singly possess."

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL.—On the sixth of September the princess arrived at Harwich, and on the eighth reached town. Her highness alighted at the garden gate of St. James's palace, and was handed out of the coach by his majesty's brother, the Duke of York. Upon her entrance into the garden she sunk on her knee to the king, who in a most affectionate manner raising her up, saluted her, and then led her with his right hand into the palace, where she dined with his majesty, the Princess Dowager, and the Princess Augusta.

In the evening, at nine o'clock, the marriage was celebrated with great solemnity. Just previous to the ceremonial the princess was observed to look more than usually thoughtful ; the Duchess of Ancaster took the liberty of saying some-

thing to rally her spirits. "Ah!" replied her highness, "*you* have gone through the ceremony twice, and may think nothing of it; but to me it is too new and momentous an event not to fill me with apprehension."

BRIDAL TRAGEDY.—At an Indian wedding in the Philippine Islands, the bride retired from the company in order to go down to the river to wash her feet. As she was thus employed an alligator seized her. Her shrieks brought the people to the place, who saw her between the monster's teeth, and just drawn under the water. The bridegroom instantly plunged after, and, with his dagger in his hand, pursued the monster. After a desperate conflict he made him deliver up his prey, and swam to the shore with the body of his dead wife in his arms!

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suiter, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that, in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

MARRYING YOUTH AND AGE.—Gumilla relates, in the History of the River Orinoco, that there is one nation which marries old men to girls and old women to youths, that age may correct the petulance of youth. For, they say, that to join young persons equal in youth and imprudence in wedlock together is to join one fool to another. The marriage of young men with old women is, however, only a kind of apprenticeship, for after they have served for some months they are permitted to marry women of their own age.

MATRIMONIAL EXPORT.—In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to leave England as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying a shipment of these matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of the times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony and for female virtue. It is as follows :

“We send you in a ship one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.

“In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our honourable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered that every man that marries them give one hundred and twenty pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

“Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to the laws of nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.”

AFRICAN LOVERS.—Among the unfortunate victims of the frightful traffic in slaves brought to Tripoli in 1788, were a beautiful black female, about sixteen years of age, and a young man of good appearance. They had been purchased by a Moorish family of distinction. They were obliged to be watched night and day, and all instruments kept out of their reach, as they were continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that friendship and fidelity are not strangers to the negro race. This female, who had been the admiration of her own country, had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who was then with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends one morning missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood, immedi-

ately apprehending that she had been pursued, and that she had flown to the thicket for shelter, which is the common and best resource of escape from those who scour the country for slaves.

The parents went directly to her lover and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the thicket, hastened to the seaside, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her in some vessel anchored there for carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just; he saw his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who had now the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her. A hundred mahboobs (nearly a hundred pounds) was fixed; but, alas! all that he was worth did not make him rich enough for the purchase. He did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep and the small piece of ground he possessed; and, lastly, he disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair, on their arrival at Tripoli, were sold to a merchant, who determined on sending off the female with the rest of the slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant intended to keep the man as a domestic in his own family. The distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground before some of the ladies of the family whom they saw passing by; and finding that one of them was the daughter of their master, they clung around her and implored her assistance; nor could their grief be moderated until the humane lady assured them that she would intercede with her father not to part them.

The black fell at the merchant's feet and entreated him not to separate them, declaring that if he did he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that, although knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat; and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken in the presence of the god they worshipped, never to live asunder.

Tears and entreaties prevailed so far with the merchant as to suffer them to remain together, and they were sold to

the owner of a merchant vessel, who took them with several others to Constantinople.

A LITERARY WIFE.

"Marriage is such a rabble rout,
That those that are out would fain get in;
And those that are in would fain get out."

Chaucer.

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed and so richly cultivated as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! His wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages and transcribed quotations: the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous; ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared in the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters he represents himself as married to two *ladies*: one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was Philosophy, who produced books. He says that in his first twelve years Philosophy has been less fruitful than Marriage; he had produced less books than children; he had laboured more corporeally than intellectually; but he hoped to make more books than children. "The soul," says he, "will be productive in its turn; it will rise on the ruins of the body; a prolific virtue is not given at the same time to the bodily organs and the pen."

The wife of Barclay, author of "The Argenis," considered herself as the wife of a demigod. This appeared glaringly after his death: for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villanous a pedagogue.

LITERARY MEN.—If the literary man unites himself to a woman whose taste and whose temper are adverse to his pursuits, he must courageously prepare for a martyrdom. Should a female mathematician be united to a poet, it is probable that she would be left to her abstractions; to demonstrate to herself how many a specious diagram fails when brought into its mechanical operation; or, while discovering the infinite varieties of a curve, may deduce her husband's. If she becomes as jealous of his books as other wives are of the mistresses of their husbands, she may act the virago even over his innocent papers. The wife of Bishop Cooper, while her husband was employed on his *Lexicon*, one day consigned the volume of many years to the flames, and obliged that scholar to begin a second siege of Troy in a second *Lexicon*. The wife of Whitelocke often destroyed his MSS., and the marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous *lacerations* still gaping in his "Memorials." The learned Sir Henry Saville, who devoted more than half his life and near ten thousand pounds to his magnificent edition of St. Chrysostom, led a very uneasy life between that saint and Lady Saville; what with her tenderness for him and her own want of amusement, Saint Chrysostom incurred more than one danger. One of those learned scholars who translated the Scriptures kept a diary of his studies and his domestic calamities, for they both went on together; busied only among his books, his wife from many causes plunged him into debt; he was compelled to make the last sacrifice of a literary man, by disposing of his library. But now, he without books and she worse and worse in temper, discontents were of fast growth between them. Our man of study found his wife like the remora, a little fish sticking at the bottom of his ship impeding its progress. He desperately resolved to fly from the country and his wife. There is a cool entry in the diary on a warm proceeding one morning, wherein he expresses some curiosity to know the cause of his wife being out of temper! Simplicity of a patient scholar!* The present matrimonial case, however, terminated in unexpected happiness; the wife, after having forced her husband to be deprived of his library, to be daily chronicling her caprices, and, finally, to take the serious resolution of abandoning his country, yet, living in

* The entry may amuse. *Hodie, nescio qua intemperia uxorem meam agitavit, nam pecuniam usadatam projecit humi, ac sic irata discessit.* "This day, I know not the cause of the ill-temper of my wife; when I gave her money for daily expenses she flung it upon the ground and departed in passion." For some, this Flemish picture must be too familiar to please, too minute a copy of vulgar life.

good old times, religion united them again; and as the con-nubial diarist ingeniously describes this second marriage of himself and his wife, "made it be with them as surgeons say it is with a fractured bone, if once well set, the stronger for a fracture." A new consolation for domestic ruptures!

Observe the errors and infirmities of the greatest men of genius in their matrimonial connexions. Milton carried nothing of the greatness of his mind in the choice of his wives; his first wife was the object of sudden fancy. He left the metropolis, and unexpectedly returned a married man; united to a woman of such un congenial dispositions, that the romp was frightened at the literary habits of the great poet, found his house solitary, beat his nephews, and ran away after a single month's residence! To this circumstance we owe his famous treatise on Divorce, and a party (by no means extinct) who, having made as ill choices in their wives, were for divorcing as fast as they had been for marrying, calling themselves *Miltonists*. When we find that Molière, so skilful in human life, married a girl from his own troop, who made him experience all those bitter disgusts and ridiculous embarrassments which he himself played off at the theatre; that Addison's fine taste in morals and in life could suffer the ambition of a courtier to prevail with himself to seek a countess, whom he describes under the stormy character of Oceana, who drove him contemptuously into solitude and shortened his days; and that Steele, warm and thoughtless, was united to a cold, precise "Miss Prue," as he calls her, and from whom he never parted without bickerings; in all these cases we censure the great men, not their wives. Salmasius's wife was a termagant; and Christina said she admired his patience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew.

"The ladies, perhaps, will be surprised to find that it is a question among the learned *whether they ought to marry*, and will think it an unaccountable property of learning that it should lay the professors of it under an obligation to disregard the sex. But whatever opinion these gentlemen may have of that amiable part of the species, it is very questionable whether, in return for this want of complaisance in them, the generality of ladies would not prefer the beau and the man of fashion to the man of sense and learning. However, if the latter be considered as valuable in the eyes of any of them, let there be Gonzagas, and I dare pronounce that this question will be soon determined in *their favour*, and they will find converts enough to their charms."

WOMEN.

GOOD MANAGEMENT OF A LADY.—Pythus, king of the Lydians, instead of promoting the progress of real improvement and wealth, viz., the good cultivation of the soil, was so much wrapped up in sordid avarice as to employ a great portion of the labour of his subjects in working mines. His queen, wishing to reform her husband and relieve his subjects, hit on the following expedient. When he had just returned from a journey, she ordered his table to be served with a very splendid repast of *gold and silver*, wrought in the form of fruit! The king in vain sought to appease his appetite among the sightly articles on the table; he owned that gold and silver were merely ornamental, took the hint thus wisely suggested by his queen, and promoted the happiness of his subjects by encouragement of agriculture.

A WISE DECISION.—Eliza Ambert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied “that a man of the world could not be so oldfashioned as to regard God and religion.” Eliza started, but, on recovering herself, said, “From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely.”

THE SCOLD (*always despicable*).—The wife of a good man requested her husband to prepare some fuel and make her a fire, for the purpose of enabling her to do some cooking which was necessary for the family. When the fire had got well under way, the good woman put something upon a bed of the coals in a pewter basin. While she was busy about the house the basin was melted, and its contents consumed in the fire. Just at that time the husband came in, and the woman fell to scolding him in a terrible rage for making up such a hot fire; and she kept it up in such a torrent of censure that the poor man retreated and left the house.

As soon as he was out of the house, a daughter, who had been present and beheld the whole affair, said to her mother, “How could you scold at pa so? you know he was not to blame.” “Oh,” said the mother, “if I had not scolded him, he might have censured me for being so careless about that

nice basin after I put it upon the fire. I always like to have the first cut at scolding; it saves me a great deal of mortification."

WIFE OF DRYDEN.—The wife of Dryden one morning having come into his study at an unseasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed, "Mr. Dryden, you are always poring upon these musty books; I wish I was a book, and then I should have more of your company." "Well, my dear," replied the poet, "when you do become a book, pray let it be an almanac; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption."

THE WIFE.—It is not unfrequent that the wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved that he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labours of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one of a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

THE SUBMISSIVE WIFE.—A married woman was called effectually by Divine grace, and became an exemplary Christian; but her husband was a lover of pleasure and of sin. When spending an evening, as usual, with his jovial companions at a tavern, the conversation happening to turn on the excellences and faults of their wives, the husband just mentioned gave the highest encomiums of his wife, saying she was all that was excellent, only she was a d—d Methodist. "Notwithstanding which," said he, "such is her command of her temper, that were I to take you, gentlemen, home with me at midnight, and order her to rise and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company looking upon this merely as a brag, dared him to make the experiment by a considerable wager. The bargain was made, and about midnight the company adjourned as proposed. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the maidservant who sat up for him. "She

is gone to bed, sir." "Call her up," said he. "Tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and desire she would get up and prepare them a supper." The good woman obeyed the unreasonable summons; dressed, came down, and received the company with perfect civility; told them she happened to have some chickens ready for the spit, and that supper should be got as soon as possible. The supper was accordingly served up; when she performed the honours of the table with as much cheerfulness as if she had expected company at a proper season.

After supper, the guests could not refrain from expressing their astonishment. One of them particularly, more sober than the rest, thus addressed himself to the lady: "Madam," said he, "your civility fills us all with surprise. Our unreasonable visit is in consequence of a wager, which we have certainly lost. As you are a very religious person, and cannot approve of our conduct, give me leave to ask what can possibly induce you to behave with so much kindness to us?" "Sir," replied she, "when I married, my husband and myself were both in a carnal state. It has pleased God to call me out of that dangerous condition. My husband continues in it. I tremble for his future state. Were he to die as he is, he must be miserable for ever; I think it my duty, therefore, to render his present existence as comfortable as possible."

This wise and faithful reply affected the whole company. It left an impression of great use on the husband's mind. "Do you, my dear," said he, "really think I should be eternally miserable? I thank you for the warning. By the grace of God, I will change my conduct." From this time he became another man, a serious Christian, and, consequently, a good husband. Married Christians, especially you who have unconverted partners, receive the admonition intended by this pleasing anecdote. Pray and labour for their conversion; for 'What knowst thou, oh wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowst thou, oh man! whether thou shalt save thy wife?'—1 Cor. vii., 16.

A HARD CHOICE.—In the seventeenth century, the greater part of the property lying upon the River Ettrick belonged to Scott of Harden, who principally resided at Oakwood Tower, a border house of some strength, still remaining upon that river. William Scott (afterward Sir William), son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was de-

feated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the caule which he had collected for that purpose. Sir Gideon, the chief of the Murrays, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner. "The gallows," answered Sir Gideon; "to the gallows with the marauder." "Hout, na, Sir Gideon," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the baron, who caught at the idea; "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it."

When this alternative was proposed to the prisoner, he at first stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was actually led forth to execution and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. It may be necessary to add that "mickle-mouthed Meg" and her husband were a happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

SINGULAR ALTERNATIVE.—It was formerly a law in Germany that a female condemned to capital punishment would be saved if any man would marry her. A young girl at Vienna was on the point of being executed, when her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle-aged man, but excessively ugly. Struck with her charms, he determined to save her, and, running immediately to the place of execution, declared his intention to marry the girl, and demanded her pardon according to the custom of the country. The pardon was granted on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. The Neapolitan then gallantly told the female that he was a gentleman of some property, and that he wished he was a king, that he might offer her a more stronger proof of his attachment. "Alas! sir," replied the girl, "I am fully sensible of your affection and generosity, but I am not mistress of my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately, they control my fate; and I prefer the death with which I am threatened to marrying such an ugly fellow as you are!" The Neapolitan re-

tired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

GIPSY EQUIVOQUE.—Some young ladies who had been taking a walk were accosted by a gipsy woman, who, for a small reward, very politely offered to show them their husbands' faces in a pool of water that stood near. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and, on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water, each in anxious expectation of getting a glance of her "beloved;" but, lo! instead of beholding the "form and face" they so fondly anticipated, they were surprised to see their own rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes glancing up from below. "Sure you are mistaken, woman," exclaimed one of them, "for we see nothing but our own faces in the water." "Very true, mem," replied the sagacious fortune-teller, "but these will be your husbands' faces when you are married."

MRS. HOWARD.—The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of singularly congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year he found a balance in his favour, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis for her gratification. "What a beautiful cottage for a poor family might be built with that money," was the benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed the greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.

MRS. SHERIDAN.—Lady Lucan was heard to say a very neat thing to Mrs. Sheridan: "You must certainly be a very happy woman, madam, who have the felicity of pleasing the man that pleases all the world."

FRENCH FARMER'S WIFE.—The farmer's wife, *fermière* (says M. de Cubieres), bestows her attention and her daily cares on whatever is connected with the administration of the farm. She inspects the dovecote, the farmyard, the stalls, the dairy, the orchard, &c. She sells the vegetables, the fruit, the produce of the dairy, the ewes and their fleeces; to her is intrusted the gathering of hemp and flax, with the first operations these plants undergo; in the southern countries she has also under her management the important business of rearing silkworms and the sales of their produce.

She knows how to excite workmen to their labour; to the lazy she gives a new life by friendly remonstrances; and, at

the same time, she supports by her praises the zeal of the most laborious.

She knows how to inspire awe by a studied silence, and to ensure obedience by the mildness of command; she renders all her labourers faithful by bestowing on them a due share of her confidence.

It is she who presides daily at the preparation of their food; in their sickness she attends them with natural care; on the days of rest she excites them to rural sports.

In short, surrounded by her labourers, by her husband, by her children, who form her principal riches, she enjoys that felicity which springs from benevolence; she is happy in the happiness she confers on others; and that large family, free from fear, from cupidity, from ambition, leads a happy and peaceful life.

ALPINE FARMERS.—The farmers of the Upper Alps, though by no means wealthy, live like lords in their houses, while the heaviest portion of agricultural labour devolves on the wife. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman yoked to the plough along with an ass, while the husband guides it. A farmer of the Upper Alps accounts it an act of politeness to lend his wife to a neighbour who is too much oppressed with work; and the neighbour, in his turn, lends his wife for a few days' work whenever the favour is requested.

SECRET WELL KEPT.—It was originally customary for the senators of Rome to take their sons along with them into the senate. On one occasion, Papyrius Prætextatus having accompanied his father thither, heard an affair of great importance discussed, the determination of which was deferred till the following day, the strictest injunctions being given that in the mean time no one should divulge a syllable of the matter in hand. When young Papyrius went home, his mother asked him "what the fathers had done that day in the senate." He answered "that it was a secret which he could not disclose." The curiosity of the lady was only the more stimulated by this denial, and she pressed the boy so hard, that, to get rid of her importunity, he was driven to make use of the following pleasant fiction. "It was," saith he, "debated in the senate, which would be more advantageous to the commonwealth, that one man should have two wives, or that one woman should have two husbands?" The lady, wonderfully stirred by this singular piece of information, instantly left the house and told what she had dis-

covered to a number of ladies, among whom the projected change in their condition was discussed with no small degree of vehemence and alarm.

Having so deep an interest in the decision of the question, they thought it but right that the senate should know their feelings respecting it; and next day, accordingly, they went in a body, and, surrounding the doors of the senate, cried out with vast clamour, "That rather than one man should marry two women, one woman should marry two men." The senators were in great astonishment at this strange cry, and sent out to know what the women meant. On this young Papyrius stepped forth, and told them what his mother had desired to know, and how he had contrived to answer her. The senators were much amused with the youth's explanation; and after sending away the women with an assurance that nothing was at present intended to be done in the affair to which they alluded, they marked their sense of young Papyrius's wit and secrecy by passing an order that, in future, no son of a senator should be admitted to their meetings, Papyrius excepted.

FEMALE DEPRAVITY.—It is reported of the intriguing Countess of Shrewsbury, that, disguised as a page, she held the Duke of Villars's horse during his combat with her husband, who was slain on the 16th of April, 1688, and afterward slept with her paramour in the shirt stained with her husband's blood. What consummate depravity!

MATTHEW HENRY.—The following is an extract from Henry's Commentary on the Bible :

"Adam was first formed, and then Eve, and she was made *of* the man and *for* the man; all which are urged as reasons for the humility, modesty, silence, and submissiveness of that sex in general, and particularly the subjection and reverence which wives owe to their husbands. Yet man being made last of the creation, as the best and most excellent of all, Eve's being made *after* Adam and *out of* him, puts an honour to her sex as the glory of the man. If man is the head, she is the crown; a crown to her husband, the crown of the visible creation. The man was dust refined, but the woman was dust double refined, one remove farther from the earth.

"Woman was *made of a rib out of the side of Adam*; not made out of his head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal

with him ; under his arm, to be protected ; and near his heart, to be beloved."

TEMPER.—A bad temper in a woman poisons all her happiness, and turns her milk to gall, blights her youth, brings on premature fretful old age, palls all her enjoyments, banishes her friends, and renders home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest-home made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his home, is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene, and unruffled. If he is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity and delight in his hospitality, because all around him is light, airy, and sunshine. If he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the water of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone the whims of a cross husband may be subdued ; many vices may be overcome ; the boisterous may be tamed, the unruly conquered, the fretful tranquilised, the hurricane softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the casement.

RASH VOW.—The widow of Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, in Wiltshire, made her husband a solemn promise when he was on his deathbed that she would not marry after his decease ; but he had not long been interred when Sir Stephen Fox gained her affections, and she married him. The nuptial ceremony was performed at South Wraxall, where the picture of Sir Walter happened to hang over the parlour door. As Sir Stephen was leading his bride by the hand into the parlour after returning from church, the picture of Sir Walter Long, the late husband of his bride, which hung over the parlour door, fell on her shoulder, and, being painted on wood, broke in the fall. This accident was considered by the bride as a providential warning, reminding her of her promise, and imbittered the remainder of her days.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—A remarkable instance of the influence of the female sex over minds little likely to be swayed by it occurred in the case of John Banier, an *élève* of the great Gustavus Adolphus, and one of the greatest generals Europe ever produced. This brave man owed much of his glory to his first wife, and tarnished it by his second. While

the wife whom he brought from Sweden lived, he was successful in every undertaking; she accompanied him in every campaign, and was always found to console and cheer him in every danger and difficulty, and to urge him onward wherever glory was to be gained. After her death Banier became smitten with a lovely young German princess, whom he married; this circumstance proved the grave of all his military fame, for she soon rendered him as effeminate as herself; and six weeks after his marriage he died of grief at having tarnished his fame as a general by a gross neglect of his military duties.

ARABIAN RESPECT TO WOMEN.—So great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arabs for the fair sex, that the presence, the voice even, of a woman can arrest the uplifted cimeter when charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe if a woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the sex, that, in some tribes where they never appear before men, and in others where they are occupied in the tents, if a criminal can escape to their tent he is saved. The moment he is near enough to be heard he cries aloud, "I am under the protection of the harem!" At these words all the women reply, without appearing, "Fly from him!" and were he condemned to death by the prince himself and by the council of the principal persons of his tribe, the punishment of his crime is remitted without hesitation immediately, and he is allowed to go where he pleases.

GOSSIPS.—Women are often accused of gossiping, but we are not aware that it has ever been the subject of legal penalties except at St. Helena, where, among the ordinances promulgated in 1709, we find the following: "Whereas, several idle, gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house about this island inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbours, and often between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity, and good neighbourhood; for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order that if any women from henceforth shall be convicted of tale-bearing, mischief-making, scolding, or

any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, or the governor and council shall think fit."

CHRISTIANITY.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST BY AN INFIDEL.—
'For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' "He called himself the Son of God; who among mortals dare to say he was not? He always displayed virtue; he always spoke according to the dictates of reason; he always preached up wisdom; he sincerely loved all men, and wished to do good even to his persecutors; he developed all the principles of moral equality and of the purest patriotism; he met danger undismayed; he described the hard-heartedness of the rich; he attacked the pride of kings; he dared to resist, even in the face of tyrants; he despised glory and fortune; he was sober; he solaced the indigent; he taught the unfortunate how to suffer; he sustained weakness; he fortified decay; he consoled misfortune; he knew how to shed tears with those that wept; he taught men to subjugate their passions, to think, to reflect, to love one another, and to live happily together; he was hated by the powerful, whom he offended by his teaching; and persecuted by the wicked, whom he unmasked; and he died under the indignation of the blind and deceived multitude for whose good he had always lived."

If such was the testimony of the French atheist Leguina, surely the true Christian is at no loss to enlarge the admirable portraiture.

WITNESSES TO THE DIGNITY AND GLORY OF THE SAVIOUR.—The *Heavens* gave witness; a new star passed through the sky at his incarnation, and at his crucifixion for three hours the sun was extinguished.

The *Winds and Seas* gave witness; when at his word the furious tempest was hushed, and the rough billows smoothed into a great calm, at the same word the inhabitants of the waters crowded round the ship, and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples.

The *Earth* gave witness. At his death and at his resurrection it trembled to its centre.

Diseases gave witness. Fevers were rebuked ; issues of blood were stanchèd ; the blind saw their deliverer ; the deaf heard his voice ; the dumb published his glory ; the sick of the palsy were made whole ; and the lepers were cleansed at his bidding.

The *Grave* gave witness when Lazarus came forth in the garb of its dominion, and when many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

The *Invisible World* gave witness. Devils acknowledged his divinity, and flew from his presence to the abodes of misery. Angels ministered unto him in the desert, the garden, and the tomb. Yea, a multitude sang an anthem in the air, in the hearing of the sheperds ; and as our risen Lord ascended up to glory, they accompanied him with the sound of a trumpet and shouts of triumph.

Oh, yes, he is, as the apostle affirms, "The great God, even our Saviour."

THE BURDEN OF THE NEW SONG.—The following extract is from Phillips's new work, entitled, "Redemption, or the New Song in Heaven."

"The hallelujah chorus" of the new song is the atonement of the Lamb of God for the redemption of the soul. Hence it is not the life, but the death of Christ ; not his example, but his sacrifice ; not his ministry, but his mediation, that form the burden of this "song of songs." Not only do all around the eternal throne sing nothing of their own good works or great sufferings while they were on earth ; they celebrate none of the Saviour's good works or virtues, but confine the song of salvation exclusively and entirely to "the blood of the Lamb."

This fact demands and deserves your utmost attention. I do not, of course, mean to insinuate that either saints or angels in heaven overlook the *life* of the Saviour. They cannot, they would not if they might, forget that perfect model of the beauty of holiness ; and they know its merits too well not to admire it as the express moral image of God. But still it is the Saviour's death, not his life ; his blood, not his obedience, that kindles their adoring wonder, and calls forth their pealing hosannahs of gratitude. Now if there be anything self-evident *from revelation to reason*, it is, that whatever is done in heaven under the eye and sanction of God, must be the "will of God." And it is equally obvious that the grand intention of religion is, that his will should "be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Now as all in heav-

en ascribe salvation wholly to the blood of the Lamb, it is self-evident that all on earth who refuse to do so are directly opposing the will of God, and thus demonstrably wrong and rebellious.

CHRISTIANITY THE BEST SYSTEM OF MORALS.—Christianity is the best system for raising the standard of morals and promoting the happiness of a government. The French, after making the boldest experiment in profaneness ever made by a nation in casting off its God, and who, for a time, seriously deliberated whether there should be any god at all; who, after stamping on the yoke of Christ, attempted to establish order on the basis of a wild and profligate philosophy, was obliged at length to bid an orator tell the abused multitude that, under a philosophical religion, every social bond was broken in pieces; and that Christianity, or something like it, must be re-established to preserve any degree of order or decency.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIANITY.—Infidels should never talk of our giving up Christianity till they can propose something superior to it. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady was very just. When at Brussels he was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and with Madame C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my lord," said Madame C., "that the parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom." "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead; when they can, I don't doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

"The religion of Jesus," says Bishop Taylor, "trampled over the philosophy of the world, the arguments of the subtle, the discourses of the eloquent, the power of princes, the interest of states, the inclination of nature, the blindness of zeal, the force of custom, the solicitation of passions, the pleasure of sin, and the busy arts of the devil."

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but, on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or the like words: "Dr. Hal-

ley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand ; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he ; "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."

COMFORT OF RELIGION.—"I recollect, when I was a very small boy, but six years old, my father, who loved true religion, and who used every Sabbath afternoon, from five to eight o'clock, to travel round the suburbs of Dublin, and visit the sick and distressed, asked me if I would walk with him to see a very old woman. We went into a remote part of the city, and I followed him into an upper chamber, where I was struck at the sight of an old lady lying on a pallet of straw ; there was no bed, no chair, no table in the room ! The moment my father entered she appeared to receive him with joy. I said to my father, "Tis strange ; she appears to be quite happy !" I inquired, 'Dear mother, you are very old ; what makes you so happy ? You appear to be very poor, and have no one to attend you. What have you to eat ?' 'I have,' said she, 'this crust, which has been lying by me these two days, and I am very happy ; for, my child, *I love Jesus*. I have religion ; my Jesus is with me here, lonely and forsaken as I appear ! He makes my crust pleasant and my drop of water delightful ; and I was that moment thinking of this text, "I will be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow." And God has sent your father to my relief.' Here my heart was touched ; I was affected. Here was this poor woman without an earthly friend, and naught but religion to comfort her ; religion, the daughter of Paradise, that supports suffering humanity in this vale of tears ; religion made her rich ; it was her friend."

SIR JOHN MASON.—Sir John Mason, privy counsellor to Henry VIII., upon his deathbed delivered himself to those

about him to this purport: "I have seen five princes, and have been privy counsellor to four. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together, and have learned this, after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physician, and a good conscience the best estate; and, were I to live my time over again, I would change the court for a cloister; my privy counsellor's bustles for a hermit's retirement; and the whole life I have lived in this palace for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel; all things else forsake me besides my God, my duty, my prayer."

THE BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.—A plain countryman, who was effectually called by Divine grace under a sermon from Zechariah, ch. iii., ver. 2, was some time afterward accosted by a quondam companion of his drunken fits, and strongly solicited to accompany him to the alehouse. But the good man strongly resisted all his arguments, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire." His old companion not understanding this, he explained it thus: "Look ye," said he; "there is a difference between a brand and a green stick: if a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burned, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not enter into the way of temptation for fear of being set on fire again." Let us imitate the conduct of this good man in keeping out of the way of danger; thus shall we enjoy peace and preserve a conscience void of offence.

NO RELIGION.—In the neighbourhood of Dea. Haven, near St. Catharine's, U. C., an Indian some years since returned from a hunting tour very much fatigued and hungry. Being a young convert and a member of the Methodist connexion, he sought for one of his society, hoping to obtain something to eat. But not finding any of his own society, he became weary, and thought the inhabitants might have some kind of religion that would lead them to feed the hungry. So, after he had entered a house, and the man told him he was not a Methodist, he asked, "And what kind of religion have you got?" The man replied, "No religion." The Indian inquired as though he must have misunderstood him. "What! no religion?" The man again replied, "Yes, no religion." Then the Indian looked very sorry, and as he withdrew towards the door he exclaimed with astonishment,

"Then you be just like my dog! He no religion neither."
Reader! hast thou any religion?—*M. Star.*

THE ROCK OF CALVARY.—In Fleming's Christology it is stated that a Deist, visiting the sacred places of Palestine, was shown the clefts of Mount Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow-travellers and said, "I have long been a student of nature, and I am sure these clefts and rents in this rock were never made by nature or an ordinary earthquake; for, by such a concussion, the rock must have split according to the veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of parts; for this," said he, "I have observed to have been done in other rocks when separated or broken after an earthquake; and reason tells me it must always be so. But it is quite otherwise here; for the rock is split athwart and across the veins in a most strange and preternatural manner; and therefore," said he, "I thank God that I came hither to see the standing monument of a miraculous power by which God gives evidence to this day of the divinity of Christ."

ARGUMENT OF A JEW AGAINST IDOLATRY.—"Some Roman senators examined the Jews in this manner: 'If God had no delight in the worship of idols, why did he not destroy them?' The Jews made answer, 'If men had worshipped only things of which the world had had no need, he would have destroyed the objects of their worship; but they also worship the sun and moon, stars and planets; and then he must have destroyed his world for the sake of these deluded men.' 'But still,' said the Romans, 'why does not God destroy the things which the world does not want, and leave those things which the world cannot be without?' 'Because,' replied the Jews, 'this would strengthen the hands of such as worship these necessary things, who would say, Ye allow now that these are gods, since they are not destroyed.'"

THE JEW'S MESSIAH.—A person travelling some time ago in a stagecoach with a Jew, who appeared more intelligent and communicative than most he had ever met with before, conversed with him very freely about the opinions of the modern Jews. Among other things, he asked him "in what light he viewed his expected Messiah." To which the Jew replied, with great seriousness, "*I think so highly of him that I commit my eternal all into his hands, and depend upon him for everlasting life.*"

SECRETARY WALSINGHAM.—When Walsingham, a secretary of state in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, arrived at old age, he retired to the country to end his days in privacy. Some of his former gay companions came one day to see him, and rallied him as being melancholy; his answer deserves serious consideration: “No, I am not melancholy, but I am serious; and it is very proper that we should be so. Ah! my friends, while we laugh everything is serious about us. God is serious, who exercises patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his atoning blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Holy Scriptures are serious books; they present to our thoughts the most serious concerns in all the world. The holy sacraments represent very serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious. All in heaven are serious. All who are in hell are serious. How, then, can we be gay and trifling?”

At another time this great man wrote to Lord Burleigh; “We have lived long enough to our country, to our fortunes, and to our sovereign; it is high time that we begin to live for ourselves and to God.”

REMOTE CAUSE OF THE REFORMATION.—By those who are curious in tracing the remote causes of great events, Michael Angelo may perhaps be found, though unexpectedly, to have laid the first stone of the reformation. His monument to Julius II. demanded a building of corresponding magnificence, and the church of St. Peter was erected. To prosecute the undertaking, money was wanted; and indulgences were sold to supply the deficiency of the treasury. A monk of Saxony opposed the authority of the church; and it is singular that the means which were employed to raise the most splendid edifice to the Catholic faith which the world has ever seen, should at the same time have shaken that religion to its foundation.

BENEFIT OF RELIGION.—Some time ago a soldier was brought under a concern for the interest of his soul; and becoming visibly religious, met with no little railing both from his comrades and officers: he was the servant of one of the latter. At length his master asked him, “Richard, what good has your religion done you?” The soldier made this direct answer. “Sir, before I was religious I used to get drunk; now I am sober. I used to neglect your business; now I perform it diligently.” The officer was silenced

and seemed satisfied. Here we see the excellence of real religion; it teaches us to deny all ungodliness, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Honesty, diligence, sobriety, quietness, are among its fruits. Its ways are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—Think of your sins in connexion with your Saviour; of your trials in connexion with your supports; of your duties in connexion with the promises; of your privations in connexion with your enjoyments; of your attainments in connexion with your privileges.—*Pollok.*

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT.—Kindness, liberality of sentiment, candour, charity, are expressions now exceedingly perverted. They become a sanctuary in which the unprincipled, the erroneous, and the careless too often take refuge. But let it be remembered that “that candour which regards all sentiments alike, and considers no error as destructive, is no virtue. It is the offspring of ignorance, of insensibility, and of cold indifference. The blind do not perceive the difference of colours; the dead never dispute; ice, as it congeals, aggregates all bodies within its reach, however heterogeneous their quality. Every virtue has certain bounds, and when it exceeds them it becomes a vice; for the last step of a virtue and the first step of a vice are contiguous. But, surely, it is no wildness of candour that leads us to give the liberty we take, that suffers a man to think for himself unawed, and that concludes he may be a follower of God, though he follows not with us.”

Dr. H—, bishop of W—, had observed among his hearers a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and, meeting him, said, “John, how is it that I do not see you in this aisle as usual?” John with some hesitation replied, “My lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists; and I understand their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since.” The bishop put his hand into his pocket and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect: “God bless you! and go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul.”

THE HAPPY MAN.—The happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life, and educated at the school of Obedience, and *now* lives in the

town of Perseverance. He works at the trade of diligence, and does many jobs of self-denial. Notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment, he wears the plain garment of humility, but has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, clad in the robe of Christ's righteousness.

He often walks in the Valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the Mount of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same; also has meat to eat which the world knows not of; his drink is the *sincere* milk of the word of God. He has gospel submission in his conduct, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying love in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, the world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head.

In order to obtain this, he prays fervently, believes firmly, waits patiently, works abundantly, lives holy, dies daily, watches his heart, guards his senses, redeems his time, loves Christ, and longs for glory.

"Thus happy he lives and happy he dies,
And rises in triumph above the bright skies."

MR. SUMMERFIELD.—It is said of the late Mr. Summerfield, that being asked by a bishop where he was born, he replied, "I was born in England, and born again in Ireland." "What do you mean?" inquired the bishop. "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowst not these things?" was the reply.

A CLERGYMAN'S LIFE.—To a person who regretted to the celebrated Dr. Johnson that he had not been a clergyman, because he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the doctor made this memorable reply: "The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life; nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

EXPERIENCE.—For a Christian to go back to past experiences for refreshment to his soul is as vain as for a natural man to depend upon the food he received last year to sustain him in the present. Daily supplies of grace are as useful for the soul's support in the divine life as a daily supply of food is for the body.

THE DIVINE APPROBATION.—Let a man studiously labour to cultivate and improve his abilities in the eye of his Maker and with the prospect of his approbation. Let him entirely reflect on the infinite value of that approbation, and the highest encomiums that man can bestow will vanish into nothing at the comparison. When we live in this manner, we find that we live for a great and glorious end.

IS THERE A HELL?—A pious minister of respectable talents, now in the Methodist connexion, was formerly a preacher among the Universalists. The incident which led him seriously to examine the grounds of that doctrine is striking and singular. He was amusing his little son by telling him the story of the "Children in the Wood." The boy asked, "What became of the little innocent children?" "They went to heaven," replied the father. "What became of the wicked old uncle?" "He went to heaven too." "Won't he kill them again, father?" said the boy.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—A gentleman on Long Island brought forward *his* strong argument against the Bible; declaring in the face of all present, "I am seventy years of age, and have never seen such a place as hell after all that has been said about it." His little grandson, of about seven years of age, who was all the while listening to the conversation, asked him, "Grand-daddy, have you ever been dead yet?" There the conversation ended, at least for that time.

ETERNITY.—How sad it is that an eternity so solemn and so near us should impress us so slightly and should be so much forgotten! A truly Christian traveller (how rare the character!) tells us that he saw the following religious admonition on the subject of eternity printed on a folio sheet, and hanging in a public room of an inn in Savoy; and it was placed, he understood, in every house in the parish: "Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity. A God who sees thee, a moment which flies from thee, an eternity which awaits thee. A God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

A religious man, skilled in all literature, was so ardently bent to impress eternity on his mind, that he read over carefully seven times a treatise on eternity, and had done it oftener had not speedier death summoned him into it.

Awful as the consideration of eternity is, it is a source of

great consolation to the righteous. An eminent minister, after having been silent in company a considerable time, and being asked the reason, signified that the powers of his mind had been solemnly absorbed with the thought of everlasting happiness. "Oh, my friends," said he, with an energy that surprised all present, "consider what it is to be for ever with the Lord—for ever, for ever, for ever!"

ON THE BIBLE.

HINTS TO SKEPTICS.—The Scriptures must be what they profess, the revealed will of the Creator, or blasphemous fables. Let those who disbelieve them unveil the imposture and convince the world of the delusion. Divesting their cause of all insinuation, sophistry, and ridicule, let them, with calm, benevolent arguments, scatter the mists which the Sacred Writings have so long spread upon the earth; and after they have chased away every shade of error, let them enlighten the world with information more just and irresistible respecting their Maker and themselves. Let them discover a Deity more pure, wise, powerful, and gracious; account for the origin and connexion of created beings with greater probability; and show us, on more consistent principles, why we are placed in this mysterious state of existence.

Let them publish laws more calculated to civilize and govern society, sanctioned with more powerful and rational motives. Let them vindicate the ways of God to man, and direct those who "drag guilt's" horrid chain "to certain peace." When all these glorious ends are effected; when the rays have, with meridian lustre, diffused the cheering views through "every nation, and kindred, and tongue;" when kings on thrones and slaves at the oar are made free from perplexity and sorrow by the force of their arguments, let them add one glorious discovery more; *unveil futurity*; show us *life* and *immortality*, or show us that "death is nothing, and nothing is after death." Disarm that monster of his sting; bruise him beneath our feet; convince us we are not the captives of this "king of terrors."

Here, ye lovers of the human race! here unfold the astonishing benevolence of your designs; place yourselves as in the centre of the sun, "best image here below of his Creator," and, with the rays he "pours wide from world to

world," contemplate myriads of beings shivering on the verge of a dark futurity; see the tremendous misgivings of their minds; and let the sight move you to tears more genuine than those shed over a devoted city. Proclaim to a listening world the wondrous theme. Let every ear hear, every heart understand, that "death is swallowed up in victory." When this is done, the gospel of Jesus Christ will disappear as stars before the rising sun. Truth and peace will spread over the earth. The advocates for revelation will no longer perplex the world with their foolishness; they will become your witnesses; they will publish your glad tidings to the ends of the earth; they will not count their lives dear unto them, if by any means they may spread truths so full of consolation to their fellow-creatures. They wait, then, for this pleasing system; but till it is clearly known, till it is attended with undeniable evidence, they must cleave to Moses and the prophets, to Christ and his apostles; they must make known their sentiments with zeal proportioned to the greatness of their views and the opposition they engage.

NEGLECT OF THE BIBLE.—A person in Birmingham, who lived in neglect of the worship of God and of reading his word, was on a Lord's day sitting at the fire with his family. He said he thought he would read a chapter in the Bible, not having read one for a long time; but, alas! he was disappointed—it was too late; for, in the very act of reaching it from the shelf, he sunk down and immediately expired! Reader, while it is called "to-day," resolutely begin to read the Holy Scriptures.

ATTACHMENT TO THE BIBLE.—One thing which evidently distinguishes the Christian from other characters is his attachment to the Bible. Some have been ready to part with all rather than with the Scriptures. We read of one that gave a load of hay for only a leaf of one of the Epistles. The famous Boyle, who died 30th December, 1691, said, speaking of the Scriptures, "I prefer a sprig of the tree of life to a whole wood of bay." Judge Hale, that ornament of his profession and country, said that "if he did not honour God's word by reading a portion of it every morning, things went not well with him all the day." Robert, king of Sicily, said, "The holy books are dearer to me than my kingdom; and were I under any necessity of leaving either, it should be my diadem." M. De Rentz, a French

nobleman, used to read three chapters a day, with his head uncovered and on his bended knees. Even the haughty Louis XIV. sometimes read his Bible, and considered it as the finest of all books. And such is the love of every Christian to the sacred volume, that they esteem it, as Job says, "more than their necessary food."

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.—A poor woman in Montreal received a Bible from the British agent in that city. A Romish priest, hearing of the circumstance, made a visit, intending to deprive her of the precious gift. He offered her five dollars for the Bible. She declined taking it. He then offered her ten, and afterward fifteen dollars; she still declining, he left her. The next day he returned and offered her twenty-five dollars. She accepted the offer, and with the money purchased twenty-five Bibles, which she distributed among her destitute neighbours under such conditions that the priest could not obtain them.

THE BIBLE AN OBSCURE BOOK.

"Read and revere the sacred page; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce,
Which not the conflagration shall destroy,
In nature's ruins not one letter lost."

Young.

A lady of suspected chastity, and who was tinctured with infidel principles, conversing with a minister of the gospel, objected to the Scriptures on account of their obscurity and the great difficulty of understanding them. The minister wisely and smartly replied, "*Why, madam, what can be easier to understand than the seventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?'*"

MR. LOCKE.—Mr. Locke, justly esteemed one of the greatest masters of reason, being asked a little before his dissolution "*what was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it,*" made this memorable reply: "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

In another place he says, "The only way to attain a certain knowledge of the Christian religion, in its full extent and purity, is the study of the Holy Scriptures."

DR. JOHNSON.—A young gentleman, to whom the late Dr. Johnson was godfather, called to see him a very short time before his death. In the course of conversation, the doctor asked him what books he read; the young man replied, "The books, sir, which you have given me." Dr. Johnson, summoning up all his strength, and with a piercing eye fixed upon the youth, exclaimed, with the utmost energy, "Sam, Sam, read the Bible: all the books that are worth reading have their foundation and their merits there."

THE BIBLE THE BEST BOOK.—A society of gentlemen, most of whom had enjoyed a liberal education, and were persons of polished manners, but had unhappily imbibed infidel principles, used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures and hardening one another in their unbelief. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible, and so to be troubled no more with a book which was hostile to their principles and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon arrived; a large fire was prepared; a Bible was laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task, and, after a few enlivening glasses, amid the applauses of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking leisurely forward to put it into the fire; but, happening to give it a look, all at once he was seized with trembling; paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table, and laying down the Bible, said, with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn *that* book till we get a *better*."

Soon after this the same gay and lively young gentleman died, and on his deathbed was led to true repentance, deriving unshaken hopes of forgiveness and of future blessedness from that book he was once going to burn. He found it, indeed, the best book, not only for a living, but a "dying hour."

INFIDEL PROPHECIES.—Voltaire said "he was living in the twilight of Christianity;" so he was; but it was the twilight of the morning.

Tom Paine, on his return from France, sitting in the City Hotel in Broadway, surrounded by many of our leading men, who came to do him homage, predicted that "in five years

there would not be a Bible in America." What would his spirit feel could it now enter the depository of the American Bible Society?

THOMAS PAINE.—One very warm evening, about twenty years ago, passing the house where Thomas boarded, the lower window was open, and seeing him sitting close by, and being on speakable terms, I stepped in for half an hour's chat; seven or eight of his friends were also present, whose doubts and his own he was labouring to remove by a long talk about the story of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still, &c., and concluded by denouncing the Bible as the worst of books, and that it had occasioned more mischief and bloodshed than any book ever printed, and was believed only by fools and designing knaves, &c. Here he paused, and while he was replenishing his tumbler with his favourite brandy and water, a person, who, I afterward found, was an intruder, like myself, asked Mr. Paine if he ever was in Scotland. The answer was, "Yes." "So have I been," continues the speaker; "and the Scotch are the greatest bigots with the Bible I ever met; it is their schoolbook; their houses and churches are furnished with Bibles, and if they travel but a few miles from home, their Bible is always their companion; yet," continued the speaker, "in no country where I have travelled have I seen the people so comfortable and happy; their poor are not in such abject poverty as I have seen in other countries; by their bigoted custom of going to church on Sundays they save the wages which they earn through the week, which, in other countries that I have visited, is generally spent by mechanics and other young men in taverns and frolics on Sundays; and of all the foreigners who land on our shores, none are so much sought after for servants, and to fill places where trust is reposed, as the Scotch; you rarely find them in taverns, the watchhouse, almshouse, bridewell, or state prison. Now," says he, "if the Bible is so bad a book, those who use it most would be the worst of people; but the reverse is the case." This was a sort of argument Paine was not prepared to answer, and a historical fact which could not be denied; so, without saying a word, he lifted a candle from the table and walked up stairs; his disciples slipped out one by one, and left the speaker and T. to enjoy the scene.—*N. Y. Spec.*

STAGE ANECDOTE.—In a stagecoach passing between Washington and Baltimore, a young man, who seemed to

imagine that all the world was in the dark with respect to religious matters, and himself in the light, was advancing some of his infidel opinions, which were severally rebutted by an aged minister. As a last subterfuge, he declared that, even though he was ever so much disposed to follow the Scriptures, he had no evidence of their being true.

"I believe," said the minister, "from your conversation, that you are acquainted with mathematics?" "Partially," was the reply. "Well, then, can you solve me such a problem?" repeating one of Euclid's. "No." "Do you believe it *can* be done?" "Yes." "On what ground do you believe this, seeing you cannot do it yourself?" "Because it is stated in Euclid's Elements." "Then you will believe what is stated in Euclid, but will not believe what is stated in the Bible, although backed by tradition!" The youth acknowledged the justness of the logic, and said no more.

LEGACY.—Dr. Harris, in all his wills, always renewed this legacy: "Item, I bequeath to all my children, and to my children's children, to each of them, a Bible, with this inscription, 'None but Christ.'" A noble legacy, truly! If parents were to leave such a boon as this to all their children, with an earnest request that they should constantly read and study it, it might, under the Divine blessing, be the means of enriching them more than if they left them thousands of gold and silver.

An Irish child who had attended a Sabbath school being commanded by the priest a short time ago to burn his Bible, reluctantly complied; but at the same time said, "I thank God that you can't take from me the twenty chapters that I have in my mind."—*English paper*.

LENDING THE BIBLE.—A Bible was lent to a blacksmith who was known to be a bad husband and father, and addicted to drinking and other vices. It was recommended to him as an interesting volume, and he was advised to read it attentively during the long winter evenings. At first he treated it with contempt; but having spent an evening in reading it, "It is not," said he, "after all, so bad a book as some say. A man may learn from it how God created the world." For several evenings he continued to read, and was so much interested in the contents of the book that he absolutely forgot to resort to his favourite haunts. At this time his wife says of him, "I often observe that he is silent and lost in

thought: he is now *diligent* at his work, speaks more mildly and kindly than formerly, and does *not get drunk*!"

WHAT IS TRUTH?—Father Fulgentio, the friend and biographer of the celebrated Paul Sarpi, both of them secret friends of the progress of religious reformation, was once preaching upon Pilate's question, "What is truth?" He told the audience that he had at last, after many searches, found it out; and holding forth a New Testament, said, "Here it is, my friends;" but added sorrowfully, as he returned it to his pocket, "it is a sealed book." It has since been the glory of the reformation to break the seal which priestly craft had imposed upon it, and to lay its blessed treasures open to the universal participation of mankind.

TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—When Queen Elizabeth opened the prisons at her coming to the crown, one piously told her that there were yet some good men left in the prison undelivered, and desired they might also partake of her princely favour; meaning the four Evangelists, and Paul, who had been denied to walk abroad in the English tongue when her sister Mary swayed the sceptre. To this she answered, "They should be asked whether they were willing to have their liberty;" which soon after appearing, they had, says an old divine, their jail delivery, and have ever since had their liberty to speak to us in our own tongue at the assemblies of our public worship; yea, and to visit us in our private houses also.

Our English translation of the Bible was made in the time and by the appointment of James the First. According to Fuller, the number of translators amounted to forty seven. Every one of the company was to translate the whole parcel, and compare all together. These good and learned men entered on their work in the spring of 1607, and three years elapsed before the translation was finished.

Bugenhagenius assisted Luther in the translation of the Bible into German, and kept the day on which it was finished annually a festival with his friends, calling it "The Feast of the Translation of the Bible;" and it certainly deserves a *red letter* more than half the saints in the calendar.

Soon after Tindale's New Testament was published a royal proclamation was issued to prohibit the buying and reading such translation or translations. But this served to increase the public curiosity, and to occasion a more careful reading of what was deemed so obnoxious. One step taken

by the Bishop of London afforded some merriment to the Protestants. His lordship thought that the best way to prevent these English New Testaments from circulation would be to buy up the whole impression, and therefore employed a Mr. Packington, who secretly favoured the reformation, then at Antwerp, for this purpose; assuring him, at the same time, that, cost what they would, he would have them, and burn them at Paul's Cross. Upon this Packington applied himself to Tindale (who was then at Antwerp), and upon agreement the bishop had the books, Packington great thanks, and Tindale all the money. This enabled Tindale instantly to publish a new and more correct edition, so that they came over thick and threefold into England, which occasioned great rage in the disappointed bishop and his popish friends. One Constantine being soon after apprehended by Sir Thomas More, and being asked how Tindale and others subsisted abroad, readily answered, "That it was the Bishop of London who had been their chief supporter, for he bestowed a great deal of money upon them in the purchase of New Testaments to burn them; and that upon the cash they had subsisted till the sale of the second edition was received."

The following incident respecting the venerable Bede is worthy of remembrance. One of the last things he did was the translating of St. John's Gospel into English. When death seized on him, one of his devout scholars, whom he used as his secretary or amanuensis, said to him, "My beloved master, there yet remains one sentence unwritten." "Write it, then, quickly," replied Bede; and, summoning all his spirits together (like the last blaze of a candle going out), he indited it and expired.

THE BIBLE ITS OWN APOLOGIST.—A man in Upper Canada, who was in the habit of taking an interest in the moral improvement of his neighbourhood, one day inquired of a poor Irishman by the name of Joe whether he could read the Bible if he should give him one. "No," said Joe, "but my wife can." "Well," replied the man, "I will give you one on condition that your wife reads to you three chapters a day when you are at home to hear them." Upon these conditions Joe took the Bible, and the man heard no more of it till about four weeks afterward, when Joe, having an errand in the neighbourhood, brought with him a square which he had stolen some time before, and giving it up to its former owner, said, "There, that is yours. I have kept it

some time, but can keep it no longer, because I have got a Bible which tells me not to steal." The Word's influence, thus begun, continued to increase, till now he is a member of a Christian church, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

A book which thus exposes and counteracts the vicious propensities of man, and reclaims him to a life of holiness, furnishes the best kind of evidence of its Divine origin. No system of mere human ethics has ever been found adequate thus to reform the vicious. But the word of God has done it in innumerable instances. Such facts afford encouragement to aid in circulating the Bible.—*Vermont Telegraph*.

ANECDOTE OF AN OLD WOMAN AND A SHEPHERD'S BOY.—The late celebrated Robinson, of Cambridge, once said, "We had in our congregation a poor aged widow, who could neither read the Scriptures nor live without hearing them read, so much instruction and pleasure did she derive from the oracles of God. She lived in a lone place, and the family where she lodged could not read; but there was one more cottage near, and in it a little boy, a shepherd's son, who could read; but he, full of play, was not fond of reading the Bible. Necessity is the mother of invention. The good old widow determined to rise one hour sooner in the morning in order to spin one halfpenny more, to be expended in hiring the shepherd's boy to read to her every evening a chapter, to which he readily agreed. This little advantage made her content in her cottage, and even say, 'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.' You little boys, learn to read," added the preacher, "and read the Scriptures to comfort the old people about you."

This little anecdote teaches us the value of the Heaven-inspired book to the happy subject of true piety; and also proves that in the giddy years of boyism we may contribute to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and smooth the rugged path of tottering age.

THE BIBLE EASILY UNDERSTOOD.—There is no book which may be more easily comprehended than the Bible. It may be asked, Why do so many read it without deriving any benefit? The fault rests not with the Bible; it is wholly with the reader.

The written word is a pointed arrow aimed by God himself at the heart of man; but the reason it is not felt, and understood, and remembered, is because the natural man is not willing to attain this knowledge: sufficient light is given

him, but he wilfully shuts his eyes. There is no veil cast over the Bible, but Satan and himself have cast a veil over his understanding; and his heart is so filled with the vanities of the world as to leave no room for the reception of heavenly things. Now it may be firmly asserted, that any person regarding the Bible with reverence as the word of God, and reading it with an humble and teachable disposition, holding its contents as sacred truths, and sincerely desirous to impress them on his mind, may without difficulty comprehend what he reads.

Can we doubt of God's assistance in this holy study? Will not this knowledge, like all other, be progressive? It may at first be compared to the feeble glimmering of dawn, which, though but one faint streak, is nevertheless a certain presage of the meridian sun.

Let any man shut this book altogether; never enter a church-door, where its truths and precepts are explained; nor even into the company and conversation of those who frame their lives by this book; and I will tell him he is hastening to the land of unalleviated sorrows. On the other hand, let him read this book for edification to learn the way to heaven; let him carefully attend upon the preaching of the gospel; converse and hold sweet counsel with the excellent ones of the earth, and imitate their example; and I will tell him he is not far from the kingdom of heaven. God never did and never will withhold his blessing and the influences of the Spirit from those who diligently seek him.
—*Irving.*

SHORT RULES FOR THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—Many humble Christians need some plain directions as to the way in which they should read the Scriptures. For the benefit of such, the following rules are drawn up with the sincere prayer that they may be blessed of God to the spiritual good of such as may read them.

1. *Read the Bible as the word of God.*—Never forget, when you have this sacred volume before you, that it is a voice from heaven, a Divinely-inspired standard. Let its precepts, and doctrines, and promises, and threatenings be received by faith, with solemn awe as a Divine testimony. Romans x., 17; Isaiah lxix., 2; Psalm cxix., 161; 1 Thesalonians ii., 13; John v., 9.

2. *Ask the assistance of the Holy Ghost in all your reading.*—The author of the Bible can make it plain and render it useful. No teacher, no learned exposition can avail so

much. Psalm cxix., 18, 27, 99; 1 John ii., 27; John xiv., 26; vi., 45; xvi., 13; Isaiah liv., 13; 1 Corinthians ii., 10.

3. *Mingle faith with the truth read.*—Just so far as you believe are you profited. Truth is the food of faith. By the revelation of God faith is increased. Hebrews iv., 2, xi., 6; 2 Thessalonians ii., 12; James i., 21.

4. *Submit your understanding to the wisdom of the omniscient God.*—Where you find mysteries, bow in humble adoration. Where you find difficulties after study, pass on, and ask light from above. 1 Corinthians i., 25; Psalm xciv., 9, 10; Job xi., 7, 8.

5. *Submit your will to the precepts of God.*—Obey what he commands. Practise what you learn. Turn all into love. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth" (buildeth up). 1 Corinthians xiii., 2; James i., 22.

6. *Compare Scripture with Scripture.*—Especially with what goes before and after, in view of all the circumstances. Many a difficult passage becomes easy upon comparing it with like passages in other parts of Scripture. 1 Corinthians ii., 13.

7. *Read the Bible daily.*—It is as necessary to your soul as food is to your body. Much of its profit depends on its being received at stated times and in fair proportion. No professor of religion can grow in grace who neglects this rule. Deuteronomy vi., 6–9, John v., 39; Acts xvii., 11.

8. *Read the Bible in course.*—At least have one daily portion of time for this regular perusal of Scripture. Those who read at random are sure to remain in ignorance of large parts. Ezra vii.; Proverbs xxx., 5; 2 Timothy iii., 16; Revelations xxii., 19; Proverbs ii., 4.

9. *Refer to the Bible frequently.*—Do this to clear your mind from doubts, or to comfort your mind from sorrow, or to show you what is duty in times of perplexity. Psalm cxix., 45, 155; Proverbs vi., 23.

10. *Meditate on what you read.*—This is as needful to the spirit as the digestion of food is to the body. If you have carefully read a passage in the morning, you can turn it over in your mind during your daily employments. And what you read in the evening may be sweetly called to mind while you lie wakeful on your bed. Psalm cxix., 48, 97, 148; Deuteronomy vi., 6–9; Psalm i., 2.

11. *Commit some portion of Scripture to memory every day.*—The times when we most need the support of the Scriptures is when we are shut out from our books; as, for instance, when we are travelling, or visiting, or lying on a

bed of sickness. Psalm cxix., 11; xl., 8; Proverbs iii., 3; Colossians iii., 16; Deuteronomy vi., 8, 9.

FAITHFUL MINISTERS.

LATIMER.—Old Bishop Latimer, it is said, in a coarse frieze gown, trudged afoot, his Testament hanging at one end of his leathern girdle and his spectacles at the other, and, without ceremony, instructed the people in rustic style from a hollow tree; while the courtly Ridley, in satin and fur, taught the same principles in the cathedral of the metropolis.

BURNET.—It is said of Bishop Burnet that he was extremely laborious in his episcopal office. Every summer he made a tour, for six weeks or two months, through some district of his diocese, daily preaching, and confirming from church to church; so as in the compass of three years, besides his triennial visitation, to go through all the principal livings in his diocese.

It is a favourable circumstance when bishops are disposed to countenance those clergyman who are determined to be active and diligent in promoting the welfare of their parishioners. Not long since, at a visitation in Ireland, the name of Mr. Shaw, a pious and useful clergyman, was mentioned. "What!" said a clergyman, "what! *mad Shaw!*" The bishop answered, "Sir, if Mr. Shaw is mad, I wish he may bite all the clergy in my diocese."

PERSEVERANCE.—A pious minister, conceiving that all his labours among the people of his charge were wholly in vain, was so extremely grieved and dejected that he determined to leave his flock and to preach his farewell sermon; but he was suddenly struck with the words, Luke x., 6, "And if the Son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall turn to you again." He felt as if his Lord and Master had addressed him thus: "Ungrateful servant, art thou not satisfied with my promise that my despised peace shall return to you again? Go on, then, to proclaim peace." Which accordingly he did with renewed vigour and zeal.

MR. HERVEY.—The late Mr. Hervey's method of instructing young people was such, that while it afforded profit to them, it was a means of reproof to others.

Some of his parishioners having lain in bed on a Sunday morning longer than he approved, and others having been busy in foddering their cattle when he was coming to church, and several having frequented the alehouse, he thus catechised one of the children before the congregation. "Repeat me the fourth commandment. Now, little man, do you understand the meaning of this commandment?" "Yes, sir." "Then, if you do, you will be able to answer me these questions: Do those keep holy the Sabbath-day who lay in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning, instead of rising to say their prayers and read the Bible?" "No, sir." "Do those keep the Sabbath who fodder their cattle when other people are going to church?" "No, sir." "Does God Almighty bless such people as go to alehouses, and don't mind the instruction of their ministers?" "No, sir." "Don't those who love God read the Bible to their families, particularly on Sunday evenings, and have prayers every morning and night in their houses?" "Yes, sir." A great many such pertinent and familiar questions he would frequently ask, in the most engaging manner, on every part of the catechism, as he thought most conducive to the improvement and edification of his parish.

A PROFITABLE REBUKE.—A godly minister of the gospel occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced to a room near to that in which she dressed. After waiting some hours, the lady came in and found him in tears. She inquired the reason of his weeping. He replied, "Madam, I weep on reflecting that you spend so many hours before your glass and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before my God and in adorning my soul." The rebuke struck her conscience. She lived and died a monument of grace.

A CONTRAST.—The day previous to the sitting of parliament, the Duke of Rothes died. When he saw his danger, he sent for some of his lady's ministers; for it seems that his own ministers might do to live with, but not to die with. Accordingly, Mr. John Carstairs and Mr. George Johnson visited him, and used great freedom in speaking to him. To whom he said, "We all thought little of what that good did in excommunicating us, but I find that sentence binding upon me now, and it will bind to all eternity." While Mr. Johnson was praying with him, several noblemen and bishops were in the next room; one of them said to the bishops,

"That is a Presbyterian minister that is praying: the devil a one of you could pray as they do, though your prayers should keep a soul out of hell." Duke Hamilton answered, "We banish these men from us, and yet, when we come to die, we cannot do without them: this is melancholy work!"

SCORNERS REBUKED.—Whitfield being informed that some lawyers had come to hear him by way of sport, took for his text these words: "And there came a certain lawyer to our Lord." Designedly he read, "And there came certain lawyers to our—I am wrong, 'a certain lawyer,' I was almost certain that I was wrong. It is a wonder to see one lawyer; but what a wonder if there had been more than one!" The theme of the sermon corresponded with its commencement; and those who came to laugh went away edified.

SINCERITY.—La Bruyere is strong in his commendation of Father Seraphin, an apostolical preacher. The first time, he says, that he preached before Louis XIV., he said to this monarch, "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom according to the prescription of which I should pay you a compliment. This I hope your majesty will dispense with; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and, unhappily, I have not found one."

CONTRAST.—Carracciolo, a celebrated Italian preacher, once exercised his talents before the pope on the luxury and licentiousness which then prevailed at court. "Fy on St. Peter! fy on St. Paul!" exclaimed he, "who, having it in their power to live as voluptuously as the pope and the cardinals, chose rather to mortify their lives with fasts, with watchings, and labours."

ETERNITY.—It was a question asked of the brethren, both in the classical and provincial meetings of ministers, twice in the year, if they preached the duties of the times. And when it was found that Mr. Leighton did not, he was censured for this omission, but said, "If all the brethren have preached to the times, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?"

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PREACHERS.—The late Rev. Mr. Warrow, of Manchester, a little before his death, was complaining to some of his people that he had not been the in-

strument of calling one soul to the knowledge of the truth for the last eight years of his ministry. He preached two sermons after this before the Lord called him to himself; and soon after his death between twenty and thirty persons proposed themselves as church members who had been called under Mr. W.'s last two sermons. Let not ministers think their work is done while they can preach another sermon or speak another word.

MR. MAGEE, D.D.—A few years ago, when George IV. visited Ireland, he remained some time in Dublin, its capital. As it was expected that he would attend Divine service, an eminent clergyman was appointed to preach before him. When the time approached the clergyman fell sick, and it became necessary to appoint another to perform that duty. Dr. Magee, author of a work on the Atonement, being in Dublin, was solicited to preach before his majesty. He accepted the invitation. The doctor was a warm, zealous churchman, of enlightened views, and liberal, evangelical sentiments. When the Sabbath came he read the prayers, ascended the pulpit, and gave out the following text, Acts xvi., 31 : “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” In this discourse he expatiated on the necessity of repentance, faith, and holiness. The command to believe, the object of faith (the Lord Jesus Christ), the character of Him on whom we are called to believe, the importance of doing so for our own safety and as an example to others, but particularly our own house; with the individual, local, and national advantages of religion, were all eloquently and honestly presented to his majesty and his court present on the occasion. After he had held forth the doctrine of justification by faith, he powerfully insisted on a change of heart, without which it was impossible for any individual to arrive at heaven. His boldness and earnestness surprised and alarmed the courtiers of his majesty, who had not been accustomed to such plain dealing. All were looking for a reproof from the sovereign for the boldness of the preacher; but though his sermon was a subject of general conversation, his majesty alone retained a total silence respecting it, never alluding to the circumstance for several months. During this time the Archbishop of Armagh, primate of Ireland, died, and the Right Reverend Lord John Beresford, archbishop of Dublin, was appointed to succeed him. The see of Dublin being in the gift of the crown, a list of candidates were nominated to his majesty,

for each of whom powerful interest was made. Dr. Magee, not being a favourite on account of his religious sentiments, was neglected. When his majesty proceeded to make the appointment, he inquired the name of the faithful, able, and eloquent preacher who had delivered a discourse before him in Dublin. He was told it was Dr. Magee. "Then," said he, "the man that fears not to preach the whole truth before his king shall be honoured, and Dr. Magee shall be Archbishop of Dublin." After saying this he took his pen and filled the blank in the deed of gift with DR. MAGEE.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.—"This great divine, originally a poor boy of Hanover, Va., but for his extraordinary talents and piety early advanced to the professorship of Princeton College, crossed the Atlantic to solicit means of completing that noble institution. His fame as a man of God had arrived there long before him. He was, of course, speedily invited up to the pulpit. From a soul at once blazing with gospel light and burning with divine love, his style of speaking was so strikingly superior to that of the cold sermon-readers of the British metropolis, that the town was presently running after him. There was no getting into the churches where he was to preach. The coaches of the nobility stood in glittering ranks around the long-neglected walls of Zion; and even George the Third, with his royal consort, borne away by the holy epidemic, became humble hearers of the American orator. Blessed with a clear, glassy voice, sweet as the notes of the harmonican, and loud as the battle-kindling trumpet, he poured forth the pious ardour of his soul with such force that the honest monarch could not repress his emotions; but starting from his seat with rolling eyes and agitated manner, at every burning period he would exclaim, loud enough to be heard half way over the church, 'Fine! fine! fine, Charlotte! why, Charlotte, this beats our archbishop!' The people all stared at the king. The man of God made a full stop; and fixing his eyes upon him as a tender parent would upon a giddy child, cried aloud, 'When the lion roars, the beasts in the forest tremble; and when the Almighty speaks, let the kings of the earth keep silence.' The monarch shrunk back into his seat, and behaved during the rest of the discourse with the most respectful attention. The next day he sent for Dr. Davies, and, after complimenting him highly as an 'honest preacher,' ordered him a check of a hundred guineas for his college."

SUBJECTS FOR THE PULPIT.—"The preacher of everlasting truth has certainly the noblest subjects that ever elevated and enkindled the soul of man. Not the intrigues of a Philip, not the plots of a Catiline, but the rebellion of angels, the creation of a world, the incarnation and death of the Son of God, the resurrection of man, the dissolution of nature, the general judgment, and the final confirmation of countless millions of men and angels in happiness or misery. No subjects are so sublime, none are so interesting to the feelings of a reflecting audience. No orator was himself ever so deeply interested in his subject as a godly minister is in the truths which he presses upon his hearers. If on any topic he can become impassioned and be carried beyond himself, it is on the theme of immortal love and the everlasting destinies of men."

Experienced ministers sometimes describe the feelings and situations of their hearers so exact, that while the serious part are profited, the ignorant are astonished. It is related of Mr. Richard Garrat that he used to walk to Petworth every Monday. In one of these walks a country fellow, who had been his hearer the day before, and had been cut to the heart by something he had delivered, came up to him with his scythe upon his shoulders, and in mighty rage told him "he would be the death of him, for he was sure he was a witch, he having told him the day before what no one in the world knew of him but God and the devil, and, therefore, he most certainly dealt with the devil."

THE HUMBLE PREACHER THE MOST USEFUL.—A very pious man being ordained minister in Fifeshire, some of his people left hearing him and went to other churches in the neighbourhood. He one day meeting some of them, asked them whither they were going. They replied that they were going to hear such a one of his brethren, as his own sermons did not edify them so much. He said with great heartiness, "Oh yes; go always where your souls get most edification; and may God's blessing and mine go with you." The people were so affected that they resolved rather to trust their edification with the Lord than desert the ministry of such a holy and humble man. His gift of prayer was very excellent, though his sermons did not bear any marks of strong intellect; his success, however, in winning souls to Christ and building them up in him was great. Some of his brethren one day expressing their wonder how his ministrations did so much good, while theirs did so little, an-

other made answer "that his brother, living under a deep sense of his own weakness, by the force of fervent prayer brings all that he says warm from the heart of God through his own, so that it never cools till it reaches the hearts of his hearers; whereas we, being conscious of our abilities, depend on them in composing our sermons: and hence the Lord gives so little countenance to them."

EXAMPLES OF DILIGENCE.—When the zealous and truly apostolic preacher, Mr. Grimshaw, who usually preached from twenty to thirty times a week, was entreated any time to spare himself, his constant reply was, "Let me labour now, for the hour is at hand when I shall rest." Karamsin, the Russian traveller, having seen Lavater's diligence in study, visiting the sick, and relieving the poor, greatly surprised at his fortitude and activity, said to him, "Whence have you so much strength of mind and power of endurance?" "My friend," replied he, "man rarely wants the power to work when he possesses the will: the more I labour in the discharge of my duties, so much the more ability and inclination to labour do I constantly find within myself." The late John Brown, of Haddington, addressed this exhortation to his sons in the ministry with his dying breath: "Oh, *labour*; *labour* to win souls to Christ! I will say this for your encouragement, that whenever the Lord has led me out to be most diligent this way, he hath poured out comfort into my heart, and given me my reward in my bosom." But one great example is He whose life as well as lips said to all his disciples, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

A DILIGENT PREACHER.—"Now I will ask you a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop or prelate in all England, that surpasseth all the rest in doing office? I can tell you, for I know who it is; I know him very well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. Then it is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England; and will you know what it is? I will tell you; it is the devil! He is the most diligent preacher and prelate of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; he is ever in his parish; there was never such a preacher in England as he. In the mean time the prelates take their pleasure; they are lords and no labourers; therefore, preaching prelates, learn of the devil, if you will not

learn of God and good men; learn of the devil, I say."—*Bishop Latimer.*

MR. POPE.—The Rev. Mr. Pope, whose efforts in advancing the cause of Christ in Ireland have been attended with astonishing success, was one evening preaching to a solemn and attentive audience, when a party of Catholics advanced with the intention of making a hostile attack. As they arrived Mr. Pope paused; his friends immediately extinguished all the lights, and called out, with the true Irish spirit, "Proceed, Mr. Pope, proceed. Only preach to us Jesus Christ, and not a hair of your head shall be touched." This account I had from a gentleman in Quebec.

SHORT ALLOWANCE.—It is said that the celebrated Whitefield, when advanced in life, finding his physical powers failing him, undertook to put himself upon what he called "short allowance." He preached once only on every day in the week, and three times on the Sabbath!

WHITEFIELD.—The late Mr. Whitefield, in a sermon he preached at Haworth (for Mr. Grimshaw), having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel who, by their loose and evil conduct, caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher, and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men. This roused Mr. Grimshaw's spirit, and notwithstanding the great regard he had for the preacher, he stood up and interrupted him, saying, with a loud voice, "Oh, sir! for God's sake do not speak so; I pray you, do not flatter them: I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."

NEWYEAR'S PRESENT.—It was the custom in the reign of Henry VIII. for each of the bishops to make presents to the king on Newyear's Day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but, instead of a purse of gold, he presented the king with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage: "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

DR. MATHER.—In the first year of Dr. Cotton Mather's ministry he had reason to believe he was made the instru-

ment of converting at least thirty souls. It was constantly one of his first thoughts in a morning, "What good may I do to-day?" He resolved this general question into many general particulars. His question for the Lord's-day morning constantly was, "What shall I do, as the pastor of a church, for the good of the flock under my charge?" His question for Monday morning was, "What shall I do for the good of my own family?" in which he considered himself a husband, a father, and a master. For Tuesday morning, "What good shall I do for relations abroad?" Sometimes he changed his meditations for another: "What good shall I do to my enemies?" for it was his laudable ambition to be able to say he did not know of any person in the world who had done him any ill office but he had done him a good one for it. His question for Wednesday morning was, "What shall I do for the churches of the Lord, and the more general interests of religion in the world?" His question for Thursday morning was, "What good may I do to the several societies to which I am related?" The question for Friday morning was, "What special objects of compassion and subjects of affliction may I take under my particular care, and what shall I do for them?" And his Saturday morning question, relating more immediately to himself, was, "What more have I to do for the interest of God in my own heart and life?"

UNFAITHFUL MINISTERS.

CALL TO PREACH.—Mr. C——, of S—n, being in company once with a neighbouring minister who had an invitation to go from the country to a church in London, and the conversation turning upon that subject, his neighbour said to him, "Brother C——, I see my call exceeding clear to leave B—— and go to London." Mr. C—— replied, "Ah, brother, London is a fine place; and as it is to go there, you can hear very quick; but if God had called you to go to poor Cranfield, he might have called long enough, I fear, before you would have heard him."

THE NEGLIGENT MINISTER REPROVED—A certain minister, who was more busied in the pleasures of the chase than in superintending the souls of his flock, one day meeting with little sport, proposed to entertain his companions at the

expense of an inoffensive Quaker, whom he had often very rudely ridiculed, and who was then approaching them. Immediately he rode up briskly to him, saying, "Obadiah, have you seen the hare?" "Why, neighbour, hast thou lost him?" said the Quaker. "Lost him! yes, indeed!" "Then," replied he, "if I were the hare, I would run where I am sure thou couldst never find me." "Where the d—l is that?" said the blustering son of Nimrod. "Why, neighbour," replied the other, "I would run into thy study."

PREACHING.

"The history of the pulpit," says one, "is curious and entertaining. It has spoken all languages, and in all sorts of style. It has partaken of all the customs of the schools, the theatres, and the courts of all the countries where it has been erected. It has been a seat of wisdom and a sink of nonsense. It has been filled by the best and the worst of men. It has proved in some hands a trumpet of sedition, and in others a source of peace and consolation; but on a fair balance, collected from authentic history, there would appear no proportion between the benefits and the mischiefs which mankind have derived from it; so much do the advantages of it preponderate! In a word, evangelical preaching has been, and yet continues to be, reputed foolishness; but it is real wisdom, a wisdom and a power by which it pleaseth God to save the souls of men."

The judicious Bishop Burnet prescribed a way to stop the progress of the Puritan ministers, when complained against by some of the clergy for breaking into and preaching into their parochial charges. "Outlive, outlabour, outpreach them," said his lordship.

DR. MANTON.—Dr. Manton, having to preach before the lord-mayor, the court of aldermen, &c., at St. Paul's, the doctor chose a subject in which he had an opportunity of displaying his judgment and learning. He was heard with admiration and applause by the more intelligent part of the audience. But as he was returning from dinner with the lord-mayor in the evening, a poor man following him, pulled him by the sleeve of his gown, and asked him if he were the gentleman that preached before the lord-mayor. He replied, "He was." "Sir," says he, "I came with hopes of

getting some good for my soul, but I was greatly disappointed, for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you were quite above me." "Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one; and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool to preach before my lord-mayor in such a manner again."

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having delivered an excellent sermon at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following extempore, but elegant, compliment from Dr. Watson, then at Winchester School:

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,
That wisdom is *sorrow*, how *wretched* are you."

A LONG SERMON.—A preacher, who had divided his sermon into numerous divisions and subdivisions, quite exhausted the patience of his auditors, who, finding night approaching, left the church one after another. The preacher, not perceiving this rapid desertion, continued to dispute with himself in the pulpit, until a singing-boy, who remained, said, "Sir, here are the keys of the church; when you have finished, will you be careful to shut the door?"

A HIT AT METAPHYSICS.—Dr. Stebbing, of Gray's Inn, speaking in one of his sermons of Hume and some other metaphysical writers, said sarcastically, "Our thoughts are naturally carried back, on this occasion, to the author of the first philosophy, who likewise engaged to open the eyes of the public. He did so; but the only discovery they found themselves able to make was, that they were naked."

J

SOUTH.—The celebrated Dr. South, one of the chaplains of Charles the Second, preaching on a certain day before court, which was composed of the most profligate and dissipated men in the nation, perceived in the middle of his discourse that sleep had gradually taken possession of his hearers. The doctor immediately stopped short, and, changing his tone of voice, called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His lordship standing up, "My lord," said South, with great composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loud, lest you awaken his majesty."

On another occasion, when preaching before the king, he chose for his text these words, "The lot is cast into the lap,

but the disposing of it is of the Lord." In this sermon he introduced three remarkable instances of unexpected advancement, those of Agathocles, Masaniello, and Oliver Cromwell. Of the latter he said, "And who that beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House, with a threadbare torn cloak, greasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" At this the king is said to have fallen into a violent fit of laughter; and turning to Dr. South's patron, Mr. Lawrence Hyde, afterward created Lord Rochester, said, "Odds fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

His wit was certainly the least of his recommendations; he indulged in it to an excess which often violated the sanctity of the pulpit. When Sherlock accused him of employing wit in a controversy on the Trinity, South made but a sorry reply: "Had it pleased God to have made you a wit, what would you have done?"

DEAN SWIFT.—The eccentric Dean Swift, in the course of one of those journeys to Holyhead which it is well known he several times performed "on foot," was travelling through Church Stretton, Shropshire, when he put up at the sign of the Crown, and finding the host to be a communicative, good-humoured man, inquired if there was any agreeable person in town with whom he might partake of a dinner (as he had desired him to provide one), and that such a person should have nothing to pay. The landlord immediately replied that the curate, Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable, companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of his appearance. The dean directed him to wait on Mr. Jones with his compliments, and say that a traveller would be glad to be favoured with his company at the Crown, if it was agreeable. When Mr. Jones and the dean had dined, and the glass began to circulate, the former made an apology for an occasional absence, saying that at three o'clock he was to read prayers and preach at the church. Upon this intimation the dean replied that he also should attend prayers. Service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their station at the Crown, the dean began to compliment Mr. Jones on his delivery of a very appropriate sermon; and remarked that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and attention to compose such a one.

Mr. Jones observed that his duty was rather "laborious," as he served another parish church at a distance; which, with the Sunday and weekly service at Church Stratton, straitened him very much with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons; so that, when the subjects pressed, he could only devote a few days and nights to that purpose.

"Well," says the dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent; for my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me some months in composing." On this observation Mr. Jones began to look very gloomy, and to recognise his companion. "However," rejoined the dean, "don't you be alarmed; you have so good a talent at delivery, that I hereby declare you have done more honour to my sermon this day than I could do myself; and, by way of compromising the matter, you must accept of this half-guinea for the justice you have done in the delivery of it."

READING SERMONS.—The following is not a bad portrait of one who entirely confines himself to his notes. "He lays open his performance at large in the face of the whole assembly, like a boy at school; he reads and blunders, and blunders and reads; he stands in the pulpit like a speaking statue, without life or motion; his eyes are fixed down to the space of a few square inches as if he stared at a ghost; he hangs his head over his scroll as if he were receiving sentence of death. If the poor drudge could look around him, he would see half of his audience dozing over his dull repetition; not a soul affected, unless, perhaps, an old beggar gives a groan from a dark corner when he hears the sound. An honest countryman, happening to hear one of these paper geniuses preach, was asked by his wife when he went home how he liked the preacher. 'Alas!' said he, 'he was as poor a preacher as ever I saw, woman: he was just like a crow picking the corn; for he always put down his head for a pick, and then looked about to see if any person was coming near him.'"

THE REFORMER AND THE QUAKER.—A country clergyman was boasting in a large company of the success he had met with in reforming his parishioners, on whom his labours, he said, had produced a wonderful change for the better. Being asked in what respect, he replied that, when he came first among them, they were a set of unmannerly clowns, who paid him no more deference than they did to one an-

other ; did not so much as pull off their hat when they spoke to him, but bawled out as roughly and familiarly as though he was their equal ; whereas now they never presumed to address him but cap in hand and in a submissive voice, made him the best bow when they were at ten yards' distance, and styled him *your reverence* at every word. A Quaker, who had heard the whole patiently, made answer, "And so, friend, the upshot of this reformation, of which thou hast so much carnal glorying, is, that thou hast taught thy people to worship thyself."

HAMILTON.—When Hamilton was about to be made Bishop of Galloway, one objecting to him that it went against his conscience (for he had sworn to the covenant), he said, "Such medicine as could not be chewed must be swallowed whole." Fine sentiment for a bishop, truly !!!

PUNGENT PREACHING.—An old man, being asked his opinion of a certain sermon, replied, "I liked it very well, except that there was no pinch to it. I always like to have a pinch to every sermon." I was reminded of this anecdote by the remark of a son of Neptune from Nantucket, whom I met in the gallery of a crowded church last Sabbath evening. He said it was a handsome sermon, "but he would have liked it better if it had struck the harpoon into the conscience of the sinner."

In the reign of Edward VI. most of the priests in Scotland imagined the New Testament to be a composition of Luther's, and asserted that the Old alone was the word of God.

COMMENT ON GALATIANS IV., 18.—Mr. Betterton being one day at dinner at his grace's the Archbishop of Canterbury, his grace expressed his astonishment that the representation of fables in their pieces should make more impression upon the mind than that of truth in the sermons of the clergy : upon which Mr. Betterton, desiring leave to explain the reason of it, and obtaining it on condition of preserving the respect due to religion, said, "May it please your grace, it is because the clergy, in reading their sermons, pronounce them as if they were reading fables ; and we, in acting our parts and using them in a proper gesture, represent them like matters of fact." There is, undoubtedly, a considerable degree of weight in Mr. Betterton's observation ; the want

of life, earnestness, and energy in the clergy, prevents their being attended to in the manner which could be wished, and greatly lessens the effect of the discourses.

ANECDOTES OF THOSE WHO READ THEIR SERMONS.—Mr Heard having heard Dr. M—— preach, the doctor afterward asked him how he liked his sermon. “Like it!” said Mr. Heard. “Why, sir, I have liked it and admired it these twenty years.” The doctor stared. “Upon that shelf,” added Mr. Heard, “you will find it verbatim. Mr. Boehm was an excellent preacher!” Mr. Heard was a bookseller, and booksellers are sometimes dangerous hearers, when a preacher deals in borrowed sermons.

Three several clergymen, on three successive Sundays, delivered the very same discourse, on “Fall not out by the way,” in the same church and to the same congregation, not far from one of our universities.

A late minister of —— read a discourse in his church, intended to excite his congregation to gratitude for an interval of fine weather, while at the very interval of reading it the rain descended in torrents from the bursting clouds, with a violence sufficient to show the folly of being tied to notes.

They who read sermons composed by others are very often led into mistakes. A German divine says, “One of these retailers of small ware, having picked up a homily composed some years before, when the plague was raging in the country, preached it to his congregation on the Lord’s day. Towards the close, having sharply reproved vice, he added, ‘*for these vices it is that God has visited you and your families with that cruel scourge the plague, which is now spreading everywhere in this town.*’ At uttering these words, the people were all so thunderstruck, that the chief magistrate was obliged to go to the pulpit and to ask him, ‘*For God’s sake, sir, pardon the interruption, and inform me where the plague is, that I may instantly endeavour to prevent its farther spreading!*’ ‘*The plogue, sir!*’ replied the preacher: ‘*I know nothing about the plague. Whether it is in the town or not, it is in my homily.*’”

DR. GUISE.—It is related of Dr. Guise that he lost his eyesight while he was in prayer before sermon. Having finished prayer, he was consequently forced to preach without notes. As he was led out of the meeting after service was over, he could not help lamenting his sudden and total blindness. A good old gentlewoman, who heard him de-

plore his loss, answered him, "God be praised that your sight is gone: I never heard you preach so powerful a sermon in my life. Now we shall have no more notes: I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had taken away your eyesight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees." Whatever may be said in favour of notes, the old gentlewoman, however, formed a strong argument against them from her feelings.

WHO'S TO BLAME?—A minister not far from London one day went to his place of worship, and happened, by neglect, to leave his notes on his closet table. A servant, who did not affect his master's *reading method*, fumbled them among some rubbish in the corner of the room, and went his way. The minister, missing his sermon, whispered the pew-opener to fetch it while he was praying; the man went, and searched for a full hour, but could not find it. The minister prayed all the time, with the avocation of some long-ing glances at the door for the pew-opener: when he prayed himself out of breath, and the people out of patience, he sat down wearied. At length the man appeared, but no sermon; after some minutes' painful reflection, he rose up, and plainly told the congregation that the sermon was lost, and, therefore, they were to have none that day; but withal promised, if the sermon should be found, that he would cause it to be printed for their instruction, and never preach by notes again.

A CURIOUS PROOF OF CONVERSION.—About the time of the conclusion of the peace of Reswick, the noted Theronet died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner, the popish priest who attended him in his sickness having pronounced the poor Indian to have been a true Christian; "for," said he, "while I explained to him the passion of our Saviour whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, 'Oh! had I been there, I would have revenged his death, and brought away their scalps!'"—(*Colbin's Hist. of the Five Nations*, vol. i., p. 207.)

THE PIOUS FARMERS. *The Farmer's Faith better than the Prelate's Disquisitions.*—The late King of Sweden was, it seems, under serious impressions for some time before his death. A peasant being once, on a particular occasion, admitted to his presence, the king, knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him "what he took to be the true

nature of faith." The peasant entered deeply into the subject, and much to the king's comfort and satisfaction. The king at last, lying on his deathbed, had a return of his doubts and fears as to the safety of his soul; and still the same question was perpetually in his mouth to those about him, "What is real faith?" His attendants advised him to send for the Archbishop of Upsal; who, coming to the king's bedside, began, in a learned, logical manner, to enter into the scholastic definition of faith. The prelate's disquisition lasted an hour. When he had done the king said, with much energy, "*All this is ingenious, but not comfortable; it is not what I want; nothing, after all, but the farmer's faith will do for me.*" So true is that observation that religion is a plain thing; and, indeed, it wants no metaphysical subtilties, no critical disquisitions, no logical deductions.

PREFERMENT.—It has been observed that nothing could form a more curious collection of memoirs than anecdotes of preferment. Could the secret history of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the first step to advancement. It would much oftener be found to be owing to superficial qualifications, and even vices. Sir Christopher Hatton owed his preferment to his dancing. Queen Elizabeth, with all her sagacity, could not see the future lord-chancellor in the fine dancer.

What will not some do for the sake of preferment, and that even when they are already well provided for? The shameful impropriety of pluralities is never thought of; conscience is sacrificed to interest; the value of money, and not of souls, becomes the prime object in view. What would the primitive Christians have said of a modern divine, who is said to be the curate of —, supposed to be annually worth five thousand pounds? He is a subalmoner to —, rector of —, prebendary of —, prebendary of —, prebendary of —, archdeacon of —, and dean of —.

The late Bishop L—— was possessed, at the time of his decease, of ten or more different preferments. He was bishop, head of a college, prebend, rector, librarian, &c., &c., &c.

THE IGNORANT PRIEST.—The following anecdote will afford us a striking instance of the ignorance that existed before the reformation; at the same time it confirms the relation generally given of Archbishop Cranmer's forgiving spirit.

The archbishop's first wife, whom he married at Cambridge, lived at the Dolphin Inn, and he often resorting thither on that account, the popish party had raised a story that he was hostler of that inn, and never had the benefit of a learned education. This idle story a Yorkshire priest had with great confidence asserted in an alehouse which he used to frequent, railing at the archbishop, and saying that he had no more learning than a goose. Some of the parish, who had a respect for Cranmer's character, informed Lord Cromwell of this, who immediately sent for the priest and committed him to the Fleet Prison. When he had been there nine or ten weeks, he sent a relation of his to the archbishop to beg his pardon and humbly sue to him for a discharge. The archbishop instantly sent for him, and, after a gentle reproof, asked the priest whether he knew him; to which he answered, No. The archbishop expostulated with him why he should then make so free with his character. The priest excused himself by his being in drink. But this, Cranmer told him, was a double fault, and then let him know that if he had a mind to try what a scholar he was, he should have liberty to oppose him in whatever science he pleased. The priest humbly asked his pardon, and confessed himself to be very ignorant, and to understand nothing but his mother tongue. "No doubt," said Cranmer, "you are well versed in the English Bible, and can answer any question out of that. Pray tell me who was David's father?" The priest stood still a while to consider, but at last told the archbishop he could not recollect his name. "Tell me, then," said Cranmer, "who was Solomon's father?" The poor priest replied that he had no skill in genealogies, and could not tell. The archbishop then advised him to frequent the alehouse less and his study more; and admonished him not to accuse others for want of learning till he was master of some himself; discharged him out of custody, and sent him home to his cure.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—A reverend doctor in the metropolis was what is usually denominated a popular preacher. His reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. Those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore; and, accordingly, with such hearers he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did never-

theless happen that the doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the belles of his quarter of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman muttered loud enough to be heard by those near, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and, looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "*That's his own!*"

DR. RUSH.—The doctor once informed me that, when he was a young man, he had been invited on some occasion to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who, on his appearance, apologized for detaining them by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the doctor, "how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled." "Why, doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that preaching which drives a man up into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

DILEMMA.—A preacher who had but one sermon, which he delivered on the Sunday, being praised by the lord of the place, was called upon to preach on the next day, which was a fast day. The preacher ruminated the whole night on what he was to do to rescue himself from the predicament in which he was placed. The dreaded hour arrived, when he mounted the pulpit, and with great solemnity said, "Brethren, some persons have accused me of advancing propositions to you yesterday contrary to the faith, and of hav-

ing misrepresented many passages of Scripture. Now, to convince you how much I have been wronged, and to make known to you the purity of my doctrine, I shall repeat my sermon, so pray be attentive."

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—We heard a minister in the pulpit a short time ago relate the following historical fact, and apply it to Christian duty. There is an electric force, an unction arising from its contemplation, that ought to arouse, elevate, and quicken the feelings of every Christian in contemplating the beauties of the parable.

The minister remarked, that historians said that the eagle, when the clouds blackened and lowered, and the winds and storms arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with instinctive precision its ability to withstand its force without injury. If the storm bid fair to rage with too great violence, the eagle would flap his broad wings and soar above it, and from his proud altitude would look down with serenity and composure on the devastation below.

The application to Christians was to persuade them to imitate the noble eagle. When bickerings and strife arose in the church or in society; when the storms of religious discord were rising higher, and higher, and higher, and the wrath of God was thundering in his Providence into the ears of his provocators, then they should, on the pinions of their faith, RISE ABOVE THE WORLD. This needs no comment. Oh that Christians would learn to emulate the eagle, and proudly, through the influence of the Divine Spirit, "trample the world beneath their feet."—*Maryville Intelligencer*.

REV. MR. SEWELL.—This popular preacher was addressing a very crowded audience, consisting of strangers as well as members of his own congregation, on Sunday evening last, in Cumberland church. He was commenting with his usual perspicuity and force upon the danger of evil communication, and exhorted those to whom the voice and the precepts of the gospel were yet precious, to abandon the society of the unprincipled and irreligious, to form no ties of association, no copartnership in business, nor unions with them.

It would appear that the reverend gentleman's discourse was not, perhaps, entirely palatable to a portion of his auditory; for, while thus engaged, a stir was heard in the church like the sound of many persons leaving it. It attracted his attention. He paused. His manner, which is usually warm, impressive, and eloquent, became on the instant changed;

pointing significantly towards the doors, and then turning to the congregation, he remarked, with great calmness and solemnity, "My Christian friends! we have given offence, and, of course, are sorry for it. Those persons who have disturbed the church have departed. Let them go! it is the fresh breeze of the gospel winnowing the human grain, and mark! how it separates the chaff from the wheat!"—*Charleston Patriot.*

WHITFIELD—The Rev. George Whitfield, a clergyman of the Church of England, first arrived in this country in the year 1738. He landed in Savannah, Georgia, and laid the foundation of an orphan-house a few miles from Savannah, and afterward finished it at great expense. He returned to England the same year. On the following year he returned again to America, and landed at Philadelphia, and began to preach in different churches. In this and in his subsequent visits to America he visited most of the principal places in the colonies. Immense numbers of people flocked to hear him wherever he preached.

The following anecdote respecting his manner of preaching will serve to illustrate this part of his character. One day, while preaching from the balcony of the courthouse in Philadelphia, he cried out, "Father Abraham, who have you got in heaven; any *Episcopalians*?" "No!" "Any *Presbyterians*?" "No!" "Any *Baptists*?" "No." "Have you any *Methodists* there?" "No!" "Have you any *Independents* or *Seceders*?" "No! No!" "Why, who have you, then?" "We don't know those names here; all that are here are *Christians*; believers in Christ; men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony!" "Oh, is this the case? then God help me. God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth."

Mr. Whitfield died in Newburyport, Mass., on the 30th of September, 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, on his seventh visit to America, having been in the ministry thirty-four years.

CANTICLES.—No book has been taken more liberties with than that of the Canticles.

A grave commentator thus allegorizes. "Solomon's *bed* is the church; the *sixty valiant men about it* are the six working days of the week and the ten commandments; the *thread of scarlet* is a confession of faith in the doctrine of

the Trinity and the death of Christ. *My beloved put in his hand by the hole*; that is, Thomas put his hand into the side of Christ." This devout rhapsody the holy man calls heavenly food; and he advises his readers to live upon it with the lips of cogitation and the teeth of admiration.—*Philon. Carpath epise in Cantic. interp. apud Bibliot Patrum*, tom. i.

A man who allows his fancy to play with Scripture may make anything of it. The following parallel, delivered in a sermon at St. Paul's, in London, before the gentlemen of Nottinghamshire on the day of their yearly feast, is curious.

The town of Nottingham doth run parallel with *Jerusalem*. Was Jerusalem set upon precipitous hills? and is not Nottingham also? And as the mountains stood round about Jerusalem, do they not so about Nottingham? And as there were two famous ascents in Jerusalem, is it not so in Nottingham? I need not tell you that the soul of a man is a precious thing, and the loss thereof sad in any country; yet, methinks, in the aguish parts of Kent and Essex, where I have seen sometimes a whole parish sick together, the souls that miscarry thence seem but to go from purgatory to hell. But those that perish out of Nottinghamshire go from heaven to hell. When a soul miscarries out of Nottinghamshire, methinks in melancholy visions I see the infernals flocking about it, and saying, "Art thou come from those pleasant mountains to these Stygian lakes?" &c. Was it worth a man's while to come, as the preacher tells his auditors he did, "twenty-four miles in *slabby* weather" to preach such stuff as this?

A certain preacher took for his text Acts xx., 15: "Paul went afoot to Assos;" and expatiated on the humility of trudging *afoot* after the apostle's example. Unluckily for this declaimer, the word *πεζευειν* does not signify to go afoot, it means to go by land; and he might as well have preached on the *infirmities* of good men, and have proved that St. Paul was *timorous* of sailing.

It would be easy to transcribe more instances of this kind, but I suppose the reader is already tired with the above.

I shall only stop to express my grief that men whose business it is to inform others should be so ignorant themselves; that they who pretend to *illuminate* should *darken*. Such characters who substitute fancy for genius, and contemptible singularities for extraordinary powers, give but little evidence, in my opinion, of their being called to the sacred work of the ministry. And yet, alas! how many of

those miserable preachers have we, with whom multitudes as miserable as themselves are carried away !

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

HIGHWAYMAN RECLAIMED.—It was the custom of Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that, in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus going to his episcopal residence, and had got a mile or two before his carriage, a decent, well-looking young man came up with him, and, with a trembling hand and a faltering tongue, presented a pistol to his lordship's breast and demanded his money. The archbishop, with great composure, turned about ; and, looking steadfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir ! sir !" with great agitation cried the youth ; "no words ; 'tis not a time ; your money, instantly !" "Hear me, young man," said the archbishop ; "you see I am an old man, and my life is of very little consequence ; yours seems far otherwise. I am named Sharp, and am Archbishop of York ; my carriage and servants are behind. Tell me what money you want and who you are, and I will not injure, but prove a friend. Here, take this ; and now ingenuously tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "Oh, sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—but—at home there are creditors who will not stay—fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue besides my own can tell." "Well, sir, I take it on your word ; and upon my honour, if you will in a day or two call on me at —, what I have now given you shall be made up to that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off ; and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the archbishop, and assured his lordship his words had left impressions which nothing could ever destroy.

Nothing more transpired for a year and a half or more ; when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and with peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The archbishop ordered the stranger to be brought in. He entered the room where his lordship was, but had scarce advanced a few steps when his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering he

requested an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions. Oh, my lord!" tears for a while preventing his utterance, "'tis you, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children whom I loved more than my life. Here are the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven and all its blessings be your present and everlasting reward!

"I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your lordship knows him; his name was —; my marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor and intestate. What was *his* is become *mine*; and by your astonishing goodness I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of my species."

"HE DIED."—A certain libertine, of a most abandoned character, happened one day to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read; importing, that so long lived such and such persons, and yet the conclusion was, "they died." Enos lived 905 years, and he died; Seth 912, and he died; Methusaleh 969, *and he died*. The frequent repetition of the words *he died*, notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, struck him so deeply with the thought of death and eternity, that, through Divine grace, he became a most exemplary Christian.

The Rev. Mr. M. was educated for the bar. His conversion arose from the following circumstance. He was desired one evening by some of his companions, who were with him at a coffee-house, to go and hear Mr. John Wesley, who, they were told, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and then to return and exhibit his *manner* and *discourse* for their entertainment. He went with that intention; and, just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley named as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," with a solemnity of accent which struck him, and which inspired a seriousness that increased as the

good man proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. He returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his acquaintance "if he had taken off the old Methodist." To which he answered, "*No, gentlemen; but he has taken me off,*" and from that time he left their company altogether, and in future associated with serious people, and became himself a serious character.

A lady, having spent the afternoon and evening at cards and in gay company, when she came home, found her servant-maid reading a pious book. She looked over her shoulders and said, "Poor melancholy soul! what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over that book?" That night the lady could not sleep, but lay sighing and weeping very much. Her servant asked her once and again what was the matter. At length she burst out into a flood of tears, and said, "Oh! it is one word I saw in your book that troubles me: there I saw that word *eternity*. Oh how happy should I be if I were prepared for eternity!" The consequence of this impression was, that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world.

POOR ROBBER.—In the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, Monsieur de Sallo, returning from a summer evening's walk, accompanied with only a page, was accosted by a man who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from hardened resolution, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong person, and that he could obtain but little from him, added, "I have but three pistoles, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may it do you with them; but, like a friend, let me tell you, you are going on in a very bad way." The robber took them, and, without asking him for more, walked away with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone than M. de Sallo ordered his page to follow the robber, to observe where he went, and to bring him an account of all he should discover. The boy obeyed, pursued him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles and buy a large brown loaf: with this salutary purchase the robber went a few doors farther, and, entering an alley, ascended several flights of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the topmost story, where he saw him go into a room which was no otherwise illuminated

than by the friendly light of the moon ; and, peeping through a crevice, he perceived the wretched man cast the loaf upon the floor, and, bursting into tears, cry out, "There, eat your fill ; this is the dearest loaf I ever bought ; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles ; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings ; for, soon or late, these doings must bring me to ruin." His wife, having calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and, cutting it, gave four pieces to four poor starving children.

The page, having thus performed his commission, returned home and gave his master an account of all he had seen and heard. Sallo, who was much moved (what *Christian* breast can be unmoved at distress like this !), commanded the boy to call him at five the next morning. He rose accordingly, and took his boy with him to show him the way ; he inquired of his neighbours the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children ; by whom he was informed that he was a very industrious man, a tender husband, and a quiet neighbour ; that his occupation was that of a shoemaker, and that he was a neat workman ; but was overburdened with a family, and struggled hard to live in such dear times. Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's lodging, and, knocking at the door, it was opened by the unhappy man himself ; who, knowing him at first sight to be the gentleman whom he had robbed, prostrated himself at his feet. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, assuring him he had not the least intention to hurt him. "You have a good character," said he, "among your neighbours, but you must expect your life will be cut short if you are so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand ; here are thirty pistoles to buy leather ; husband it well, and set your children a laudable example. To put you out of further temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal crimes, I will encourage your industry. I hear you are a neat workman ; you shall therefore now take measure of me and my lad for two pairs of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them." The whole family seemed absorbed in joy ; amazement and gratitude in some measure deprived them of speech. M. de Sallo departed, greatly moved, and with a mind replete with satisfaction at having saved a man from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and, perhaps, from everlasting misery.

Never was a day much better begun ; the consciousness of having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to

the mind, must be attended with pleasure, and that self-complacency which is more desirable than gold will be ever the attendant on such truly Christian charity.

FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

A Christian is a child of God, a brother of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, an heir of the kingdom, a companion of angels, a lord of the world, and a partaker of Divine nature. The Christian's glory is Christ in heaven, and Christ's glory is the Christian on earth. He is a worthy child of God, endowed with Christ's righteousness, walking in holy fear and cheerful obedience before his Father, shining as a light in the world, a rose among thorns. He is a wonderfully beautiful creature of the grace of God, over which the holy angels rejoice, and attended and ministered unto by them wherever he goes. He is a wonder to the world, a terror to the devils, an ornament to the church, a delight to heaven. His heart is full of pain, his eyes full of tears for a perishing world, his mouth full of sighs, and his hands full of good works.—*Luther*.

THE PIOUS BOOKSELLER.—Mr. Flavel being in London in 1673, his old bookseller, Mr. Boulter, gave him the following relation, viz., "That some time before there came into his shop a sparkish gentleman to inquire for some playbooks. Mr. Boulter told him he had none, but showed him Mr. Flavel's little treatise of keeping the heart, entreating him to read it, and assured him it would do him more good than playbooks. The gentleman read the title, and glancing upon several pages here and there, broke out into these and such other expressions: 'What a fanatic was he who made this book!' Mr. Boulter begged of him to buy and read it, and told him 'he had no cause to censure it so bitterly.' At last he bought it, but told him he would not read it. 'What will you do with it, then?' said Mr. Boulter. 'I will tear and burn it,' said he, 'and send it to the devil.' Mr. Boulter told him he should not have it. Upon this the gentleman promised to read it; and Mr. Boulter told him 'that, if he disliked it upon reading it, he would return him his money. About a month after the gentleman came to the shop again in a very modest habit, and with a serious countenance addressed him thus: 'Sir, I most heartily thank you for put-

ting this book into my hands. I bless God that ever I came into your shop.' And then he bought a hundred more of those books of him, and told him 'he would give them to the poor who could not buy them.'"

I HAVE SOULS ON BOARD!—During a recent voyage, sailing in a heavy sea near a reef of rocks, a minister on board the vessel remarked, in a conversation between the man at the helm and the sailors, an inquiry whether they should be able to clear the rocks without making another tack; when the captain gave orders that they should put off, to avoid all risk. The minister observed, "I am rejoiced we have so careful a commander." The captain replied, "It is necessary I should be very careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility; and, should anything happen through carelessness, that souls are very valuable." The minister, turning to one of his congregation who was upon deck with him, observed, "The captain has preached me a powerful sermon. I hope I shall never forget, when I am addressing my fellow-creatures on the concerns of eternity, that I have souls on board."

PUNCTUAL HEARER.—A woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early; she answered very wisely, "that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others."

THE DEAF WOMAN A CONSTANT ATTENDANT.—"I have in my congregation," said a venerable minister of the gospel, "a worthy aged woman, who has for many years been so deaf as not to distinguish the loudest sound, and yet she is always one of the first in the meeting. On asking the reason of her constant attendance (as it was impossible for her to hear my voice), she answered, 'Though I cannot hear you, I come to God's house because I love it, and would be found in his ways; and he gives me many a sweet thought upon the text when it is pointed out to me: another reason is because there I am in the best company, in the more immediate presence of God, and among his saints, the honourable of the earth. I am not satisfied with serving God in private; it is my duty and privilege to honour him regularly in public.'" What a reproof this to those who have their hearing, and yet always come to a place of worship late or not at all!

UNFAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

FOLLY OF RENOUNCING CHRIST.—A certain Italian having his enemy in his power, told him there was no possible way for him to save his life unless he would immediately deny and renounce his Saviour. The timorous wretch, in hopes of mercy, did it; when the other forthwith stabbed him to the heart, saying, "That now he had a full and noble revenge, for he had killed at once both his body and soul."

FORCE OF CUSTOM.—In a certain town not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of the deacons, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher, happening to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" the good deacon, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, "Seven and sixpence a dozen."

PROTESTANTS REPROVED.—"I remember," says Mr. Matthew Henry, "when I was a young man, coming up to London in the stagecoach, in King James's time, there happened to be a gentleman in the company that then was not afraid to own himself a Jesuit: many rencounters he and I had upon the road, and this was one; he was praising the custom, in popish countries, of keeping the church doors always open, for people to go in at any time to say their prayers. I told him that it looked too much like the practice of the Pharisees, that prayed in the synagogues, and did not agree with Christ's command, 'Thou, when thou prayest, enter not into the church with the doors open, but into thy closet, and shut thy doors.' When he was pressed with that argument, he replied with some vehemence, 'I believe you Protestants say your prayers nowhere; for,' said he, 'I have travelled a great deal in the coach in company with Protestants, have often laid in inns in the same room with them, and have carefully watched them, and could never perceive that any of them said their prayers, night or morning, but one, and he was a Presbyterian.' Superstitious and self-righteous as the Papists are, they are very attentive to the form, at least; while it is too true that many Protestants, so called, never pray at all. *Fas est doceri ab hoste.*

It is too common with some professors, under a pretence of magnifying the grace of God, to excuse their want of zeal and their negligence in the duties of religion by pleading that they can do nothing without the sensible influence of grace upon their minds.

I once heard a zealous minister (now with God) talking in his sleep, which was a very customary thing with him, and lamenting this disposition in some professors, which he thus reprov'd : "I am a poor creature, says one, and I can do nothing, says another. No, and I am afraid you *do not want to do much*. I know you have no strength of your own, but how is it you do not cry to the Strong for strength?"

THE LATE HEARER.—A minister whom I well knew, observing that some of his people made a practice of coming in very late, and after a considerable part of the sermon was gone through, was determined that they should feel the force of a public reproof. One day, therefore, as they entered the place of worship at their usual late period, the minister, addressing his congregation, said, "But, my hearers, it is time for us now to conclude, for here are our friends just come to fetch us home." We may easily conjecture what the parties felt at this curious but pointed address.

A HYPOCRITE.—A hypocrite is a saint that goes by clock-work; a machine made by the devil's geometry, which he winds and nicks to go as he pleases. He is the devil's finger watch that never goes true; but too fast or too slow, as the devil sets it. A hypocrite's religion is a mummery, and his gospel walkings nothing but a masquerade. He never wears his own person, but assumes a shape, as the devil does when he appears. A hypocrite is a weathercock upon the steeple of the church, that turns with every wind.—*Butler*.

Let me here just drop a word to those who, while they profess attachment to religion, only injure it by their irregularity of character. I believe nothing gives infidels a greater reason to suspect the reality of religion, nothing furnishes skeptics with stronger arguments for their tenets, nothing makes the profane more contented in their course of impiety, than when they find those who profess superior sanctity no better than the world at large. Lord Rochester told Bishop Burnet that "there was nothing that gave him and many others a more secret encouragement in their ill ways than that those who pretended to believe *lived* so that they

could not be thought to be in earnest." O ye professors who are marked for volatility of disposition and indecision of character, think what you are doing. Let not the sacred religion of Jesus be wounded in the house of his friends. If religion be nothing in your view, act honestly ; give up the name ; but if it be (as it surely is) divine, then let all your powers be employed in its defence, and your life one continued testimony of its excellence.

THE BARREN PROFESSORS REPROVED.—"What do ye more than others?" is a very important inquiry for the Christian to consider. The sublime doctrines, holy precepts, delightful promises, and bright prospects of the Christian religion, all tend to excite to diligence and activity. Yet how many who call themselves Christians are outdone in many things, even by heathens ! These things ought not so to be. An Atheist being asked by a professor of Christianity how he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state, replied, "As much am I astonished as yourself, that, believing the Christian religion to be true, you can quiet your conscience in living so much like the world. Did I believe what you profess, I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough." Reader, dost *thou* believe ? then show thy faith by thy works.

FAITH AND WORKS.—At a boarding-school in the vicinity of London, Miss —, one of the scholars, was remarked for repeating her lessons well. A schoolfellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" says the other ; "well, then, I will pray too." But, alas ! the next morning she could not repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her with having deceived her ; "I prayed," says she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it ! learn it !" answered the first, "I did not learn it at all : I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it." The reader will not fail to make the application.

VARIOUS CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER.—A person in high life once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, late lord-chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas, under the impression of great wrath and indignation at a real injury which he had received from a person high in the political world, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be manly to resent it! “Yes,” said the ornament of the bench, “it will be manly to resent it, but it will be godlike to forgive it.” The gentleman declared that this had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite a different man and in a totally different temper from that in which he went.

“What great matter,” said a heathen to a Christian, while he was beating him almost to death, “what great matter did Christ ever do for thee?” “Even this,” said the Christian; “that I can forgive you, though you use me thus cruelly.”

THE MISTAKEN DOCTOR.—A lady, being visited with a violent disorder, was under the necessity of applying for medical assistance. Her doctor, being a gentleman of great latitude in his religious sentiments, endeavoured, in the course of his attendance, to persuade his patient to adopt his creed as well as to take his medicines. He frequently insisted, with a considerable degree of dogmatism, that *repentance* and *reformation* were all that either God or man could require of us, and that, consequently, there was no necessity for an atonement by the sufferings of the Son of God. As this was a doctrine the lady did not believe, she contented herself with following his medical prescriptions without embracing his religious, or, rather, irreligious creed. On her recovery she forwarded a note to the doctor, desiring the favour of his company to tea when it suited his convenience, and requested him to make out his bill. In a short time he made his visit, and, the teatable being removed, she addressed him as follows: “My long illness has occasioned you a number of journeys, and, I suppose, doctor, you have procured my medicines at considerable expense.” The doctor acknowledged that “good drugs were not to be obtained but at a very high price.” Upon which she replied, “I am sorry that I have put you to so much labour and expense, and also

promise that, on any future indisposition, I will never trouble you again. So you see that I both *repent* and *reform*, and that is all you require." The doctor, immediately shrugging up his shoulders, exclaimed, "That will not do for me." *The words of the wise are as goads.*—Ecc. xii., 11.

PERSEVERANCE.—Two negroes at the South, who had just been to hear an eloquent pulpit discourse, were conversing together respecting it, when one remarked that he could "no understand." The other replied that he understood all but one word. "What dat?" "*Perseverance!*" "Oh, me tell you what dat mean; it mean, take right hold, hold fast, hang on, and no let go."

DR. PAYSON'S MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY.—"What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your own thoughts and feelings, what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

JOHN RANDOLPH'S MOTHER.—The late John Randolph, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows:

"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though that was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for *one recollection*, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, '*Our Father who art in heaven.*'"

EFFECTS OF PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—It is notorious that indulged children become hard-hearted, ungrateful, cruel to their parents in advanced life. There is no true and abiding love towards a parent where there is not genuine respect for authority. They first contemn his authority, then despise him, then hate him, then resent, disregard, and abuse him. They claim it as a *right* to have their wishes gratified; they revenge refusal. Why should they not? They are but carrying out the principles in which he has educated them.

Their parent has taught them so. He has not trained them up in the way they *should go*, but in the way they *would go*. He has suffered human wisdom to reverse the mandate of Divine. He has accommodated his government to their selfish wills, instead of subduing those wills to rightful authority. The consequence is, a continued and growing misunderstanding and variance between them and the authorities over them, first between them and their parents, then between them and their teachers, then between them and their Bible, then between them and their God, and this breach gradually widens to an impassable gulf.—*Winslow*.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—It is of great importance how parents act towards their children. A wanton young lady once told her vicious mother, who was standing by her bedside, “that it was too late to speak of God to her; for,” says she, “you have undone me, and I am going to hell before, and you will certainly come after.” Plato, seeing a child doing mischief in the streets, went immediately and corrected its father for it. That father who does not correct his child when he does amiss is himself justly corrected for his faults, and it is the pattern of God’s judicial proceedings; for as he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children who *imitate them*, so he visits the iniquities of the children upon the fathers who *countenance and indulge them*.

DELIBERATION; OR, THE TOWN-CLERK OF EPHESUS.—Deliberation, which is the act of considering things before an undertaking or making choice, is very essential to our honour and comfort in the present state. “I have heard one say,” observes Dr. Mather, “that there was a gentleman in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom he was more indebted than to any man in the world. This was he whom our translation calls the Town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel it was to do nothing rashly. Upon any proposal of consequences, it was a usual speech with him, ‘We shall first advise with the Town-clerk of Ephesus.’ One, in a fond compliance with a friend, forgetting the town-clerk, may do that in haste which he may repent at leisure; may do what may cost him several hundreds of pounds, besides troubles which he would not have undergone for thousands.”

EXAMPLE.—One of the most effectual means of doing good and impressing the minds of others is by example. He who exhibits those excellences in his life which he pro-

claims with his tongue will appear the most amiable and prove the most useful. A fine genius, a retentive memory, and an eloquent tongue may be desirable, but an enlightened mind and uniform life are every way superior. Well-doing must be joined with well-thinking in order to form the Christian and constitute real excellence of character.

It is observed of Cæsar that he never said to his soldiers "Ite," go on; but "Venite," come on, or follow me. So our great Exemplar, while he commands us to duty, hath shown us the way. "Follow me," is the Divine injunction.

Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built. The other, who got up after him, only observed, "That what his brother had spoken he could do;" and thus he at once gained the cause. So, however excellent the discussion or profession of Christianity may be, the practice of it is far more so

A GOOD CONSCIENCE is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity with us, that more than countervail all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and nothing palliates the offence more than our consciousness that we do not deserve them. "If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," says he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a *good conscience*.

HUMILITY.—"Should any one," saith St. Augustine, "ask me concerning the Christian religion and the people of it, I would answer that the first, second, and third things therein, and all, is humility."

Ignatius was so humble that he disdained not to learn of any. Gregory the Great was so exemplary in his humility, that, though he was born of noble parents, yet he had so little respect to his descent, that he would often say, with tears in his eyes, "that all glory was miserable if the owner of it did not seek after the glory of God." King Agathocles would be served in earthen vessels, to remind him of his father, who was a poor potter. Wellegis, archbishop of Mentz, being a wheelwright's son, hung wheels and wheelwright's tools about his bedchamber, and wrote under them, in capital letters, "Wellegis, Wellegis, remember thy original." "This is all I know," said a philosopher, "that I know nothing."

MR. J. FLETCHER.—It is recorded of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, that he never thought anything too mean but sin; he looked on nothing else as beneath his character. If he overtook a poor man or woman on the road with a burden too heavy for them, he did not fail to offer his assistance to bear part of it; and he would not easily take a denial. This, indeed, he has frequently done.

When Lord North, during the American war, sent to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Medeley (who had written on the unfortunate American war in a manner that had pleased the minister), to know what he wanted, he sent him word that he wanted but one thing (which it was not in his lordship's power to give him), and that was, *more grace*. "Sit anima mea cum Fletcher."

THE MINISTER'S PRAYER-BOOK.—The pastor of a congregation in America, after many years' labour among his people, was supposed by them to have declined much in his vigour and usefulness; in consequence of which, two gentlemen of the congregation waited upon him and exhibited their complaints. The minister received them with much affection, and assured them that he was equally sensible of his languor and little success, and that the cause had given him very great uneasiness. The gentlemen wished he would mention what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation, the minister replied, "The loss of my prayer-book." "Your prayer-book!" said one of the gentlemen, with surprise; "I never knew you used one." "Yes," replied the minister, "I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years till lately, and I attribute my want of success to the loss of it. The prayers of my people were my prayer-

book, and it has occasioned great grief to me that they have laid it aside. Now if you will return and procure me the use of my prayer-book again, I doubt not that I shall preach much better, and that you will hear more profitably." The gentlemen, conscious of their neglect, thanked the minister for the reproof, and wished him a good-morning.

CIVILITY.—"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him." Were superiors to keep this in view, yea, were all mankind to observe it, how much happier would the world be than what it is? We may say of this disposition, "that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

Frederic II., king of Prussia, made it a point to return every mark of respect or civility shown him in the street by those who met him. He one day observed at table, that, whenever he rode the streets of Berlin, his hat was always in his hand. Baron Pollnitz, who was present, said "that his majesty had no occasion to notice the civility of every one who pulled his hat off to him in the street." "And why not?" said the king, in a lively tone: "are they not all human beings as well as myself?"

It was a maxim of a celebrated minister, "that if a child but lisped to give you pleasure, you ought to be pleased." When occasionally preaching in the villages, he used to be delighted in visiting the poor, and, when solicited, would regale himself with their brown bread and black tea; but took care, at the same time, that they should lose nothing by their attention. "When a poor person shows anxiety to administer to your comfort," he would say, "do not interrupt him. Why deprive him of the pleasure of expressing his friendship?"

THE SABBATH.—Bishop Andrews observes, "that to keep the Sabbath in an idle manner is the Sabbath of oxen and asses; to keep it in a jovial manner, to see plays and sights, to be at cards and entertainments, is the Sabbath of the golden calf; but to keep it in surfeiting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, this is the Sabbath of Satan, and the devil's holyday."

THE SABBATH-BREAKER SILENCED.—A pious poor old man of our church at —, in reasoning with a Sabbath-

breaker, said, "Suppose now I had seven shillings, and suppose I met a man and gave him six shillings freely out of the seven; what would you say to that?" "Why, I should say you were very kind, and that the man ought to be thankful." "Well, but suppose he was to knock me down and rob me of the other shilling; what then?" "Why, then he'd deserve hanging." "Well, now, this is your case; 'thou art the man;' God has freely given you six days to work and earn your bread, and the seventh he has kept for himself, and commands us to keep it holy; but you, not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh; what, then, do you deserve?" The man was silenced.

WASHINGTON.—In the town of —, in Connecticut, where the roads were extremely rough, Washington was overtaken by night on Saturday, not being able to reach the village where he designed to rest on the Sabbath. Next morning, about sunrise, his coach was harnessed, and he was proceeding forward to an inn near the place of worship which he proposed to attend. A plain man, who was an informing officer, came from a cottage and inquired of the coachman whether there was any urgent reasons for his travelling on the Lord's day. The general, instead of resenting this as an impertinent rudeness, ordered the coachman to stop, and with great civility explained the circumstances to the officer, commending him for his fidelity, and assured him that nothing was farther from his intention than to treat with disrespect the laws and usages of Connecticut relative to the Sabbath, which met with his most cordial approbation.

RESTITUTION.

ANECDOTE BY DR. CLARKE.—A gentleman in — attended the preaching of Dr. Clarke, and was deeply convinced of sin. With strong prayer and tears he sought pardon, but found not. Being confined by sickness soon after, he sent for Dr. Clarke, who came; but learning how long he had mourned, and with what earnestness he had sought salvation, he secretly wondered at God's so long withholding freedom from such deep repentance; and finding the lamp of life burning low, and mental agony hurrying on its extinction, with tender but firm language he said, "It is not often, Mr. —, that God thus deals with a soul so deeply hum-

bled as yours, and in his own appointed way seeking redemption. Sir, there must be a cause. You have left something undone which it is your duty and interest to have done. God judge between you and it."

Fixing his eyes intently on Dr. Clarke, the gentleman gave the following narration: "In the year — I was at —, and took my passage in the ship — for England. Before sailing, some merchants put on board a small bag of dollars, which were given in charge to the captain for such and such parties. I saw the transaction, and noticed the captain's carelessness, who left the bag day after day rolling upon the locker. For the simple purpose of frightening him, I hid it. He made no inquiries, and we arrived at —. I still retained it till it should be missed. Months passed, and still no inquiry was made. The parties to whom it had been consigned came to the captain for it. He remembered receiving it in charge, but no more. It must have been left behind. Search was made, letters written, but it could not be found. All this occupied some months. I had now become alarmed and ashamed to confess, lest I should implicate my character.

"The captain was sued, and, having nothing to pay, was cast into prison. He maintained his innocence as to the theft, but confessed his carelessness. He languished two years in prison, and died. Guilt had by this time hardened my mind. I strove to be happy in the amusements of the world, but all in vain. Under your preaching the voice of God broke in upon my conscience. I have agonized at the throne of mercy for the sake of Christ for pardon; but God is deaf to my prayer. I must go down to the grave unpardoned, unsaved."

Dr. Clarke suggested to the dying penitent that God claimed from him not only *repentance*, but *restitution*. The widow and fatherless children still lived. The gentleman readily consented. The sum, with interest and compound interest, was made up and given to the widow, to whom the circumstances were made known. The dying man's mind was calmed, and soon, in firm hope of pardon, he died.

"THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH."—When the Angel of Death hovers over the bed of sickness, the compunctious visitings of conscience come upon the soul of the guilty, and bring with them the horror of remorse, late repentance, and the desire of restitution. It is one of the most consoling articles of the Christian faith that such repentance

is followed with hope of forgiveness, peace of mind, and quiet resignation. A fact just related to us it may be useful to record, as an admonitory lesson to all who may fall into the like temptation. In the course of the forenoon of yesterday, a person called at the office of Messrs. Beers and Bunnell, and handed to Mr. Beers the sum of twenty dollars, stating that it was from a young man who, in changing money for his master, received that sum above what he should have received, at Beers and Bunnell's office, and, without saying anything of it to his master, appropriated it to his own use. The person who handed in the money declined giving the name of the conscience-struck young man, but observed that he was lying on a bed of sickness, probably of death, and that he could not rest in view of the hereafter till the money had been returned as evidence of his bitter contrition.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

THE PRACTICAL HEARER.—A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all that he delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered; I remembered to burn my bushel." A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

SLANDER.

A Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer: "*Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.*" May we not say of mankind at large that they are bound to pray for their enemies, and not to rail at them?

Among the Romans there was a law, that if any servant who had been set free slandered his former master, the master might bring him into bondage again, and take from him all the favours he had bestowed on him.

Augustine had a distich written on his table, which inti-

mated that whoever attacked the character of the absent were to be excluded. Such a distich, in modern times, I think, would be very serviceable.

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him. "Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him." One would think this monarch had learned that precept, "Speak not evil one of another."

The famous Boerhaave was one not easily moved by detraction. He used to say, "The sparks of calumny will be presently extinct of themselves unless you blow them." It was a good remark of another, that "the malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which, though it clouds its beauty for the present, yet it is easily rubbed off, and the gem restored, with little trouble to its owner."

VALUABLE SENTENCE.—If your enemy is forced to have recourse to a lie to blacken you, consider what a comfort it is to think of your having supported such a character as to render it impossible for malice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood; and trust to the genuine fairness of your character to clear itself in the end.

ORIGIN OF SLANDER.—Mother Jasper told me that she heard Greatwood's wife say that John Hardston's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Lusty was present when the widow Barkman said that Hertall's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Miss Oxley reckoned that Sam Trifle's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Rheumer's woman say that her mother told her that Mrs. Garden had two husbands!!

REV. MR. HAYNES.—The late Royal Tyler, chief justice of Vermont, when on his circuit at Rutland, frequently spent an evening with Mr. Haynes, of whose talents and principles he ever expressed himself in terms of the highest admiration. He often entertained his family and friends on his return home with anecdotes strikingly illustrative of Mr. Haynes's quickness of perception and reply.

The two following will furnish a specimen:

Happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled, he thought, from what he overheard, they were making too free with the characters of their neighbours; and after their visitors had departed he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered, "But, father, what shall we talk about? We must talk of something." "If you can do nothing else," said he, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time afterward an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening discussions upon some points of Christian doctrine were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing the Christian temper; when his eldest daughter overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, entered the room, gave it to her father, and said, "There, father, roll it about, roll it about." Mr. Haynes was obliged to explain, and good-humour was instantly restored.

When a revival of religion was in progress in his parish, and Satan gave intimations of dissatisfaction (as he is wont to do at such times), some of his students, having been slandered for their zeal and activity, made their complaints to him of what they had suffered, and expected his sympathy and protection. After a pause Mr. Haynes observed, "I knew all this before." "Why, then," said one, "did you not inform us?" "Because," said he, "it was not worth communicating; and I now tell you plainly, and once for all, my young friends, it is best to let the devil carry his own mail and bear its expenses."

BIGOTRY AND PREJUDICE.

Nothing is more opposite to the spirit of Christianity than bigotry. "This," as one observes, "arraigns, and condemns, and executes all that do not bow down and worship the image of its idolatry. Possessing exclusive prerogative, it rejects every other claim. How many of the dead has it sentenced to eternal misery who will shine for ever as stars in the kingdom of their Father! How many living characters does it reprobate as enemies to the cross of Christ who are placing in it all their glory!"

A bigoted, litigious Christian, if he be right in his opinions (which is much to be doubted), is wrong in his way of defending them: he keeps a doctrine and breaks a commandment.

Dr. Berkeley, late prebendary of Canterbury, in his sermon on the 1st Tim. i., 15, declares that salvation is promised *only to the episcopal church*; and another modern divine, in a recent publication, devoutly *gives up all dissenters from episcopacy to the uncovenanted mercies of God*. Benign Jehovah, defend us from such illiberality!

MR. STAUNTON.—When Mr. Staunton preached a lecture on Lord's day afternoon at —, in Oxfordshire, his labours were so acceptable that people flocked from all parts to hear him. This was not pleasing to the incumbent, who took the more time in reading prayers, that this novel lecturer might have the less time for preaching, and then left the church, but was followed by none but his clerk, whom he would not suffer to give out the psalm. Mr. Staunton had preached some time on that text, "Buy the truth and sell it not;" upon which the incumbent, when he met any coming into the church as he went out, would say, with a sneer, "What! are you going to buy the truth?" Poor creature, how it hurt him to see all the people going one way, while he and his clerk were going another!

LUTHER.—Wickliffe's bones were dug up forty years after he was buried, and thrown into the river. But it deserves to be recorded of Charles V. that he would not suffer Luther's bones to be touched, though he was an avowed enemy to him. While Charles's troops were quartered at Wirtemberg in 1547, which was one year after Luther's death, a soldier gave Luther's effigy, in the church of the castle, two stabs with his dagger; and the Spaniards earnestly desired that his tomb might be pulled down, and his bones dug up and burned; but the emperor wisely answered, "I have nothing farther to do with Luther; he has henceforth another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not lawful for me to usurp. Know that I make no war with the dead, but with the living, who still make war with me." He would not, therefore, suffer his tomb to be demolished, and he forbade any attempt of that nature, upon pain of death.

DR. CHEYNELL.—Such is the nature of bigotry and such the evil of prejudice, that it insults the dead as well as the living. Chillingworth's book, entitled "The Religion of Protestants, a Safe Way to Salvation," is acknowledged to be one of the most solid and rational defences of Protestantism ever published. But such was Dr. Cheynell's preju-

dice against it, that, when Chillingworth was buried, he came to his grave with this book in his hand, and, after a short preamble to the people, in which he assured them how happy it would be for the kingdom if this book and all its fellows could be so buried that they might never rise more unless it were for a confutation, "Get thee gone," said he, "thou cursed book, which has seduced so many precious souls; get thee gone, thou corrupt, rotten book, earth to earth, dust to dust, get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou mayst rot with thy author, and see corruption." Poor doctor! how feeble thy efforts, how ineffectual thy wishes! Protestantism yet lives and flourishes, and we have reason to believe it will live and extend itself in all directions; and for this reason, because it is the religion of the Bible and the cause of truth. Enemies it may and will have, but, "being divine, it is incapable of being wounded, and will, in the issue, walk with a meek and godlike dignity over the graves of her opponents, and finally triumph in the complete blessedness of all her adherents."

BIGOTED HEARER.—A person meeting another returning after having heard a popular preacher, said to him, "Well, I hope you have been highly gratified." "Indeed I have," replied the other. "I wish I could have prevailed on you to hear him: I am sure you would never have relished any other preacher afterward." "Then," replied the wiser Christian, "I am determined I never will hear him, for I wish to hear such a preacher as will give me so high a relish and esteem for the word of God, that I shall receive it with greater eagerness and delight whenever it is delivered."

PRIDE.

(*Related by Mr. Brydone.*) "At Bologna they showed us the skeleton of a celebrated beauty, who died at a period of life when she was still the object of universal admiration. By way of making atonement for her own vanity, she bequeathed herself as a monument to curb the vanity of others. Recollecting on her deathbed the great adulation that had been paid to her charms, and the fatal change they were soon to undergo, she ordered that her body should be dissected and her bones hung up for the inspection of all young maidens who are inclined to be vain of their beauty."

SALADIN THE GREAT.—It is said of Saladin the Great, after he had subdued Egypt, and passed the Euphrates, and conquered cities without number; after he had retaken Jerusalem, and performed exploits more than human in those wars which superstition had stirred up for the recovery of the Holy Land, he finished his life in the performance of an action that ought to be transmitted to the most distant posterity.

A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles; he commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl this banner; and, while you lift up this standard, proclaim, This, this is all that remains to Saladin the Great (the conqueror and the king of the empire) of all his glory."

"Christians," says Saurin, "I perform to-day the office of this herald. I fasten to the staff of a spear sensual and intellectual pleasures, worldly riches, and human honours. All these I reduce to the price of crape in which you will be shortly buried. This standard of death I lift up in your sight, and I cry, This, this is all that will remain to you of the possessions for which you exchanged your souls."

A DERVIS.—A sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a dervis sitting with a human skull in his lap, and appearing to be in a profound revery: his attitude and manner surprised the sultan, who demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the dervis, "this skull was presented to me this morning; and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch like your majesty or a poor dervis like myself."

A humbling consideration, truly!

ENVY.

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Cambyzes, king of Persia, slew his brother Smerdis out of envy, because he could draw a stronger bow than himself or any of his followers; and the monster Caligula slew his brother because he was a beautiful young man.

Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of such an envious and malicious disposition, that Publius, one day observing him to be very sad, said, "Either some great evil is happened to Mutius, or some great good to another."

"Dionysius the tyrant," says Plutarch, "out of envy, punished Philoxenius the musician because he could sing; and Plato the philosopher because he could dispute better than himself."

EXAMPLES OF PRIDE.—When one asked a philosopher what the great God was doing, he replied, "His whole employment is to lift up the humble and to cast down the proud." And, indeed, there is no one sin which the Almighty seems more determined to punish than this. The examples of God's displeasure against it are most strikingly exhibited in the histories of Pharaoh, Hezekiah, Haman, Nebuchadnezzar, and Herod.

One day, when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth and the great estates in his possession (which generally blow up the pride of young people of quality), Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small that it could scarcely be discerned upon the draught; he found it, however, though with some difficulty; but, upon being desired to point out his own estate there, "It is too small," says he, "to be distinguished in so little a space." "See, then," replied Socrates, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land!" This reasoning might have been urged much farther still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the whole world itself to the vast extent of the infinite orbs which surround it? What an insect, what a nothing is the most powerful prince of the earth in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces, and how little of it does he occupy!

INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.—A favourite of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, had risen to so high a degree of honour that he used to say he had but two discontentments in this life; the first was, that he could grow no greater, so great was he already become; and the second, that the king, with all his revenues, seemed to him too poor to add any sensible increase to his. Not many days after this the arrogant upstart was detected by Ptolemy in a treacherous intrigue, condemned to be hung before his own door, and all his effects confiscated.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL LIE TOGETHER.—Diogenes was not in the wrong, who, when the great Alexander, finding him in the charnel-house, asked him what he was seek-

ing for, answered, "I am seeking for your father's bones and those of my slave; but I cannot find them, because there is no difference between them."

COVETOUSNESS.

Achan's covetous humour made him steal that wedge of gold which served to cleave his soul from God; it made Judas betray Christ; "what will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" It made Absalom attempt to pluck the crown from his father's head. He that is 'a Demas will soon prove a Judas. 2 Tim. iii., 2, "Men shall be covetous;" and it follows in the next verse, *traitors*. When covetousness is in the premises, treason will be in the conclusion. Why did Ahab stone Naboth to death but to possess the vineyard?

The covetous person bows down to the image of gold. His money is his god, for he puts his trust in it. Money is his creator; when he hath abundance of wealth, then he thinks he is made: it is his redeemer; if he be in any strait or trouble, he flies to his money, and that must redeem him: it is his comforter; when he is sad, he tells over his money, and with this golden harp he drives away the evil spirit: when you see a covetous man, you may say there goes an idolater.

In the parable, the thorn choked the seed. This is the reason the word preached doth no more good; the seed often falls among thorns; thousands of sermons lie buried in earthly hearts. A covetous man hath a withered hand; he cannot reach it out to clothe or feed such as are in want.

"Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come."

BLAIR.

"Joshua," says Ambrose, "could stop the course of the sun, but all his power could not stop the course of avarice. The sun stood still, but avarice went on. Joshua obtained a victory when the sun stood still; but, when avarice was at work, Joshua was defeated."

MR. OSTERVOLD.—In December, 1790, died at Paris, literally of want, Mr. Ostervald, a well-known banker. This man felt the violence of the disease of avarice (for surely it

is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what, then, is to become of that?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag which contained 800 assignats of 1000 livres each. At his outset in life he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night at a house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle corks he could come at: of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for 12 louis d'ors; a sum that laid the foundation of his future fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of 125,000*l.* sterling.

CONSTANTINE.—Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and told him, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have." "I take this spear," says Saurin; "I mark out this space among you; in a few days you will be worth no more than this. Go to the tomb of the avaricious man; go down and see his coffin and his shroud; in a few days these may be all you will have."

MR. ELWES.—There have been few persons in whom avarice has predominated more than in the late Mr. Elwes. His mother, indeed, was excessively avaricious; and though she was left nearly 100,000*l.* by her husband, yet she absolutely starved herself to death. Mr. Elwes seemed not less wretched than his mother. At his house at Stoke, in Suffolk, if a window were broken, it was mended by a piece of brown paper, or by patching it with a small bit of glass; and this had been done so frequently and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they represented. To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen! In the advance of the season his morning employment was to pick up chips, bones, or anything he could find, and carry them home in his pocket for fire! One day he

was surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with great difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose; and when the gentleman wondered why he should give himself so much trouble, "Oh, sir," replied Elwes, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so; do but see what waste they make. They don't care how extravagant they are." He would almost eat anything to save expense. At a time when he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds he would eat game at the last state of putrefaction, and meat that no other person could touch! As to his dress, anything would do. He wore a wig for a fortnight which he had picked up in a rut in the lane when riding with another gentleman. His shoes he never suffered to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. As the infirmities of old age, however, came upon him, he began to be more wretched. It is said that he was heard frequently at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money; nobody shall rob me of my property." There are many other remarkable circumstances related of him, but what we have already quoted will afford a striking proof of the vanity of sublunary things, and of the insufficiency of riches to render mankind happy.

DANIEL DANCER, Esq.—Daniel Dancer, Esq., was remarkable for a miserly disposition. Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate man. She had one day the pleasure of prevailing on him to purchase a hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a shilling; but, to her great surprise, when she called the next day, she saw the old *chapeau* still covered his head! On inquiry it was found that, after much solicitation, he had prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat for *eighteen pence*, which Mr. Dancer bought the day before for a shilling! He generally, in severe weather, laid in bed to keep himself warm; to light a fire he thought expensive, though he had 3000*l.* per annum, besides immense riches! He never took snuff, for that was extravagant, but he always carried a snuff box! This probably he would fill in the course of a month by pinches obtained from others! When the box was full he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighbouring green grocer's; this candle was made to last till the box was again full, as he never suffered any light in his house except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands but when the sun shone forth;

then he would betake himself to a neighbouring pool, and used sand instead of soap; when he was washed he would lie on his back, and dry himself in the sun, as he never used a towel, for that would wear, and, when dirty, the washing was expensive. Since his death there have been jugs of dollars and shillings found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose even *Old Griffiths* could not tell; but it now appears that he used to rob one jug to add to the other.

THREE MISERS.—Sir Harvey Elwes, the miser, notwithstanding his dislike of society, was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village of Stoke, and to which belonged two other baronets besides himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. With these three, though all rich, the reckoning was always a subject of the minutest investigation. One day, when they were engaged in settling this difficult point, a wag, who was a member, called out to a friend that was passing, "For Heaven's sake step up stairs and assist the poor! Here are three baronets, worth a million of money, quarrelling about a farthing."

PETERSBURGH MISER.—A Russian merchant, who was so immensely rich that on one occasion he lent the Empress Catharine the Second a million of rubles, used to live in a small, obscure room at St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died; when the master, either impelled by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one which he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his faithful sentinel.

VANDILLE.—M. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old

woman to attend him in his garret, and allowed her only seven sous per week, or a half-penny per day.

His usual diet was bread and milk; and, by way of indulgence, some poor sour wine on a Sunday. This prudent economist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with what constituted all his happiness. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly and washed down his bread without expense to himself.

A COVETOUS BISHOP.—John Cameron, bishop of Glasgow, was so given to covetousness, extortion, violence, and oppression, especially upon his own tenants and vassals, that he would scarcely afford them bread to eat or clothes to cover their nakedness. But the night before Christmas-day, and in the midst of all his cruelties, as he lay in his bed at his house in Lockwood, he heard a voice summoning him to appear before the tribunal of Christ, and give an account of his actions. Being terrified with this notice and the pangs of a guilty conscience, he called up his servants, commanding them to bring lights and stay in the room with him. He himself took a book in his hand and began to read; but the voice, being heard a second time, struck all the servants with horror. The same voice repeating the summons a third time, and with a louder and more dreadful accent, the bishop, after a lamentable and frightful groan, was found dead in his bed, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, a dreadful spectacle to all beholders. This relation is made by the celebrated historian Buchanan, who records it as a remarkable example of God's judgment against the sin of oppression.

FAIR AWARD.—A peasant once entered the hall of justice at Florence at the time that Alexander, duke of Tuscany, was presiding. He stated that he had the good fortune to find a purse of sixty ducats; and learning that it belonged to Friuli the merchant, who offered a reward of ten ducats to the finder, he restored it to him, but that he had refused the promised reward. The duke instantly ordered Friuli to be summoned into his presence, and questioned why he refused the reward. The merchant replied "that he con-

ceived the peasant had paid himself ; for although, when he gave notice of his loss, he said this purse only contained sixty ducats, it in fact had seventy in it." The duke inquired if this mistake was discovered before the purse was found. Friuli answered in the negative. "Then," said the duke, "as I have a very high opinion of the honesty of this peasant, I am induced to believe that there is indeed a mistake in this transaction ; for as the purse you lost had in it seventy ducats, and this which he found contains sixty only, it is impossible that it can be the same." He then gave the purse to the peasant, and promised to protect him against all future claimants.

AVARICIOUS CHARACTERS.—The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice. My Lord-chancellor Hardwick, when worth eight hundred thousand pounds, set the same value on half a crown then as when he was worth only one hundred pounds. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair-hire. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver and paying twopence for a dish of coffee in George's coffeehouse, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home ; some little time after he returned to the same coffeehouse on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.⁴ I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a commissioner in the victualling office ; he killed himself by rising in the night when he was under the effect of a sudorific, and going down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour ; he was apprehensive his servants might seize the key and deprive him of a bottle of wine. This man died intestate, and left more than two hundred thousand pounds in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relatives.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes.*

VANITY OF THE WORLD.—Charles V., emperor of Germany, king of Spain, and lord of the Netherlands, was born at Ghent in the year 1500. He is said to have fought sixty battles, in most of which he was victorious; to have obtained six triumphs; conquered four kingdoms; and to have added eight principalities to his dominions; an almost unparalleled instance of worldly prosperity and the greatness of human glory. But all these fruits of his ambition and all the honours that attended him could not yield him true and solid satisfaction. Reflecting on the evils and miseries which he had occasioned, and convinced of the emptiness of earthly magnificence, he became disgusted with all the splendour that surrounded him, and thought it his duty to withdraw from it, and spend the rest of his days in religious retirement. Accordingly, he voluntarily resigned all his dominions to his brother and son; and after taking an affectionate and last farewell of his son and a numerous retinue of princes and nobility that respectfully attended him, he repaired to his chosen retreat, which was situated in a vale in Spain of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded with rising grounds covered with lofty trees. A deep sense of his frail condition and great imperfection appears to have impressed his mind in this extraordinary resolution and through the remainder of his life. As soon as he landed in Spain he fell prostrate on the ground, and, considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind!"

It was a good speech of an emperor, "You," said he, "gaze on my purple robe and golden crown; but, did you know what cares are under it, you would not take it up from the ground to have it." It was a true saying of Augustine, "Many are miserable by loving hurtful things; but they are more miserable by having them."

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

JEWEL.—Such is the force of example, that even our enemies are sometimes penetrated with admiration, and constrained to bear testimony in our favour. It is observed of Bishop Jewel, that his affability of behaviour and sanctity of life made a fierce and bigoted papist sometimes say to him, "I should love thee, Jewel, if thou wert not a Zuinglian. In

thy faith thou art a heretic; but, surely, in thy life thou art an angel. Thou art very good and honest, but a Lutheran."

HOOKEK.—It is mentioned as an amiable part of the character of the judicious Mr. Hooker, that he used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would strive earnestly to be so for the sake of my aged mother, that I may requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy."

THE PIOUS MORAVIAN.—In a late war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it he went up and knocked at the door: out comes an ancient Hernouten (better known in this country by the name of Moravian Brethren), with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide: "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and, at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine." This stroke (says my author, and that justly) goes directly to the heart. I defy an Atheist to produce me anything once to be compared with it. And surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

LADY H.—Lady H. once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressed him to take some thought concerning eternity and the state of his soul. Some years afterward she was speaking to another on the same subject, and said to him, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," an-

swered the man. "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

THE PUGILISTS.—A serious young man in the army, not having a place in the barracks in which he was quartered wherein to pour out his soul unto God in secret, went one dark night into a large field adjoining. Here he thought no eye could see or ear hear him but God's; but He "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts" ordained otherwise. Two ungodly men belonging to the same regiment, in whose hearts enmity had long subsisted against each other, were resolved that night to end it, as they said, by a battle, being prevented at daytime for fear of punishment. They chose the same field to fight as the other had chosen to pray. Now the field was very large, and they might have taken different ways; but they were led by Providence to the same spot where the young man was engaged in this delightful exercise. They were surprised at hearing, as they thought, a voice in the field at that time of night, and much more so when they drew nearer and heard a man at prayer. They halted and gave attention; and, wonderful to tell, the prayer had such an effect upon both as to turn that enmity they before manifested against each other into love. They took each other instantly by the hand, and cordially confessed that there remained no longer in either of their breasts hatred against each other.

GOOD EXAMPLES NEGLECTED.—The Rhodians and Lydians enacted laws, that those sons which followed not their fathers in their virtues, but imitated vicious examples, should be disinherited, and their lands given to the most virtuous of that race, not admitting any impious heir to inherit; and do you think that God will not disinherit all those of heaven and happiness who follow vicious examples? Assuredly he will.

Precepts instruct us what things are our duty, but examples assure us that they are practicable. They resemble a clear stream, wherein we may not only discover our spots, but wash them off. When we see men like ourselves, who are united to frail flesh, and in the same condition with us commanding their passions, overcoming the most glorious and glittering temptations, we are encouraged in our spiritual welfare.

Examples, by a secret and lively incentive, urge us to imitation. The Romans kept in their houses pictures of their progenitors, to animate their spirits and stimulate them to follow the precedents set before them. We are sensibly affected by the visible practice of saints, which reproaches our defects, and obliges us to the same care and zeal more than by laws, though both holy and good. Now the example of Christ is more proper to form us for holiness; it being absolutely perfect, and accommodated to our present state.

When Seneca received the message of death from Nero, he heard it with firmness and even with joy. He wished to dispose of his possessions as he pleased, but this was refused; and when he heard it, he turned to his friends who were weeping at his melancholy fate, and told them that, since he could not leave them what he believed to be his own, he would leave them at least "his own life for an example!" An innocent conduct which they might imitate, and by which they might acquire immortal fame. Happy are they who, if they can leave nothing else to posterity, can leave them a good example! This has sometimes proved a legacy more enriching and useful than the best bequest of untold wealth or the most valuable treasures.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

MR. FLAVEL.—Mr. Flavel, driven by persecution from Dartmouth, took shipping for London. When the vessel was nigh the Isle of Portland, they were overtaken with so violent a storm that the mariners were all of opinion they could not possibly escape shipwreck unless the wind should change. At this juncture Mr. Flavel requested them to join with him in prayer; and he accordingly committed himself and them to the Providence of God. As soon as prayer was ended the wind altered favourably, and one of the crew came down from the deck, shouting, "Deliverance! God is a prayer-hearing God!" Mr. Flavel reached London in safety, and died in tranquillity many years afterward.

A PIOUS YOUTH.—In the Duchy of Magdeburg, a part of the German dominions of the King of Prussia, one of the royal gamekeepers, a man who lived and brought up his family in the fear of God, fell very dangerously sick. His

wife, with all his children, who were still in their infancy, surrounded the bed of the apparently dying man and wept bitterly. One of the boys retired secretly into a summer-house in the garden, knelt down, and prayed fervently in these words: "Gracious God! do not let my father die yet; let him live at least till I am fourteen years old." He rose comforted from his knees, entered the room, and found his father quite altered. The father recovered completely, lived till the boy attained exactly the age of fourteen years, and then died.

MR. LONGDON.—A person came to him one day and said, "Mr. Longdon, I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend: if I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper: but, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

FREDERIC.—Frederic, elector of Saxony, intending to war against the Archbishop of Magdeburg, sent a spy to inquire into his preparations; and being informed that he gave himself up to prayer and fasting, committing his cause to God alone, "Let him fight him that will," said he; "I am not mad enough to fight with the man who makes God his refuge and defence."

MR. INCE.—Though the following instance of the praying Ince has often been read, and perhaps as often told, yet, as there *may* be some into whose hands this work may fall who have never read or heard it, we shall here insert it. Not long after the year 1662, Mr. Grove, a gentleman of great opulence, whose seat was near Birdbush, upon his wife's lying dangerously ill, sent to his parish minister to pray with her. When the messenger came he was just going out with the hounds, and sent word he would come when the hunt was over. At Mr. Grove's expressing much resentment against the minister for choosing rather to follow his diversions than attend his wife under the circumstances in which she then lay, one of the servants said, "Sir, our shep-

herd, if you will send for him, can pray very well; we have often heard him at prayer in the field." Upon this he was immediately sent for; and Mr. Grove asking him "whether he ever did or could pray," the shepherd fixed his eyes upon him, and, with peculiar seriousness in his countenance, replied, "God forbid, sir, I should live one day without prayer." Hereupon he was desired to pray with the sick lady, which he did so pertinently to her case, with such fluency and fervency of devotion, as greatly to astonish the husband and all present. When they arose from their knees the gentleman addressed him to this effect: "Your language and manner discover you to be a very different person from what your present appearance indicates. I conjure you to inform me who and what you are, and what were your views in life before you came into my service." Whereupon he told him "he was one of the ministers who had lately been ejected from the church, and that, having nothing of his own left, he was content, for a livelihood, to submit to the honest and peaceful employment of tending sheep." Upon hearing this Mr. Grove said, "Then you shall be my shepherd," and immediately erected a meeting-house on his own estate, in which Mr. Ince preached and gathered a congregation of Dissenters.

DR. FRANKLIN ON PRAYER.—When the American Convention was framing their constitution, Dr. Franklin asked them how it happened that, while groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, they had not once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illumine their understandings. "I have lived, sir," said he, "a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our project will be confounded; and we ourselves become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages." He then moved that prayers should be performed in that assembly every morning before they proceeded to business.

FAMILY PRAYER.—While it is our duty personally to dedicate ourselves to God, our families also should not be neglected. But, alas! how much degenerated are we in this respect? “In the days of our fathers,” says good Bishop Burnet, “when a person came early to the door of his neighbour, and desired to speak with the master of the house, it was as common a thing for the servants to tell him with freedom, ‘My master is at prayer,’ as it is now to say, ‘My master is not up.’”

The following instance may teach us that family devotion may be attended to even by those who are in dignified and public situations. Sir Thomas Abney kept up regular prayer in his family during all the time he was lord-mayor of London; and in the evening of the day he entered on his office, he, without any notice, withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there performed family worship, and then returned to the company.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—“*Acknowledge the Lord in all thy ways, and he shall direct thy paths.*”—Prov. An English clergyman, preaching from this text, observed as follows:

“Archbishop Cranmer, who died a martyr, said that the day he signed his recantation back to popery he omitted private prayer in the morning. This brought to my recollection the two memorable occurrences of my life when I omitted private prayer and went to my business. On each day I had an accident that nearly cost me my life; but in mercy I was spared to my family. Private prayer is a high privilege. I cannot neglect it any more than I can neglect my food. It is my grand stay for each day; and I feel that, unless I acknowledge God herein, I have no right to expect his guidance and protection.”

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCES.

PREACHING FOR DIVERSION.—It is said of a Mr. T. and three of his associates, that, to enliven the company, they once undertook to mimic a celebrated preacher. The proposition was highly gratifying to all the parties present, and a wager agreed upon to inspire each individual with a desire of excelling in this impious attempt. That the jovial auditors might adjudge the prize to the most adroit performer, it was concluded that each should open the Bible and hold forth from the first verse that should present itself to

his eye. Accordingly, three in their turn mounted the table, and entertained their wicked companions at the expense of everything sacred. When they had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, it devolved on Mr. T. to close this very irreverent scene. Much elated and confident of success, he exclaimed as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all!" But, oh! the stupenduous depth of Divine mercy! Who would conceive that a gracious Providence should have presided over such an assembly, and that this should be the time of heavenly love to one of the most outrageous mockers. Mr. T., when the Bible was handed to him, had not the slightest preconception what part of the Scripture he should make the subject of his banter. However, by the guidance of an unerring Providence, it opened at the following passage, Luke xiii., 3: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No sooner had he uttered the words than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner; the sharpest pangs of conviction now seized him, and conscience denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment he was favoured with a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture than like one who never so much as thought on religious topics except for the purpose of ridicule.

He found no deficiency of matter, no want of utterance; and we have frequently heard him declare, "If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time." The impression that the subject made upon his own mind had such an effect upon his manner, that the most ignorant and profane could not but perceive that what he had spoken was with the greatest sincerity.

CONVERSION OF A WICKED MASTER.—A young woman-servant at Bath was brought to the knowledge of God in the year 1788. She, like the woman of Samaria, could not help speaking of the things she had heard and experienced to her fellow-servants, and the Lord was pleased to accompany her words with a Divine blessing to three or four of them; the coachman, in particular, was turned away from his service, for fear, as his master said, that he would turn his horses Methodists, and drive him to hell. In the summer of 1793, the master himself being taken ill and given over by the physicians, one day he asked them if there was any hope of his recovery. They replied in the negative. Several of his friends were in the room at the same time and the ser-

vant before mentioned was there waiting upon the company. The gentleman, with great concern, said, "And can none of you all be of any service to a dying man?" He then spoke to this young woman: "Nor can you help me in this present sad condition?" She replied, "Sir, all that I can do is to pray for you, and that I have done many times." He answered, with some emotion, "Did you ever pray for me? I insist on it that you pray for me now. Shut the door; let not one go out of the room." With fear and trembling she obeyed; and no sooner was prayer ended, than, putting his hands together, he said, "Now I know that Christ is God, and able to forgive my sins." He lived a few days longer, and gave happy evidence of the power and grace of God.

THE YOUTH RESTORED.—A young gentleman being reproved by his mother for being religious, made her this answer: "I am resolved by all means to save my soul." Some time after he fell into a lukewarm state, during which time he was sick and nigh unto death. One night he dreamed, that he saw himself summoned before God's angry throne, and from thence hurried into a place of torments; where, seeing his mother full of scorn, she upbraided him with his former answer; why he did not save his soul by all means. This was so much impressed on his mind when he awoke, that, under God, it became the means of his turning again to him; and when anybody asked him the reason why he became again religious, he gave them no other answer than this: "If I could not in my dream endure my mother's upbraiding my folly and lukewarmness, how shall I be able to suffer that God should call me to an account in the last day, and the angels reproach my lukewarmness, and the devil aggravate my sins, and all the saints of God deride my folly and hypocrisy?"

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.—The Rev. Mr. Gould, late rector of Axbridge, a town in Somersetshire, had, in the earlier part of his life, been preaching the doctrine of the New Birth in such very forcible language as to give offence to three neighbouring clergymen, insomuch that they lodged a complaint against him to the bishop, who appointed a day for the private hearing of all parties. The first of these complainants fell sick, and died in a fortnight. The second waited on the third to acquaint him with the misfortune; and, as he was returning home, received a particular injury from a sudden jolt of his horse, of which he died in a week. The

third persisted in attending the bishop; but, before he came to Wells, his horse threw him and broke his neck. Mr. Gould appeared alone, and the bishop presented him with the rectory of Axbridge, which he enjoyed upward of thirty years.

ANOTHER.—Mr. Thoroughgood, who was elected from Monkton in Kent, was a bold reprover of sin. He had once preached so pointedly against the vice of swearing, that one of his hearers, addicted to it, thought himself to be particularly intended, and was so exasperated that he resolved to kill the minister. He accordingly hid himself behind a hedge in the way which Mr. Thoroughgood usually took in going to preach his weekly lecture. When he came up to the place, the man who intended to shoot him levelled his gun and attempted to fire at him; but it only flashed in the pan. The next week he went to the same place to renew his attempt; but the very same event happened. The man's conscience immediately smote him; he went after Mr. Thoroughgood, fell on his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, related his design to him and asked his forgiveness. Thus Providence was the means of the man's conversion.

THE BIBLE A SHIELD FOR SOUL AND BODY.—When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the parliament's army against Charles I., he ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible in their pockets. Among the rest there was a wild, wicked young fellow, who ran away from his apprenticeship in London for the sake of plunder and dissipation. This fellow was obliged to be in the fashion. Being one day ordered out upon a skirmishing party or to attack some fortress, he returned back to his quarters in the evening without hurt. When he was going to bed, pulling the Bible out of his pocket, he observed a hole in it. His curiosity led him to trace the depth of this hole into his Bible; he found a bullet was gone as far as Ecclesiastes xi., 9. He read the verse, "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The words were set home upon his heart by the Divine Spirit, so that he became a sound believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and lived in London many years after the civil wars were over. He used pleasantly to observe to Dr. Evans, author of the *Christian Temper*, that the Bible was the means of saving both his soul and body.

MR. HEYWOOD.—Mr. Heywood, being brought into the greatest want of the necessaries of life, told his wife one day that he would leave with her and the children three shillings, which was all the money he had in the world, and would try to get some work as a day-labourer. After commending them to God and praying for divine direction, he called at a number of houses the first day, but could not meet with any employment. He spent the first night in a barn, and was engaged in prayer the greatest part of it. In the morning he again set out, and soon arrived at Lord ——'s, where he inquired of the servants if a labourer was wanted. They answered 'No.' As he was returning, however, from the hall, one of the servant-girls said the shepherd had just before left his place, and if he understood how to take care of sheep, she thought he might meet with employment. Mr. Heywood immediately engaged in the service, and was informed he was to sleep in a little cot erected for the shepherds at some distance from the house; but that he was to come once a day for what he wanted to the hall. A few mornings after, two of the servant girls, apparently by accident, rose two hours before the usual time, and as there was no one at hand to fetch up the cows, they went into the field for them; but when they drew near to the shepherd's hut, they were struck with the sound of a man's voice, and, to their no small astonishment, found it was that of the shepherd engaged in prayer to God. At this they were much affected, and for several weeks, unknown to Mr. Heywood, they used to rise at four o'clock to go to the cot to hear the shepherd pray, which exercise he was engaged in every morning until five o'clock. After Mr. Heywood had been in this situation a few weeks, the lady of the family was taken ill and was expected to die. A clergyman was sent for, but was that moment mounting his horse with a view to spend the day in hunting. However, he sent his compliments, and said that he would wait on her ladyship that evening. Lord —— seemed much distressed, and expressed an earnest desire to get some one to pray with his lady. Then one of the servants, who had listened to Mr. Heywood's prayers, said, "I wish your lordship would consent to let your shepherd be fetched to pray with her ladyship," adding, "for I do not believe there is a man in the world who can pray like him." "The shepherd pray? What! can the shepherd pray?" "Yes, my lord, and I wish you would condescend to let him be sent for; and then you will hear him yourself." Mr. Heywood was immediately called, and his lordship asked

him if he could pray ; to which he replied, "That man that cannot pray is not fit to live !" "Well," says his lordship, "follow me and pray for my lady, who is at the point of death." After a few words spoken to her ladyship, Mr. Heywood poured out his soul to that God whose he was and whom he served, and immediately his prayer was answered ; for, with astonishment, she cried out, "Is this a man or an angel ? for I am quite well !" When prayer was concluded, Lord — asked him whether he was not one of the ejected ministers, and Mr. Heywood acknowledged that he was. His lordship then declared that, from that moment, instead of being employed as the shepherd of his sheep, he should be the shepherd of his soul and of the souls of his household.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE AND OF THE POWER OF PRAYER.—Captain H. and crew sailed some time since from the port of —. After having been at sea for several days they were assailed by an unusually severe storm, which continued forty-five days and nights in succession. They were driven far from their course by the violence of the wind. Nature had become nearly exhausted by hard and long toiling ; and, to add to their affliction, famine began to threaten them with a death far more appalling than that of a watery grave.

The captain had with him his wife, two daughters, and ten persons besides. As their provisions grew short, his wife became provident and careful of the pittance that fell to their family share. She would eat but little lest her husband should starve. The children would eat but little for fear the mother would suffer, and the captain refused to eat any, but left his portion for his suffering family. At length they were reduced to a scanty allowance for twenty-four hours, in the midst of a storm and one thousand miles from land. Captain H. was a man who feared God. In this his extremity he ordered his steward to bring the remaining provision on deck, and spread the same on the tarpawling which covers the hatch ; and, falling down beside the fragments of bread and meat before him, he lifted up his voice in prayer to Him who heareth out of the deep, and said, "O thou who didst feed Elijah by a raven while in the wilderness, and who commanded that the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal should not fail, look down upon us in our present distress, and grant that this food may be so multiplied that the lives now in jeopardy may be preserved." After this he arose from his knees, went to the companion

way, and found his wife and children engaged in the same holy exercise. He exhorted them to pray on, and assured them that God had answered his prayer, and that not one soul then on board should perish. Scarcely had he uttered these words when his mate, who had been at the masthead for some time on the look-out, exclaimed, "Sail ahoy, sail ahoy." At this crisis the captain shouted with swelling gratitude, "What, has God sent the ravens already!" and in one hour from that time, through the friendly sail, barrels of bread and meat were placed upon the deck.

"Thus one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

NAUTICAL ANECDOTE.—A careless sailor, on going to sea, replied to his religious brother in words like these: "Tom, you talk a great deal about religion and Providence; and if I should be wrecked, and a ship was to heave in sight and take me off, I suppose you would call it a merciful Providence. It's all very well, but I believe no such thing; these things happen like other things, by mere chance, and you call it Providence, that's all." He went upon his voyage, and the case he put hypothetically was soon literally true; he was wrecked, and remained upon the wreck three days, when a ship appeared, and, seeing their signal of distress, came to their relief. He returned, and, in relating it, said to his brother, "Oh! Tom, when that ship hove in sight, my words to you came in a moment into my mind; it was like a bolt of thunder. I have never got rid of it, and now I think it no more than an act of common gratitude to give myself up to Him who pitied and saved me."—*Marin. Mag.*

SUBMISSION TO GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—A Mr. Lawrence, who was a sufferer for conscience' sake, if he would have consulted with flesh and blood, as was said of one of the martyrs, had eleven good arguments against suffering, viz., a wife and ten children. Being once asked how he meant to maintain them all, he cheerfully replied, "They must all live on Matthew vi., 34: 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow,' " &c. Contentment and resignation in such trying circumstances are not only blessings to the possessors, but they fill by-standers with astonishment.

DR. DODDRIDGE.—While Dr. Doddridge was at Bath on his way to Falmouth (from which latter place he embarked for Lisbon for the recovery of his health), Lady H.'s house

was his home. In the morning of the day on which he set out from thence for Falmouth, Lady H. came into the room and found him weeping over that passage in Daniel, chap. x., 11th and 12th verses: "Oh, Daniel, a man greatly beloved." "You are in tears, sir," said Lady H. "I am weeping, madam," said the doctor, "but they are tears of comfort and joy. I can give up my country, my relations, and friends into the hands of God; and as to myself, I can as well go to heaven from Lisbon as from my own study at Northampton."

A VERY SURPRISING EVENT.—A young man by the name of Ephraim Collins was going after a *fiddle* to give a finishing stroke to "a merry Christmas." Having to cross a part of Naples, or Henderson Bay, he took his skates. When he was ready to proceed, he vociferated, "G—d! I'll skate into hell and damnation in five minutes!" It was probably not half that time before he skated into a hole of the ice, and sunk to the bottom of the lake! His body was found and taken from the water on the third day. From this shocking example of impiety, and from the terrible disaster which immediately followed, let all the presumptuous and profane take warning, and "flee," before it shall be too late, "from the wrath to come." "For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—*Western Rec.*

AWFUL DEATH OF A WICKED WOMAN.—There was a very wicked woman in the almshouse in the city of Philadelphia. She was continually asking for strong liquors, such as brandy and gin; but the person who had the charge of the house refused to give her any. She then resolved to escape, and told some of her companions she would "get well drunk that night, if she went to hell for it the next day."

When the night came this woman was missing, and it was found that she had clambered over the high wall which surrounds the yard. The next morning a search was made for her, when, shocking to relate, her body was found in a field by the roadside half devoured by hogs. It appeared that she had become so drunk as to fall down in the street, and some person had placed her in the field that she might not be crushed by the carriages, and she thus came to this dreadful end.

The following awful account is related of a man, whose name shall be concealed in tenderness to surviving rela-

tives. He waited upon a magistrate near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, and informed him that he had been stopped by a young gentlemen of Hitchin, who had knocked him down and searched his pockets, but, not finding anything there, he suffered him to depart. The magistrate, astonished at this piece of intelligence, despatched a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately and answer to the charge exhibited against him: the youth obeyed the summons, accompanied by his guardian and an intimate friend. Upon their arrival at the seat of justice, the accused and the accuser were confronted; when the magistrate hinted to the man that he was fearful he had made the charge with no other view than that of extorting money, and bade him take care how he proceeded; exhorting him, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to beware of the dreadful train of consequences attending perjury.

The man insisted upon making oath of what he had advanced; the oath was accordingly administered, and the business fully investigated, when the innocence of the young gentleman was established, he having, by the most incontrovertible evidence, proved an *alibi*. The infamous wretch, finding his intentions thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined, and, meeting soon afterward with one of his neighbours, he declared he had not sworn to anything but the truth, calling God to witness the same in the most solemn manner; and wished, if it was not as he had said, his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might rot upon his bones; when, terrible to relate! his jaws were instantly locked, and the use of the faculty he had so awfully perverted was denied him for ever; and, after lingering nearly a fortnight, he expired in the greatest agonies, his flesh literally rotting upon his bones.

LYING.—When Denades the orator addressed himself to the Athenians, “I call all the gods and goddesses to witness,” said he, “the truth of what I shall say;” the Athenians, often abused by his impudent lies, presently interrupted him by exclaiming, “And we call all the gods and goddesses to witness that we will not believe you.”

LYING PUNISHED.—One day there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was descried, when at a distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but, wishing to fall on some

method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. He sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But, when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh, sir, he is dead! Oh, sir, he is dead!" On this the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God."

AFFLICTIONS.

"IT WAS GOOD FOR ME THAT I WAS AFFLICTED."—A minister was recovering of a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual." The good man answered, "You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together."

It is related of one who, under great severity, had fled from the worst of masters to the best (I mean he had sought rest in the bosom of Jesus Christ, the common friend of the weary and the heavy laden), that he was so impressed with a sense of the benefit he had derived from his afflictions, that, lying on his deathbed, and seeing his master stand by, he eagerly caught the hands of his oppressor, and kissing them, said, "These hands have brought me to heaven." Thus many have had reasons to bless God for afflictions, as being the instruments in his hand of promoting the welfare of their immortal souls!

TRIALS PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD.—"I remember," says Mr. Whitfield, "some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glasshouse; and standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered,

"Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and, therefore, we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitfield with a useful hint, that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away and we are made fit for the owner's use.

DR. CHANDLER.—It used to be said of Dr. Chandler, that, after an illness, he always preached in a more evangelical strain than usual. A gentleman who occasionally heard him said to one of his constant auditors, "Pray, has not the doctor been ill lately?" "Why do you think so?" "Because the sermon was more evangelical than he usually preaches when he is in full health."

PERSECUTION

The spirit of persecution has been too prevalent in every age and almost in every party; nor has free toleration been rightly understood till within these few years. The accounts given us of the ten pagan persecutions; the successive and unheard of cruelties of the church of Rome; and, alas! the too great portion of this spirit among Protestants, are enough to make humanity sicken at the thought. We, however, live in a time when this spirit begins to be treated as it should be. The dawn of truth, love, and intelligence appears, and the glorious Sun of religious liberty sheds his benign influence around us. May it never cease to shine till the whole world be enlightened, and the spirit of intolerance and religious oppression be heard of no more! Amen.

Francis I., king of France, used to declare, "that if he thought the blood in his arm was tainted with the Lutheran heresy, he would have it cut off; and that he would not spare even his own children if they entertained sentiments contrary to the Catholic Church."

Don Pedro, one of the Spanish captains taken by Sir F. Drake, being examined before the Lords of the Privy Council as to what was their design of invading us, replied, "To subdue the nation and root it out." "And what meant you," said the lords, "to do with the Catholics?" "To

send them good men," says he, "directly to heaven, and you heretics to hell." "For what end were your whips of cord and wire?" "To whip you heretics to death." "What would you have done with the young children?" "Those above seven years old should have gone the way their fathers went: the rest should have lived in perpetual bondage, branded in the forehead with the letter L. for Lutheran."

N. B. The instruments of torture above alluded to, as thumb-screws, whips, &c., are still shown among other curiosities in the Tower of London.

The history of the dreadful persecution of the Protestants under Charles IX. of France needs not a place here; but one of the most horrid circumstances attending it was, that when the news of this event reached Rome, Pope Gregory XIII. instituted the most solemn rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God for this glorious victory!!! An instance that has no parallel even in hell.

What a different spirit did Louis XII. of France manifest! When he was incited to persecute the Waldenses, he returned this truly great and noble reply: "God forbid that I should persecute any for being more religious than myself."

ALBIGENSIAN WAR.—The Albigensian war, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, commenced with the storming of Bezières, and a massacre in which fifteen thousand persons, or, according to some accounts, sixty thousand, were put to the sword. Not a living soul escaped, as witnesses assure us. It was here that a Cistercian monk, who led on the Crusaders, being asked how the Catholics were to be distinguished from heretics, answered, "Kill them all! God will know his own."

DYING CHRISTIANS.

MR. BRUCE.—Mr. Robert Bruce, the morning before he died, being at breakfast, and having, as he used, eaten an egg, he said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg." But, having mused a little, he said, "*Hold, daughter, hold; my Master calls me.*" With these words his sight failed him; whereupon he called for the Bible, and said, "Turn to the eighth chapter of Romans,

and set my finger on the words, '*I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, &c., shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.*'" When this was done, he said, "*Now is my finger upon them?*" Being told it was, without any more, he said, "*Now God be with you, my children ; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night.*" And then expired.

ADDISON.—Addison, after a long and manly but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concerns for the living, but sent for a youth who was nearly related and finely accomplished. He came, but, life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear sir, you sent for me. I believe and I hope you have some commands ; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply ! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die !" He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

BISHOP COWPER.—The Rev. W. Cowper, some time minister at Sterling, and afterward bishop of Galloway, thus spoke of his dissolution to his weeping friends : "Death is somewhat dreary, and the streams of that Jordan which is between us and our Canaan run furiously ; but they stand still when the ark comes."

DR. GOODWIN.—"Ah !" said Dr. Goodwin, in his last moments, "is this dying ? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend !"

HERVEY'S DYING WORDS.—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—*Luke ii., 29, 30.*

Mr. Hervey, when dying, expressed his gratitude to his physician for his visits, though it had long been out of the power of medicine to cure him. He then paused a little, and, with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, though the pangs of death were upon him, being raised a little in his chair, repeated these words : "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen thy precious

salvation.' Here, doctor, is my cordial. What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison with that which arises from the salvation by Christ? This, this now supports me." About three o'clock he said, "The great conflict is now over; now all is done." After which he scarcely spoke any other word intelligibly, except twice or thrice, "Precious salvation!" and then, leaning his head against the side of the chair on which he sat, he shut his eyes, and on Christmasday, December 25, 1758, between four and five in the afternoon, fell asleep in Jesus.

The dying Wesley said, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."

The triumphant M'Kendree's dying words were, "ALL IS WELL! ALL IS WELL!"

Proverbs xiv., 32. "*But the righteous hath hope in his death.*"

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. H. S. Golding, feeling the approaches of death, broke out in these rapturous expressions: "I find now it is no delusion! My hopes are well founded! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory I shall shortly partake of! Read your Bible! I shall read mine no more! no more need it!" When his brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," "Oh," replied he, "this is no longer a foretaste, this is heaven! I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the fine ambrosial air of heaven, and soon shall enjoy the company! Can this be dying? This body seems no longer to belong to the soul; it appears only as a curtain that covers it; and soon I shall drop this curtain and be set at liberty!" Then, putting his hand to his breast, he exclaimed, "I rejoice to feel these bones give way!" repeating it, "I rejoice to feel these bones give way, as it tells me I shall shortly be with my God in glory!"

The last words which he was heard to utter were, "Glory, glory, glory!" He died on the Lord's day, April 17, 1808, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

CONVERTED JEWESS.—A Jewess of distinction in Courland was perfectly convinced in her mind that Jesus was the true Messiah, but she dared not publicly confess him as such. When, however, in the extremity of sickness, she found her end approaching, she called her nurse to her bedside and desired her to bring a dish of clean water. The nurse was a Christian. When she had brought the water, the Jewess

addressed her: "You know that among you Christians it is allowed for the midwives, and also for other persons, in cases of necessity, to administer the sacrament of baptism. Do you now administer it to me; for I believe in Jesus Christ, and yet can no more have an opportunity to be publicly baptized in the church by a clergyman." She then held her head over the dish, while the nurse sprinkled her thrice with water, pronouncing the words commonly used in performing the ceremony of baptism. This being done, the Jewess sent for her relations, took leave of them, and said, "Now I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth, the true Messiah, cheerful, confident, and happy!"

DEATH OF DR. SPENER.—Dr. James Spener, some days before he died, gave orders that nothing of black should be in his coffin: "For," said he, "I have been a sorrowful man these many years, lamenting the deplorable state of Christ's church militant here on earth; but now, being upon the point of retiring into the church triumphant in heaven, I will not have the least mark of sorrow left upon me; out my body shall be wrapped up all over in white, for a testimony that I died in expectation of a better and more glorious state of Christ's church to come, even upon earth."

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.—The Georgia Analytical Repository, No. 3, contains the following singular account of the death of Mrs. Daniel. On the morning preceding her death, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel junior left her in perfect health, expecting their return at dinner-time; shortly after this hour they arrived, and found the victuals on the table scarcely cold. To their unutterable surprise, their mother appeared in her grave-clothes, having also prepared and taken possession of a suitable place for her corpse. To the earnest and affectionate inquiries which were immediately addressed to her, she calmly replied, "I am admonished by a strong impression on my mind that my departure is at hand; I hope grace has prepared me for my change; I have no desire to remain any longer in this world. Pray be composed, and resign me to the will of my God. I am going to the rest that I have long desired."

With the best means in their power to reanimate her feeble body, they used all the remonstrances and entreaties that prudence and affection could suggest to banish from her mind the idea of instant dissolution; observations were made on her case, the natural appearance of her countenance, and

hopes very confidently expressed that she must be mistaken in her views of so sudden a death; in reply, she said, "I should be very sorry to find this to be the case, but am under no apprehension of it. I have received an assurance of being in heaven in a short time; my soul is in perfect peace; I feel no pain, and am happy; compose yourselves, and leave me to my joys. Love and serve God, and you will soon follow me to his presence! May God bless you, my dear children, and keep you in the way of his holy commandments."

With great composure she directed a pair of hose and a handkerchief, which she had laid by themselves for the purpose, to be put on her corpse, as the only articles she had omitted in otherwise fitting herself for the coffin. Nothing like distortion was to be seen in her features; no symptoms of alarm, nor the slightest degree of derangement, appeared in her conduct or conversation. Life gradually retreated to the extremities of the system; her breath began to fail, and in the course of a very few minutes she gently departed.

She had been remarkably healthy for many years, and never appeared more so than she was a little before her dissolution. It is supposed that, within two hours from the time she conceived herself warned to prepare immediately for death, she was in eternity; several of her neighbours, who are worthy of the highest confidence, speak of her as a pious and excellent character. The extraordinary manner of her dissolution is said to have had a happy effect, in connexion with her dying counsel, on her surviving relatives.

DEATH.—Mr. B. mentioning to Dr. Johnson that he had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern, "Most of them, sir," said Johnson, "have never thought at all." "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" said B. "So much so, sir," said Johnson, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." There are some exceptions, however, to this remark. Dr. Donne, it is said, some time before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud, and having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality.

"The best course of moral instruction against the passions," says Saurin, "is death." The grave is a discoverer

of the absurdity of sin of every kind. There the ambitious may learn the folly of ambition; there the vain may learn the vanity of all human things; there the voluptuous may read a mortifying lesson on the absurdity of sensual pleasure.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3407 every hour, or about fifty-six every minute. Reader, how awful is this reflection! Consider! prepare! watch!

M A R T Y R S.

JAMES THE LESS.—About the year A.D. 63, when Festus was dead and Albinus had not come to succeed him, the Jews, being exceedingly enraged at the success of the gospel, Annanus, son of Annas, it is said, ordered James to ascend one of the galleries of the temple, and inform the people that they had, without ground, believed Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah. He got up and cried with a loud voice that Jesus was the Son of God, and would quickly appear in the clouds to judge the world. Many glorified God and believed; but the Pharisees threw him over the battlement. He was sorely bruised, but got up on his knees and prayed for his murderers amid a shower of stones which they cast at him, till one of them beat out his brains with a fuller's club. To the death of this just man some Jews ascribe the ruin of their nation.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF POLYCARP, who was bishop (or angel) of the church of Smyrna at the time when St. John was in the Isle of Patmos.—See Rev. ii., 8, 9, 10. Polycarp was a disciple of St. John, and therefore (although in the lonesome island) could not but see with pleasure the flourishing state of the church which he was prime minister of; but poverty, tribulation, and persecution were his lot. Three days before he was apprehended, having retired after prayer to rest, and being fallen asleep, he saw in a dream the pillow set on fire which was under his head, and, he thought, suddenly consumed to ashes; which matter, when he awoke, he interpreted to those about him to be a

presage that his life was near its end, and his body would be burned for the testimony of Christ, according to the epistles directed to him by St. John. When the soldiers came for him he desired them to take some refreshment; after they had eaten and drank at his table, he asked them leave to make prayer with his family and friends once more, which they consented to; and when he had concluded, and recommended all to God in Christ, he said, "I am now ready to go with you." The soldiers, whose hearts by this time were almost melted within them by such love, gave him an opportunity to make his escape, but he embraced it not.

At length they told him to escape from them, and they would not prevent him; but he asked them how they would answer that to him who sent them, telling them that a remissness in duty would cause them to be punished by their commander: to which they replied, "We will say we could not find you." He answered, "But you have found me, and in that you would transgress the law of God through my means;" upon which they replied, "You will be burned, and we desire that you escape; how will you bear so cruel a death?" To which he replied, "Him whom I have served for many years after a feeble manner will not forsake me now; I am willing to die for him that I may eternally live with him; be not dismayed; you are doing your duty; I lay nothing to your charge; I hope this day you may see and know that Jesus Christ is worthy of all adoration, and that he died for you also."

When they brought him before the proconsul, he asked him, "Art thou Polycarp who is called the Bishop of Smyrna?" He answered, "Yea, my name is Polycarp." "If thou wilt swear, I will let thee go; blaspheme and defy Christ, and thou shalt have my protection and be safe." To which Polycarp answered, "Fourscore years have I served Christ; neither hath he offended me in anything, but, on the contrary, I found him a good friend, withholding no good thing from me, and how can I revile so gracious a master?"

Proconsul. "I have wild beasts to devour thee unless thou change."

Polycarp. "Bring them out, for we have determined by Divine aid not to change, nor to turn from so good a cause to so bad a one as yours; it is more reasonable for you to turn from evil to the Christian cause, which is good and just."

Proconsul. "I will tame thy madness with fire, if thou fearest not wild beasts nor changest thy resolutions."

Polycarp. "Thou threatenest me with fire, which lasts

but an hour, and is quickly quenched ; but thou art ignorant of the everlasting fire which will fall on the despisers of Jesus at the day of judgment, and of those endless torments which are reserved for the wicked ; but why makest thou this delay ? appoint me what death you please."

The pile being prepared, when they went to nail him to the post, he said, "Nay, let me be even as I am : for Jesus Christ, who gave me strength to come to the fire, will give me patience to abide in it without fastening my body with nails." When they bound him he prayed thus : "O Father of thy well-beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have known thee ; O God of angels, God of power, and of every living creature, and of just men who live in thy presence, I thank thee that thou graciously vouchsafest this day and this hour to allot me a portion in the number of martyrs ; and that I should drink of the cup of my blessed Redeemer, for the resurrection to everlasting life, both of body and soul, through the operation of the Holy Spirit : for I shall this day be received among thy witnesses, into thy presence, as an acceptable sacrifice : and as thou hast prepared and revealed this to me beforehand, so thou hast now accomplished and fulfilled it. O thou most true God, whose promises can never fail, therefore for all these things I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the everlasting shepherd and bishop of my soul, Christ Jesus ; to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

Before his body was quite consumed, just before his speech left him, he made the following prayer :

"O God, the Father of thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we receive the knowledge of thee and the adoption of sons ; O God, the creator of all things, upon thee I call ; thee I confess to be the true God ; thee I glorify. O Lord, receive me, and make me a companion of thy saints at the resurrection, through the merits of our great high-priest, thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ ; to whom, with the Father, and God the Holy Spirit, be honour and glory for ever. Amen."

He suffered in the seventh year of Verus, A.D. 107, aged 86, and was bishop about 63 years.

JOHN LAMBERT—John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr. They burned him with a slow fire by inches ; for if it kindled higher and stronger than they chose, they

removed it away. When his legs were burned off and his thighs were mere stumps in the fire, they pitched his poor body upon pikes and lacerated his broiling flesh with their halberts. But God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the anguish of nature. Just before he expired he lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice with these glorious words, "*None but Christ! None but Christ!*" He was at last bent down into the fire and expired.

GEORGE WISHART.—George Wishart, when brought to the stake, the executioner upon his knees said "Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not the cause of your death." Wishart, calling him to him, kissed his cheeks, saying, "Lo! here is a token that I forgive thee; my heart, do thine office." He was then tied to the stake and the fire kindled. The captain of the castle coming near him, bade him to be of good courage, and to beg for him the pardon of his sin; to whom Wishart said, "This fire torments my body, but no whit abates my spirit." Then looking towards the cardinal, he said, "He who, in such state, from that high place, feeds his eyes with my torments, within a few days shall be hanged out at that same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leans there with pride;" and so his breath being stopped, he was consumed by the fire near the castle of St. Andrew's, in the year 1546. This prophecy was fulfilled, when, after the cardinal was slain, the provost, raising the town, came to the castle gates, crying, "What have you done with my lord-cardinal? Where is my lord-cardinal?" To whom they within answered, "Return to your houses, for he hath received his reward, and will trouble the world no more;" but they still cried, "We will never depart till we see him." The *Leslies* then hung him out at that window to show that he was dead, and so the people departed.

JOHN BRADFORD.—Mr. John Bradford was taken into Smithfield with a strong guard of armed men. When he came to the place where he was to suffer, he fell on his face and prayed; after which he took a fagot and kissed it, and the stake likewise. Then, having put off his clothes, he stood by the stake, and lifting up his eyes and hands towards heaven, said, "*Oh England, England*, repent of thy sins; beware of idolatry, beware of antichrists; take heed they do not deceive you." Then he turned his face to John

Leaf, a young man of about twenty years old, who suffered with him, and said, "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall sup with the Lord this night." He then embraced the reeds, and said, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life eternal, and few there be that find it." After which he was fastened to the stake, and burned on the first of July, in the year of our Lord 1555. He ended his life like a lamb, without the least alteration in his countenance, and in the prime of his days.

MR. L. SAUNDERS.—Mr. Lawrence Saunders, who was executed the eighth of February, 1555, when he came to the place, fell on the ground and prayed, and then arose and took the stake in his arms to which he was to be chained, and kissed it, saying, "Welcome the cross of *Christ*! welcome everlasting life!"

THOMAS BILNEY.—Thomas Bilney suffered at Norwich in the year 1531, in the time of King Henry the Eighth.

As he was led forth to the place of execution, one of his friends spoke to him, praying to God to strengthen him and to enable him patiently to endure his torments; to whom Mr. Bilney answered, with a quiet and pleasant countenance, "When the mariner undertakes a voyage, he is tossed on the billows of the troubled seas; yet, in the midst of all, he beareth up his spirits with this consideration, that ere long he shall come into his quiet harbour; so," added he, "I am now sailing upon the troubled sea, but ere long my *ship* shall be in a quiet *harbour*; and I doubt not but, through the grace of God, I shall endure the *storm*, only I would entreat you to help me with your prayers."

The officers then placed the fagots about him, and set fire to the reeds, which presently flamed up very high; the holy martyr all the while lifting up his hands towards heaven, sometimes calling upon *Jesus*, and sometimes saying "*Credo*," i. e., I believe. The wind being high, and blowing away the flame, he suffered a lingering death. At last one of the officers beat out the staple to which the chain was fastened that supported his body, and so let it fall into the fire, where it was presently consumed.

JOHN HUSS.—John Huss, when the chain was put about him at the stake, said, with a smiling countenance, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, and why should I be afraid of this old rusty

one?" When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." He said to the executioner, "Are you going to burn a *goose*? In one century you will have a *swan* you can neither roast nor boil." If he were prophetic he must have meant *Luther*, who had a swan for his arms. The flames were then applied to the fagots, when the martyr sung a hymn with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles and the noise of the multitude. At last his voice was short after he had uttered "*Jesus Christ*, thou Son of the living God, have mercy upon me!" and he was consumed in a most miserable manner.

When the executioner went behind Jerom of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for, if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sung a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames.

MARTYRDOM OF A LITTLE BOY.—Church history furnishes us with the following instance of early piety. At Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a child named Cyril, in a time of heavy persecution, called continually on the name of Jesus Christ, and neither threats nor blows could divert him from it. Many children of his own age persecuted him; and his unnatural father, who was a heathen, turned him out of doors. At last they brought him before the judge, who both threatened and entreated him; but he said, "I rejoice to bear your reproaches; God will receive me. I am glad that I am expelled out of our house; I shall have a better mansion. I fear not death, because it will introduce me to a better life." In the end he was condemned to the flames, with a full expectation that he would recant and save his life; but he persisted, saying, "Your fire and your sword are insignificant; I go to a better house and more excellent riches; despatch me presently, that I may enjoy them." They did so, and he suffered martyrdom amid a throng of wondering beholders.

Dioclesian, the last and the worst of the Roman persecuting emperors, observed, that the more he sought to blot out the name of Christ, the more legible it became; and

that whatever of Christ he thought to eradicate, it took the deeper root, and rose the higher in the hearts and lives of men. Those who have been, as it were, in the arms of God, are as men made of fire walking in stubble; they consume and overcome all opposition; nay, difficulties are but as whetstones to their fortitude.

MISSIONARY.

DANISH CONVERTS.—“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.”

When the Danish missionaries appointed some of their Calabrian converts to translate a catechism, in which it was mentioned as the privilege of Christians that they become the sons of God, one of the translators, startled at so bold a saying, as he thought it, bursting into tears, exclaimed, “It is too much; let us rather render it, They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.”

“WHETHER YE EAT OR DRINK, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.”—Several years since, while on a missionary tour in the South, I became acquainted with Major A., in whose family was a poor African, who in most respects exhibited the character of extreme ignorance; yet there were some features of his mind which seemed to give him a likeness to those who shall at last be acknowledged *wise*. I have heard many striking anecdotes concerning him, one of which I remember with peculiar interest.

Pompey was often missing when the other negroes came to their dinner, and it was at length discovered that he spent his time alone, in a sort of devotion peculiar to himself. One day his master, going to the field, observed Pompey standing near the spring with his hands clasped, his head thrown back, and his lips moving, as if he spoke to some invisible being; he then stooped down and drank, again stood up and repeated the same ceremony as before. His master called to him, “Pompey, what are you doing?” “*Noting, massa, only me tank God for watta;*” and he turned away to resume his accustomed task. Pompey, the slave, was thankful for a draught of cold water; and though his fame may not now reach beyond the boundary of a *southern cotton-field*, yet it may be that, in eternity, this instance of his humble

gratitude shall be told as a memorial of him by angel lips, while the fame of Pompey the Great, which has for ages filled *the world*, shall have for ever perished.—*Am. Pastor's Journal.*

PETITION OF A RUSSIAN BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OF AGE FOR A BIBLE.—“Most honoured members of the Sævian Bible Society in the government of Orel :

“My father serves the emperor. My grandfather, with whom I live, is blind. My two grandmothers are both of them old and infirm. My mother alone, by the labour of her hands, supports us all; she herself taught me to read. I have a desire to read the word of God; but I have no books, except the Psalter in a very tattered state. My blind grandfather has by the ear alone acquired a great knowledge of divine things, and likes very much that I should repeat something to him by heart.

“Confer on me, I pray you, a holy book. I hear you have it, and that you distribute to those who have money for money, and to the poor for nothing. I will read it, and I will pray to God for you. IVAN,

“The grandson of the blind Stephen.”

A lady one morning applied to some gentlemen who were appointed to examine the tickets of admission to a missionary meeting in England, and, as she had no ticket (not being a subscriber), they were obliged, according to the established rule, reluctantly to refuse admission; she retired a few paces, and again addressing the gentlemen, said, “I stated that I was not a subscriber, but I forgot, I am a subscriber; I had one son, the prop of my declining years, *and I have given him to the God of missions.*”

THE MISSIONARY MONEY-BOX.—A few weeks since a trading vessel, laden with corn, from Cardigan, in Wales, was taken in the channel by an American privateer. When the captain went into the cabin to survey his prize, he espied a little box, with a hole in the top, similar to that which tradesmen have in their counters, through which they drop their money; and at the sight of it he seemed a little surprised, and said to the Welch captain, “What is this?” pointing to the box with his stick. “Oh,” said the honest Cambrian, “’tis all over now.” “What?” asked the American. “Why, the truth is,” replied the Welch captain, “that I and my poor fellows have been accustomed every Monday to drop a penny

each into that box, for the purpose of sending out missionaries *to preach the gospel to the heathen*, but it is all over now!" "Ah!" said the American, "that is very good;" and, after pausing a few minutes, he said, "Captain, I'll not hurt a hair of your head nor touch your vessel." The pious Welchman was accordingly allowed to pursue his voyage unmolested.

At Bukapuram, in the Northern Circars, a child only eight years old, who had been educated in Christianity, was ridiculed on account of his religion by some heathens older than himself. In reply, he repeated what he had been taught respecting God. "Show us your God," said the heathens. "I cannot do that," answered the child; "but I can show *yours* to you." Taking up a stone, and daubing it with some resemblance of a human face, he placed it very gravely upon the ground, and pushed it towards them with his foot: "There," says he, "is such a God as you worship." "But to whom will you liken me; or what likeness will ye compare unto me, saith the Lord? I am Jehovah, and besides me there is no God." A just God, and yet a Saviour!

SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE PRAYING CHILD.—A little girl at a Sunday-school in Yorkshire hearing a preacher remark "that prayerless persons would not go to heaven," after she went home told her mother what she had heard, and said, "Mother, you never pray;" who replied, "I cannot pray." "Yes, mother," said the child, "you can pray." "I tell you," answered the mother, in an angry way, "I cannot pray." "Then, mother, I'll pray for you;" and, kneeling down, exclaimed, "Lord, forgive my mother, and save her from swearing! O Lord, forgive my father, and keep him from getting drunk." The father, who was then drinking in a public house, being convicted by the Spirit of God, came home immediately, and, finding the child in the act of praying for her parents, it proved the happy means of their conversion. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

UTILITY OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS.—A poor afflicted woman being visited by the members of a benevolent soci-

ety, a girl was seen kneeling at the bed with a Testament by her side; on being observed, she immediately ran away. Inquiry was then made respecting the child, to which the sick woman replied, "Do not call her a child, she is a little angel: she visits me, and reads to me, and brings me every halfpenny she can get, often sixpence on the Sunday, and sometimes more." On the following Sabbath the child, who belonged to a Sunday-school, was called into the committee-room and questioned concerning her motive for so doing. Her reply was, that they had desired her to learn the first chapter of James, where she found that "pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

If such facts as these do not convince gainsayers of the utility and importance of instructing children in Christian principles, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.—A poor chimney-sweeper's boy was employed at the house of a lady of rank to cleanse the chimney of her antechamber. Finding himself on the hearth of her ladyship's dressing-room, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it into his hand. Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah! if thou hadst such a one!" After a pause he said to himself, "But if I take it I shall be a thief! And yet," continued he, "nobody sees me—nobody? Does not God see me, who is present everywhere? Should I then be able to say my prayers to Him after I had committed this theft? Could I die in peace?" Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, laying down the watch, "I had much rather be poor and keep my good conscience, than rich and become a rascal." At these words he hastened back into his chimney.

The countess, who was in the next room, having overheard his soliloquy, sent for him the next day and thus accosted him: "My little friend, why didst thou not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard everything you said," continued her ladyship; "thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future; from this moment you shall be in my service; I will both maintain and clothe you; nay, more, I will procure you good

instruction, which shall guard you from the danger of similar temptations."

The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The countess strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure of seeing him grow up a good, pious, and intelligent man.

A BENEVOLENT BOY.—A boy who had been present at a missionary meeting in the north of England was so deeply impressed by what he had seen, that on the next day he was overheard addressing himself thus to a little thrush which he had taught to perch on his finger: "You are a sweet little fellow, and I love you dearly; but, much as I love you, if anybody would give me threepence for you, you should go, and I would give it towards sending the gospel to the heathen."

THE ATTENTIVE CHILDREN.—Perhaps more attention should be paid to the rising generation in an address from the pulpit than what is ordinarily done. They may, under the Divine blessing, receive more benefit than we suspect. A child, after being remarkably attentive to the sermon, was observed to weep when going to bed on the Lord's day evening. On being asked the cause, the little one replied, "Because I am so wicked, and Jesus Christ has been so good to us, as the minister said." Another child, six years old, having heard a minister preach on the ministry of angels, said to her friends, "I am not afraid to go to bed now" (though before very fearful), "for Mr. — said 'the angels watch over us while we are asleep,'" and this actually cured her of her fears. Another, about seven years old, hearing the same minister preach on secret worship, went home and retired to her closet, and ever since has continued to pray and read the Scriptures in private. It is good, therefore, for children to be under the word; the seed may be sown which shall afterward spring up and produce abundance of fruit.

Miss Dinah Dowdney, of Portsea, who died at nine years of age, one day in her illness said to her aunt, with whom she lived, "When I am dead, I should like Mr. Griffin to preach a sermon to children to persuade them to love Jesus Christ, to obey their parents, not to tell lies, but to think of dying and going to heaven. I have been thinking," said she, "what text I should like him to preach from; 2 Kings, iv., 26. You are the Shunamite, Mr. G. is the prophet, and

I am the Shunamite's child. When I am dead I dare say you will be grieved, though you need not. The prophet will come to see you; and when he says, 'How is it with the child?' you may say, 'It is WELL.' I am sure it will then be well with me, for I shall be in heaven singing the praises of God. You ought to think it well too." Mr. G. accordingly fulfilled the wish of this pious child.

THE PRAYING LITTLE GIRL.—A little girl in London, about four years of age, was one day playing with her companions. Taking them by the hand, she led them to a shed in the yard, and asked them all to kneel down, as she was going to pray to God Almighty; "but don't you tell my mamma," said she, "for she never prays, and would beat me if she knew that I do."

Instead of keeping the secret, one of her playmates went directly and told this little girl's mother, who was very much struck, but for the present took no notice. Some time after, on her going in doors, her mother asked her what she had been doing in the yard; she tried to avoid giving a direct answer. The question being repeated, the answer was the same; when her mother, however, promised not to be angry with her, and pressed the inquiry by very kind words, she said, "I have been praying to God Almighty." "But why do you pray to him?" "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" This was a difficult question, indeed, but mark her reply; putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "Oh, I know he does, because there is something *here* that tells me he does." This language pierced her mother's heart, who was a stranger to prayer, and she wept bitterly.

Let good children, therefore, do as this little girl did, bow their knees before God Almighty; and however short and feeble their little prayers, they may be sure he hears them if they are offered in earnest, for he says, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me."—*Sunday-school Herald*.

THE PRAYING BOY.—A gentleman was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard in an adjoining room an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer. "O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die! O God, I thank thee that I have been

sent to a Sunday-school, and there have been taught to read my Bible; and there I learn that 'when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up!' This comforts me now that my poor mother is going to leave me; may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven, and may I go there too! O Lord Jesus, pity a poor child, and pity my poor, dear mother; and help me to say, 'Thy will be done.' He ceased; and the visiter, opening the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he; "I have listened to his prayer." "Yes," said she, making an effort to rise, "he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday-school; I cannot read myself, but he can; and he has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do, yes, I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me! I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. Oh how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday-school!"

THE BIT OF STRING.—A poor lame boy came one day to a gentleman who was very kind to him, and asked for a piece of string, saying, "Do, let it be a good long bit, sir." The gentleman inquired what it was for. The boy was unwilling to tell, but at last said it was to make a cabbage-net, which he could sell for threepence, as he wished to send the money to help pay for printing Bibles for the poor heathen; "and you know, sir," added he, "it may pay for printing one side of a leaf of them." The gentleman gave him a large piece of string, and told him to bring the net when it was finished. The boy brought it, and the gentleman said, "You are a good boy; there is threepence for you to send for the Bibles and threepence for yourself." "No, sir," exclaimed the boy, "do send it all; perhaps it will pay for printing *both sides*!"

"*They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.*"—A little girl was asked by a visiter in the school what Christ had done for her. She replied, "He died for me." "What do you mean to do for him?" "*I mean to love him.*"

Another little girl, named *Mary*, being asked the reason of so many being called by the same name, could give no answer. She was then asked of whom she supposed her mother thought when she named her *Mary*. "I suppose she thought of Mary Magdalene," was the reply. "Why, what of Mary Magdalene?" "She washed the Saviour's

feet with her tears." "And what else?" "*She was early at the sepulchre.*"

A very small girl, being asked by a visiter in a Sabbath-school if she loved her teacher, replied that she did. "Do you love your parents?" "I do," said the little girl, "*but I love Christ more than all of them.*"

The above anecdotes are not given as an evidence of juvenile piety, but as illustrative of juvenile simplicity, and of the heavenly influence of Sabbath-school instruction.

STRIKING REPROOF.—A pious little boy one day seeing his little sister in a passion, thus spoke to her: "Mary, look at the sun; it will soon go down; it will soon be out of sight; it is going; it is gone down. Mary, 'let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'" The same little boy one day heard some soldiers swearing in the street. He went up to them, and told them how sinful it was to swear; that Jesus said, "Swear not at all." They took not the least notice of his reproof, and seemed hardened in sin. He then said to them, "As you despise all I have said, I will just mention one word more, and then leave you: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God.'"

EFFECT OF SABBATH-SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.—As a little boy was passing by the enclosure of a certain gentleman in Washington City, a girl who was with him, and who belonged to no Sabbath-school, saw a loose board lying near the stall, and, assuming authority on the little boy, directed him to take it up and carry it home. The boy, unwilling to take what was not his own, objected; "I cannot; it belongs to Mr. B——." "No matter," said the girl, "take it up and bring it along." "No, no," repeated the boy, "I cannot: *I go to Sunday-school.*"

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF A SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.—Last Sabbath, as the children were assembled at the 3d Presbyterian church in this village, and a few of them standing in the porch, a wagon with a number of persons in it, apparently on a journey, stopped, and one of the men called out to the children, "Halloo, there, what sort of religion do you have here?" One of the lads replied, "A sort of religion that forbids our travelling on the Sabbath." The inquirer passed on without making any reply.—*Rochester Observer.*

A little girl brought a sister to the Sunday-school who is deaf and dumb. I was talking to her on the blessing of

speech and hearing, when she stopped me suddenly, and said her sister always prayed to God both night and morning. This caused some surprise in the class ; and I asked how God could hear her who could not speak. Two or three gave good answers. One said, "God knows the thoughts and wishes of the heart."

COLOURED SCHOOLS IN CINCINNATI. A SLAVE'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.—Some time since a coloured man visited one of our schools. After listening for a while to the reading and spelling of the scholars, he was asked to make some remarks ; he said, "Children, when I was a little boy I was a slave. I had no such privileges as you have. I wanted to learn, but my master was not willing. One day his little son came home from school saying his lesson ; I was perfectly charmed with it. Got him to go into the field one Sunday with me, and that day I learned all my alphabet. When my master found out I was learning to read so, I had to stop, and learned no more for several years, when one of his daughters, on whom I waited, learned me to spell. I can now read and write. . I will tell you, children, how I learned to write. I would pick up pieces of paper that had writing on them, and copy them. I never had a copy set me Oh, children, it seems to me, if I had your chance when I was young, I should have read through every book in the world."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—In one of our Sabbath-schools there is a class of aged mothers, who come with their spectacles on to learn how to read. A few Sabbaths ago, our Sunday-school lesson was about the "good Samaritan." One of them was asked what she thought about the priest and Levite ; she remarked, "They did just as I have done a great many times ; but I never shall do so any more. This lesson has made my heart a heap softer ; it has made a soft spot that never was made there before." On the next Sabbath we found she truly had followed Christ's direction ; had literally gone and done likewise. She remarked to her teacher, "God has been trying me this week, to see if I would do any better for going to Sabbath-school. There came to my house a poor woman with a sick child ; she had been turned out of doors several times. I took her in, sat up with her child three nights, and it died on my lap. She offered to pay me, but I would not take it, for I found it good to do good. . Now I never should have done this if it had not been for that Sabbath-school lesson."

MISCELLANEOUS.

APOLOGIES.—A lady invited Dean Swift to a most sumptuous dinner. She said, "Dear Dean, this fish is not as good as I could wish, though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much," naming an incredible price. "And this thing is not such as I ought to have for such a guest, though it came from such a place, and cost such a sum." Thus she went on decrying and underrating every article of her expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance to display her vanity in bringing her trouble and expense into view, until she exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said, "True, madam, it is a miserable dinner; and I will not eat it, but go home and dine upon sixpence worth of herring."

Such is the general character of apologies.

BEHIND-HAND.—An idle fellow the other day complaining of his hard lot, said he was born the last day of the year, and the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been *behind-hand*. He believed it would have been fifty dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all!

This man belonged to the same school of wits, no doubt, with him who hired himself out for life at eight dollars a month, with an agreement that he should have half his pay at the end of every month, and the rest when his *time was out*!

BURNS.—Perhaps no man ever more severely inflicted the castigation of reproof than Burns. The following anecdote will illustrate the fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day, "By-the-by," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair." "Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*, but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; *throw your character over your shoulders*; that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in all your lifetime."

WHERE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—A clergyman, who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long ago at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I would much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

SPANISH HONOUR.—The Spanish historians relate a memorable instance of honour and regard to truth. A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had, unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, giving him half a peach; "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his apartment, telling him that, as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the dead body of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the shock of surprise was a little over, he learned from the description given that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one, but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son: his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far while the night can cover you: you will be safe in the morning. You are, indeed, guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved."

AFRICAN HONOUR.—A remarkable instance of the like honour is recorded of a poor unenlightened African negro, in Captain Snelgrave's account of his Voyage to Guinea. A New-England sloop, trading there in 1752, left a second mate, William Murray, sick on shore, and sailed without him. Murray was at the house of a black named Cudjoe, with whom he contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered, and, the sloop being gone, he continued with this black friend till some other opportunity should offer of his getting home. In the mean time a Dutch ship came into the road, and some of the blacks, coming on board her, were treacherously seized and carried off as their slaves. The relations and friends, transported with sudden rage, ran into the house of Cudjoe to take revenge by killing Murray. Cudjoe stopped them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "The white men," said they, "have carried away our brothers and sons, and we will kill all white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, for we will kill him." "Nay," said Cudjoe: "the white men that carried away your relations are bad men; kill them when you take them: but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him." "But he is a white man," they cried, "and the white men are all bad men, and we will kill them all." "Nay," says he, "you must not kill a man who has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend; my house is his post; I am his soldier, and must fight for him; you must kill me before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof if I let my floor be stained by a good man's blood?" The negroes, seeing his resolution, and being convinced by his discourse that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few days Murray ventured abroad again with his friend Cudjoe, when several of them took him by the hand, and told him "they were glad they had not killed him; for he was a good (meaning innocent) man: their God would have been very angry, and would have spoiled their fishing."

HUMANITY.—Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, while mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp, and being faint with the loss of blood, and, probably, parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he

was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to him with a wishful eye. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine!"

TIME.—"An Italian philosopher," says Dr. Johnson, "expressed in his motto that *time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to be wasted by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for *show* rather than for *use*."

THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.—A learned philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning I should never have found out that expedient."

INFLUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

The powerful influence of the passions and affections upon the human frame is astonishing. How many instances are there upon record of sudden death having been occasioned by the hasty communication of joyful tidings! "Like a stroke of electricity," says Dr. Cogan, "indiscreetly directed, the violent percussion has probably produced a paralysis of the heart, by the excess of its stimulus."

Pliny informs us that Chilo, the Lacedæmonian, died upon hearing that his son had gained a prize in the Olympic games.

Valerius Maximus tells us that Sophocles, in a contest of honour, died in consequence of a decision being pronounced in his favour.

Aulus Gellius mentions a remarkable instance of the effect of accumulated joy. Diagora had three sons, who were all crowned on the same day as victors; the one as a pugilist, the other as a wrestler, and the third in both capacities. The

sons carried their father on their shoulders through an incredible number of spectators, who threw flowers by handfuls on him, and applauded his glory and good fortune; but, in the midst of all the congratulations of the populace, he died in the arms and embraces of his sons.

Livy also mentions an instance of an aged matron, who, while she was in the depth of distress from the tidings of her son's having been slain in battle, died in his arms in the excess of joy upon his safe return.

The Italian historian Guicciardini tells us that Leo X. died of a fever occasioned by the agitation of his spirits on his receiving the joyful news of the capture of Milan, concerning which he had entertained much anxiety.

It is said of a nobleman in the reign of Henry the Eighth, that when a pardon was sent him a few hours before the time which was fixed for his execution, that, not expecting it, it so transported him that he died for joy.

What an effect has grief also produced on the body! Excessive sorrow has been the cause of sudden death, of confirmed melancholy, loss of memory, imbecility of mind, of nervous fevers, of hypochondriac complaints, and the loss of appetite.

Plautius, looking on his dead wife, threw himself upon her dead body and presently died.

"I knew a woman," says one, "who, upon only hearing of the death of one of her friends, shrieked out, and immediately fell down and died."

The Duchess of Burgundy, a princess of the house of Savoy (wife to the grandson of Louis XIV.), one day said to her husband, "As the hour of my dissolution is now drawing near, and I know you will not be able to live without a wife, I should be glad to know whom it is your intention to marry." "I hope," said the duke, "that God will never inflict so severe a punishment on me as to deprive me of you; but, should I experience such a misfortune, I should not, most certainly, think of taking a second wife, since, being unable to support your death, I should follow you in less than a week." The duke died of grief on the seventh day after the decease of the duchess.

MOZART'S "REQUIEM."—The great composer, Mozart, was so absorbed in music, that he was a child in every other respect. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favourite study that he prevented his spirits

from sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times he laboured under a profound melancholy, during which he composed some of his best pieces, particularly his celebrated Requiem; the circumstances attending it were remarkable.

One day, when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger of a tall, dignified appearance was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he had recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work; and immediately paying him one hundred ducats, he departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time; and then, suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardour. This application, however, was more than his strength could support: it brought on fainting-fits, and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. "I am writing the requiem for myself," said he one day to his wife, "it will serve for my own funeral service;" and this impression never afterward left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared and demanded the Requiem. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it." The stranger made no objection; but observing that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceeding, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was; the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world, sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the Requiem; and in spite of his exhausted state both of body and mind, he completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day the stranger returned; the Requiem was finished, but Mozart was no more!

CURING A HYPOCHONDRIAC.—A gentleman who had for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint, was advised by Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, to make an excursion into the State of Ohio. After travelling three months, he returned home, apparently in good health; but, upon receiving information of the death of a twin-brother, who had actually died of a scirrhus liver, he immediately staggered, and, falling down, cried out that he was dead; and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and, on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving-knife, and whetting it as a butcher would to open a dead calf, he stepped up to him and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so horribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out, "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with the speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted; and, not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he, for more than twenty years afterward, any symptoms of this disease.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were teapots, and some that they were town-clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson, having been sent for one morning in great haste by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bedside, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do?" replied the hypochondriac, faint-

ly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson, putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed, in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough: 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant. "My boy, your poor master is dead, and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——m, for I know he always keeps New-England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse; and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family, having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the churchyard. They had not gone far before they were met by one of the town's people, who, having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question: "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh, villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the churchyard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh, you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am

I? Well, I have come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding-sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

A BENEVOLENT SAILOR.—Two brothers, the one a carman, the other a sailor, had been confined for misdemeanor some time in the King's Bench prison. They applied to the court to be discharged, but were opposed by the prosecutor. The court directed the sailor to be released, but the carman was ordered to be continued in confinement. When this sentence was passed, the sailor addressed the court as follows: "My lords, my brother has a wife and seven children, who may starve while he is not working. I have neither wife nor child; if your lordship will be so kind as to let him go, and permit me to stay in jail for him, I shall be very much obliged to your lordship." Lord Mansfield immediately called to the prosecutor's counsel to say whether, after such a speech as this, he could press for the confinement of either of the men. The counsel replied, "I should be ashamed to do it." Upon this his lordship told the sailor he was a benevolent fellow, and that he and his brother should both be discharged; which was accordingly done.

The late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to the highest rank and honours in his profession from his own merits and exertions alone, used to be fond of stating, that on his first leaving his humble lodgings to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless and prosper you, my lad; and, as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers!" Advice which he sedulously followed through life.

A TRUE KING.—When Dr. Franklin applied to the King of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, "Pray, doctor," says the veteran, "what is the object you mean to attain?" "Liberty! sire," replied the philosopher of Philadelphia; "liberty! that freedom which is the birthright of man."

The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and *kingly* answer: "I was born a prince, I am become a king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade."

INSTABILITY.—Xerxes crowned his footmen in the morning, and beheaded them in the evening of the same day; and Andromecus, the Greek emperor, crowned his admiral in the morning, and then took off his head in the afternoon. Roffensis had a cardinal's hat sent to him, but his head was cut off before it came to hand! Most say of their crowns, as a certain king said of his, "Oh crown! more noble than happy!" It was a just complaint which long ago was made against the heathen gods, *O faciles dare summa Deos eademque tueri difficiles!* They could give their favourites great gifts, but they could not maintain them in the possession of them.

CURIOSITY REPROVED.—"Vain curiosity ought not to be indulged; and when it is, it seldom escapes punishment."

Nitocris, a celebrated queen of Babylon, ordered herself to be buried over one of the gates of the city, and placed an inscription on her tomb which signified that her successor would find great treasures within if ever they were in need of money, but that their labours would be ill repaid if ever they ventured to open it without necessity. Cyrus opened it through curiosity, and was struck to find within these words: "If thy avarice had not been insatiable, thou never wouldst have violated the monuments of the dead."

NATURAL DISPOSITION.—It is said of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Chesham Bois, that when one observed to him "there was a good deal in a person's natural disposition," he made this answer: "Natural disposition! Why, I am naturally as irritable as any; but when I find anger, or passion, or any other evil temper arise in my mind, immediately I go to my Redeemer, and, confessing my sins, I give myself up to be managed by him. This is the way that I have taken to get the mastery of my passions."

VULGARITY OUTWITTED. (*By Billy Hibbard.*)—While Mr. Hibbard was in his own vicinity on a day of some town business, he says, "I, with several others, left the cold meeting-house to go into a tavern near by to warm ourselves. There were many in the large bar-room seated around, while

one was walking up and down the room, strutting in ruffles and gloves, and swearing profanely, seemingly to the full approbation of all present. As he came towards the place where I was standing, he kept up his swearing, and I tapped him gently on the shoulder, and said softly, 'Mr. —, don't swear so;' at which he turned round and uttered an oath, and called me a d—n fool. 'Why, Hibbard,' said he, 'you used to be a likely, bright young man till you met with these Methodists; but they have made a d—n fool of you.' I held down my head as though I was very sorry for what I had done. The company were all laughing to hear him give it down to me. After he had given me his last piece of advice, not to reprove a gentleman, &c., I looked up at him, and making my bow, said, 'Mister, I ask your pardon; I believe I have crowded a little upon that rule of Scripture which says, "Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend you;" but I have done it ignorantly, for I did not know that you were a hog.' At this the laugh turned in my favour, while my seriousness awed them into due respect. I never heard Mr. — swear afterward.

WE MUST LIVE.—That was a pertinent and emphatical reply which a fellow of Emanuel College, in Cambridge, made to a friend of his of the same college. The latter, at the Restoration, had been representing the great difficulties (as they seemed to him) of conformity in point of conscience, concluding, however, with these words, "But we must live." To which the other answered only with the like number of words, "But we must (also) die." Than which a better answer could not possibly be given. Let those whom it may concern weigh the answer well.

WE MUST DIE.—When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, "Ah! David, David, David," said the doctor, clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder, "these are the things which make a deathbed terrible."

LOUIS XI.—Louis XI. of France was so fearful of death, that, as often as it came into his physician's head to threaten him with death, he put money into his hands to pacify him. His physician is said to have got 55,000 crowns from him in five months.

"I have heard of a man," says Gurnall, "that would never be present at any funeral; he could not even bear the sight of any of his own gray hairs, and, therefore, used a black lead comb to discolour them, lest by these the thoughts of death, which he abhorred, should crowd in upon him."

THE FOOL'S REPROOF.—"There was a certain nobleman," says Bishop Hall, "who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman fell sick even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said unto him, 'I must shortly leave you.' 'And whither are you going?' 'Into another world,' replied his lordship. 'And when will you come again? within a month?' 'No.' 'Within a year?' 'No.' 'When then?' 'Never.' 'Never!' said the fool; 'and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?' 'None at all.' 'No?' said the fool, 'none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this.'"

PIOUS PHILOSOPHER.—Mr. Robert Hooke, the mathematician and philosopher, seldom received any remarkable benefit in life, or made any considerable discovery in nature, or invented any useful contrivance, or found out any difficult problem, without setting down his acknowledgment to God. How amiable is Philosophy when she walks by the side of her elder sister Religion!

HUMAN NATURE.—When some one was talking before that acute Scotchman, Doctor Cheyne, of the excellence of human nature, "*Hoot, hoot, mon,*" said he, "*human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion?*" And, surely, if a cause be examined by its effect, if a principle be considered by its operation, that man must indeed be blind who will not acknowledge the depravity of human nature.

FREE WILL.—Dr. Gill once preaching on human inability, a gentleman present was much offended, and took him to task for degrading human nature. "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what do you think that men can contribute to their own conversion?" He enumerated a variety of particulars. "And have you done all this?" said the doctor. "Why, no, I can't say I have yet; but I hope I shall begin soon."

"If you have these things in your power and have not done them, you deserve to be doubly damned, and are but ill qualified to be an advocate for free-will, which has done you so little good."

THE CONDESCENDING GENERAL.—A certain general happened to observe a common soldier distinguish himself, on the day of battle, with unusual activity and courage. Determined to reward merit wherever it was found, he advanced the brave plebeian to a captain's post. The latter had not long enjoyed the honour before he came to his benefactor, and, with a dejected countenance, begged leave to resign his commission. The general, surprised at such an unexpected request, asked him the reason. "Your officers," said the petitioner, "being gentlemen of family and education, think it beneath them to associate or converse with a rustic. So that now I am abandoned on every side, and am less happy since my preferment than I was before this instance of your highness's favour." "Is that the cause of your uneasiness?" inquired the general. "Then it shall be redressed, and that very speedily. To-morrow I shall review the army, and to-morrow your business shall be done." Accordingly, when the troops were drawn up, and expected every moment to begin their exercise, the general called the young hero from the ranks, leaned his hand upon his shoulder, and, in this familiar and endearing position, walked with him through all the lines. The stratagem had its desired effect. After such a signal and public token of the prince's regard, the officers were emulous of his acquaintance, and courted rather than shunned his company.

We may apply this to the case of many poor Christians. Will not the favour of the blessed Jesus give us as great a distinction and as high a recommendation in the heavenly world? Will not the angelic hosts respect and honour those persons who appear washed in his blood, clothed with his righteousness, and wearing the most illustrious token of his love that he himself could possibly give?

In these tokens of his love may we be found! Then shall we meet one another with courage and comfort at the great tribunal, with honour and joy amid the angels of light, with everlasting exultation and rapture around the throne of God and the Lamb!

EXPOSITORS DESPISED.—A certain divine being asked what he thought of a passage of Scripture, immediately

gave his sense of it ; and on the querist replying, " I believe, sir, expositors differ from you," he warmly answered, " Don't tell me about expositors ; I know the sense I have given to be the true one, for the Holy Spirit has taught me." A silencing argument this ! Who could reply to it ?

THE FAMILY EXPOSITOR.—Mr. W., a merchant of Boston, in America, according to his wonted liberality, sent a present of chocolate, sugar, &c., to the Rev. Dr. B., with a billet desiring his acceptance of it as a comment on Gal. vi., 6 : " Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all *good things*." The doctor, who was then confined by sickness, returned his compliments to Mr. W., thanked him for his excellent *Family Expositor*, and wished Mr. W. to give him a practical exposition of Matt. xxv., 36 : " I was sick, and ye visited me."

A clergyman, once travelling in a stagecoach, was abruptly asked by one of the passengers if any of the heathens would go to heaven. " Sir," answered the clergyman, " I am not appointed *judge of the world*, and, consequently, cannot tell ; but, if ever you get to heaven, you shall either find some of them there, or a good reason why they are not there."

A reply well fitted to answer an impertinent question, dictated at best by idle curiosity.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A venerable old gentleman, on whose locks more than eighty winters had shed their snows, being asked what were his religious sentiments now that he was approaching the world of spirits, replied, " I was at first a Baptist ; then a kind of New Light ; afterward a Congregationalist ; now my only creed is, *God be merciful to me a sinner*."

The late Rev. Mr. Buckminster, of Boston, so beloved during his lifetime, and so much lamented at his early death, sometimes indulged himself in the playfulness of wit. Coming from a concert one exceedingly dark and slippery night, he exclaimed, " Gentlemen, if you do not C sharp, you will B flat."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—A few years since, a young clergyman, well known in this region, whose zeal was something like that of Jehu's when on a journey to the East, was in company with the venerable and pious Dr. Lathrop ; and

when, as he supposed, a proper opportunity presented for manifesting his peculiar attachment to his master's cause, he very abruptly said to the good doctor, "*Well, old man, have you got any religion?*" The doctor cast a very tender and compassionate look, and replied, "*Young man, I have no religion to boast of.*"—*Rochester Observer.*

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," replied Joshua, "but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?" The emperor consented. The rabbi took him into the open air at noon day, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot," said Trajan; "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight destroy you?"—*Hebrew Tales.*

A STING IN THE CONSCIENCE.—"You will go with me to hear our minister to-day?" said a serious youth in humble life to his younger brother. "Not to-day," was the answer; "certainly not to-day." "Why not to-day?" asked the other. "Because next week is the fair. I am sure Mr. — will preach against it to-day, and then I should not enjoy the fair at all, for I should go with *a sting in my conscience.*"

Do not many scoffers, and also many professors, who only draw near to God with their lips, abstain from attending upon faithful preachers, or even blame them upon this very account? If they would be as candid as this poor lad, would not their hearts confess similar feelings to his? Would they not say, "I will not go to hear that preacher, for I am engaged in vain pursuits; I indulge in frivolous amusements; I occupy all my time and talents in procuring needless riches. That strict preacher will testify against these things; and, if I go and hear him, how can I enjoy these things, or engage in them with spirit and pleasure, for I shall have '*A sting in my conscience.*'"

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER.—"This evening I have buried one of the warmest opposers of my ministry, a stout, strong young man, aged twenty-four years. About three months

ago he came to the churchyard with a corpse, but refused to come into the church. When the burial was over, I went to him and mildly expostulated with him. His constant answer was, 'That he had bound himself never to come to church while I was there ;' adding, 'that he would take the consequences,' &c. Seeing I got nothing, I left him, saying with uncommon warmth, though, as far as I can remember, without the least touch of resentment, 'I am clear of your blood ; henceforth it is upon your own head ; you will not come to church on your legs, prepare to come upon your neighbours' shoulders.' He wasted from that time, and, to my great surprise, hath been buried on the spot where we were when the conversation passed between us. When I visited him in his sickness, he seemed tame as a wolf in a trap. Oh, may God have turned him into a sheep in his last hours !"—*Benson's Life of Fletcher*, p. 85.

DEMOCRITUS.—We may learn a lesson here from a heathen philosopher.

It is said of Democritus that he continually laughed at the follies and vanities of mankind, who distract themselves with care, and are at once a prey to hope and anxiety. He told Darius, who was inconsolable for the loss of his wife, that he would raise her from the dead if he could find three persons who had gone through life without adversity, whose names he might engrave on the queen's monument. The king's inquiry to find such persons proved unavailing, and the philosopher in some manner soothed the sorrow of his sovereign. If a heathen could both dictate and practise submission, what ought not a Christian to do ?

THE REPORT DISCREDITED.—A report once prevailed in a certain town of Italy that the enemy was coming to storm it ; upon which the inhabitants made a law that forbade such a report to be credited ; and, when the enemy really arrived, no one mentioned it, or took up arms in his own defence, and the town was easily taken. Thus it is with the impenitent ; they are taught to believe there is no danger, until at last they are swept away without remedy.

BISHOP ASBURY.—Mr. Asbury being asked his thoughts on imputed righteousness, observed, "Were I disposed to boast, my boasting would be found true. I obtained religion at the age of thirteen. At the age of sixteen I began to preach, and travelled some time in Europe. At twenty-six

I left my native land, and bid adieu to my weeping parents, and crossed the boisterous ocean to spend the balance of my days in a strange land partly settled by savages. I have travelled through heat and cold for forty-five years. In thirty years I have crossed the Alleghany Mountains fifty-eight times. I have often slept in the woods without necessary food or raiment. In the Southern States I have waded swamps and led my horse for miles, where I took colds that brought on the diseases that are now preying on my system, and must soon terminate in death. But my mind is still the same; that it is through the merits of CHRIST I am to be saved."

GOD SEES ME.—Persons inclined to the sin of stealing are satisfied if they can only be certain they shall not be discovered. I once heard it related, that a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbour's cornfield to steal the ears one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky to see if God was noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us. "God sees me" is a thought that would keep us from many evil acts if we tried constantly to feel its truth.

WELSH ANECDOTE. ON THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." A Welsh clergyman, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in some part of England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation; and having been informed that their previous minister had suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, he took the following singular method of administering reproof.

In his address to the church he remarked, "You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart to be your pastor. You have done well.

God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do; you must take care of him; and, in order to his being happy among you, I have been thinking you have need to pray again. 'Pray again? Pray again? What should we pray again for?' 'Well, I think you have need to pray again.' 'But for what?' 'Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down to the earth again.' 'Jacob's ladder! Jacob's ladder! What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?' 'Why, I think, if God would put Jacob's ladder down, that your minister could go up into heaven on the Sabbath evening after preaching, and remain there all the week; then he could come down every Sabbath morning so spiritually minded and so full of heaven, that he would preach to you almost like an angel.' 'Oh, yes, that may be all very well; and, if it were possible, we should like it; but, then, we need our minister with us during the week, to attend prayer-meetings, visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, &c., &c., and, therefore, must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention.' 'That may be, and I will admit the necessity of his daily attentions to your concerns; but, then, you will remember, that if he remains here he must have bread and cheese; and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessities of life, while many of you can enjoy its luxuries; and, therefore, I thought, if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on the Sabbath, and, by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him.'—*Col. Star.*

THE RICH MAN CONFOUNDED.—To be enabled to appropriate the Saviour as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, is of all enjoyments the greatest. The possession of wealth, talents, power, and fame, all sink to nothing when compared with this. The poorest, the most obscure, therefore, with this, is infinitely more happy than the most elevated without it. A gentleman one day took an acquaintance of his upon the leads of his house to show him the extent of his possession: waving his hand about, "There," says he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on one side, "Do you see that farm?"

"Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That also belongs to me." "Then," said his friend, "do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Ay! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine.'" He looked confounded and said no more.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—A gentleman was known by his nearest and dearest friend, his wife, never to lie down upon his pillow some years before his death, or raise his head from it in the morning, without repeating the short hymn annexed to this anecdote; and sometimes he would inadvertently burst into ejaculations in company, when two or three lines of it were distinctly heard before he could recollect himself: the cause at that time was unknown; but, after his decease, a paper was found in his bureau to the following purport: "You will no longer be surprised at my involuntary effusions of feeble gratitude to the Almighty, which broke forth occasionally in gay company, when you shall read that many years since the dread of approaching poverty, disgrace, humiliation, and desertion of friends had brought me to the fatal resolution of putting an end to my existence. Conscious that I had brought misfortune upon a numerous family by my own imprudence, dissipation, and pride, I considered my punishment as an act of justice. The destined moment arrived; already had I loaded, primed, and cocked; when, strange to relate! though I had not read a page in the Bible for years, a reflection came suddenly across my mind; 'Jesus of Nazareth,' said I to myself, 'was a man (for I disbelieved in his divinity) acquainted with sorrows, endured a life of poverty, was exposed to public scorn and derision, suffered pain of body and agony of mind, and had nothing to reproach himself with, yet this reformer of the morals of mankind, this benefactor to society, this illustrious pattern of fortitude, patience, and humility, was, by an unthankful world, put to death: he was crucified! but he crucified not himself!' Repeating these last words a second time with unusual energy, pride, disdain, shame, and contempt of my inability humbly to imitate this striking example of bearing afflictions manfully, produced a passionate conflict of mind, in which paroxysm I madly flung the pistol some distance from me; to add to the affecting scene, it went off, unheard but by my affectionate wife, who religiously kept the secret: her consolations restored me to

temporary tranquillity, but the work of Providence was not yet completed; not a week had elapsed, and settled melancholy was again taking possession of my soul, when a letter announced the death of a distant relation, and summoned me to the reading of his will, by which he had bequeathed me sufficient not only to clear me of all encumbrances, but to enable me, with the assistance of a considerable surplus, to exert my abilities in the line of my profession for the genteel support of my family, and even to aim at a moderate independence, which you will find I have at length acquired."

"Rise, oh my soul! the hour review,
 When, awed by guilt and fear,
 Thou durst not Heaven for mercy sue,
 Nor hope for pity here!
 Dried are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,
 Dispell'd each bitter care;
 For Heaven itself did send its aid,
 To snatch thee from despair!
 Then here, oh God, thy work fulfil;
 And from thy mercy's throne
 Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
 And to resist my own.
 So shall my soul each power employ
 Thy mercies to adore,
 While Heaven itself proclaims with joy
 One rescued sinner more!"

HEAVEN.—When Anaxagoras was accused of not studying politics for his country's good, he replied, "I have a very great care of my country," pointing up to heaven. So a Christian looks upon heaven as his country, and considers himself as a stranger and pilgrim here on earth; nor will his heavenly-mindedness detract from his patriotism, for *he* is the best friend to order and happiness on earth whose affections are most set on things in heaven.

The idolatrous temple of Diana was so bright and splendid, that the doorkeeper always cried to them that entered in, "Take heed to your eyes." But what faculties of vision must we have to behold the glory of the Temple above! If it is said that the righteous themselves shall shine forth as the sun, what will be the splendour of the Eternal Throne?

A distinguished character in a neighbouring nation had an extraordinary mark of distinction and honour sent him by his prince as he lay on his deathbed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is a mighty fine thing in this country; but I am just going to a country where it will be of no service to me."

PLAYS.—"He that is not satisfied," says Bishop Wilson,

“that plays are an unlawful diversion, let him, *if he dare*, offer up this prayer to God before he goes: ‘Lord, lead me not into temptation, and bless me in what I am now to be employed.’” There are many other occupations and amusements in which the same advice is worth attending to.

HUMAN REASON.—While human reason is not to be despised, we must ever remember it is not to be idolized. Man, in his present state, is a disordered being; his understanding is clouded, and his reasoning powers are injured by the fall. To suppose we can know everything; and especially divine things, by the mere effort of reason, is absurd. Revelation, as it was necessary, so it has been vouchsafed to mankind; those, therefore, who take this as their rule, are certain to obtain true knowledge; but those who refuse it must still wander on in error. As divine revelation is given, so divine influence is promised. As all systems, both in creation and Providence, are maintained and carried on by a constant supernatural energy, so the mind lies dead, dark, and insensible until it becomes the subject of divine operation.

Several learned men tried to persuade a great scholar to believe in Christianity, but it seems all their labour was in vain. A plain honest person, however, managed the argument in a different manner, by referring not so much to logical reasoning as to the work of the Divine Spirit; so that at last the scholar exclaimed, “When I heard no more than human reason, I opposed it with human reason; but when I heard the Spirit, I was obliged to surrender.” Thus it is that the wisest, trusting to their own wisdom, are lost; while those who are taught of the Spirit know the way of God in truth.

PAUSE.—It is said of a captain, of whom historians have taken more care to record the wisdom than the name, that he required the Emperor Charles V. to discharge him from his service. Charles asked the reason. The prudent soldier replied, “Because there ought to be a pause between the hurry of life and the day of death.”

INFIDELITY AND INFIDELS.

AN ATHEIST.—An Atheist is an overgrown libertine ; and, if we believe his own genealogy, he is a by-blow begot by hazard, and flung into the world by necessity ; he moves by wheels, and has no more soul than a windmill ; he is thrust on by fate, and acts by mere compulsion ; he is no more master of his deeds than of his being, and, therefore, is as constant to his word as the wind to the same point ; so that an Atheist, by his principles, is a knave per se and an honest man per accidens. In fine, he starts out of dust and vanishes into nothing.

FEELING OF INFIDELS.—One of the most sensible men I ever knew, says one, but whose life as well as creed had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer, not many months before his death, when I asked him “whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at the time and succeeded afterward by some sense of mental pain.” “Yes,” said he, “but I have scarce ever owned it until now. We” (meaning we infidels and men of fashionable morals) “do not tell you all that passes in our hearts !”

ANOTHER.—An instance of the power of conscience we have in Lord Rochester. “One day,” says he, “I was at an atheistical meeting at a person’s of quality : I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performance received the applause of the whole company ; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately applied to myself, ‘Good God ! that a man that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator.’”

IMPIETY.—Louis IX. actually stopped a priest, who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore Heaven for his future welfare : “Hold ! hold !” cried he, “you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my *soul another time.*”

How TRUE IS ROM. viii., 7 ?—A certain gentleman in France, having feasted high on sensual gratifications, said, “Let God Almighty give me all the good things in Paris,

and secure me from the monster death, and he may keep his heaven to himself and welcome."

Henry II. hearing Mentz, his chief city was taken, used this blasphemous speech: "I shall never," said he, "love God any more, that suffered a city so dear to me to be taken from me."

COLLINS.—Collins, though he had no belief in Christianity, yet qualified himself for civil office by partaking of the Lord's Supper; Shaftesbury did the same; and the same is done by hundreds of infidels to this day. Yet these are the men who are continually declaiming against the hypocrisy of priests!

SCOFFERS REPROVED.—Another of the same insolent tribe once accosted a poor but pious woman by saying, "So, I find you are one of those fools who believe in the Bible!" "Yes," said she, "and with good reason, while so many infidels exist to prove the truth of its testimony, that *in every age there will be a generation of fools like you to blaspheme it!*"

The following is very laconic, but worthy to be observed: A rake went into a church and tried to decoy a girl by saying, "Why do you attend to such stuff as these Scriptures?" "Because," said she, "they tell me that in the last days there shall come such scoffers as you!" Well said, truly!!

IGNORANT INFIDEL.—Men of infidel principles are sometimes as ignorant as they are impertinent. One of this sort was making himself merry in a large company, at the expense of the Scriptures, and told his companions that he could prove the prophet of the Christians (as he called Christ) mistaken, even upon the most common subjects. After awakening the curiosity of the company, he thus gratified it. "Christ says that *old bottles* are not so strong as new (alluding to Matt. ix., 17), and, therefore, if new wine is put into *old bottles*, it will break them. Now, don't everybody know that old glass is just as strong as new? for who ever heard that glass was the weaker for being old?"

A clergyman in company, who had been made the butt of his wit, gently reprov'd the ignorance and folly of this witting by asking him if he understood Greek. "Greek, sir! no, sir; but what has Greek to do with it? A bottle is a bottle, whether it be in Greek or English; everybody knows that an old bottle is just as good and as strong as a

new one." "Not quite, sir," replied the other; "if they are made of leather or skins, as the fact was as to the bottles Christ speaks of, as the Greek name imports; and, indeed, it is so in many countries even to this day, that people use skins by way of vessels to contain wine." On which side the laughter of the company turned is not very difficult to conceive. We may here learn that the knowledge of the original languages in which the Scriptures are written is of no small utility to a Christian minister.

To a young infidel, who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then don't you see," said Dr. M., "that, by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

VOLTAIRE.—The hero of modern infidels, we are informed, when he came to die, was in the greatest horror. When the doctor came he exclaimed, "I am abandoned by God and man. Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!" and soon expired.

THE INFIDEL CORRECTED.—A young gentleman of moderate understanding, but of great vivacity, by dipping into many authors of the modish and freethinking turn, had acquired a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an Atheist or a Freethinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments he went into the country to visit his father, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well that he seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day, talking of his setting dog, the son said he did not question but Carlo was as immortal as any one of the family;

and, in the heat of the argument, told his father that, for his part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which the old man, starting up in a passion, cried out, "Then, sirrah, you shall live like one;" and, taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system, and brought him to more serious reflections and better studies.

"I do not," continues Sir Richard Steele, from whom this story is taken, "mention the cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give a man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and to destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory of all public societies as well as of private persons."

GIBBON.—The late celebrated Mr. Gibbon, just before his death, confessed that "when he considered all worldly things, they were all fleeting; when he looked back, they had been fleeting; when he looked forward, *all was dark and doubtful.*" Surely no one can wish to be an infidel for the comfort of it!

REMARKS OF CECIL.—"My heart has yearned," says M. Cecil, "at marking a great man, wise in his generation, skilfully holding the reins of a vast enterprise, grasping with a mighty mind its various relations, and penetrating with an eagle's eye into—what? everything but HIMSELF. A fallen spirit in a disordered world! Having a day of salvation, and that neglected! How natural was the dying language of such a one when he cried out, '*The battle is fought, the battle is fought; but the victory is lost for ever!*'"

"Alas! how many celebrated geniuses, how many deep philosophers, how many splendid conquerors shall awake in eternity from their vain dreams of glory; each wishing he had been an idiot, or even a brute, that he might never have been eternally a wretch, responsible for talents and privileges neglected and abused!"—See Rev. Mr. Cecil's Sermon entitled "The true Patriot."

INFLUENCE OF INFIDELITY.—Infidelity is not only shocking as to its nature, but every way injurious as to its tendency. The following instance is a confirmation of it. A servant who waited at the table of Mr. M., often hearing this subject brought forward, at last became as great an adept in

these principles as his master; and being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. He was, however, so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that, after death, there was no reward for virtue or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" "Sir," said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you? If I had a mind to venture that, you had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?"

THE CAVILLER REPROVED.—A certain man went to a dervis and proposed three questions. 1st. Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is. 2dly. Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? man has no free-will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God; and, if he had power, he would do everything for his own good. 3dly. How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire make on itself?

The dervis took up a large clod of earth and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the *cadi*, and said, "I proposed three questions to such a dervis, who flung such a clod of earth at me as has made my head ache." The *cadi*, having sent for the dervis, asked, "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head instead of answering his questions?" The dervis replied, "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head; let him show me where it is, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint to you against me? Whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God, and what power do I possess? And, as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the *cadi* highly pleased with the dervis's answer.

THE ATHEIST CONVINCED.—The famous astronomer

Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which, being placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask from whence it came and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it ever *made by any person*, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his skeptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in *mere* chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.—Colonel Ethan Allen was a bold officer in the American revolution. He could face the enemies of his country with the most undaunted bravery, and in the field of battle he never shrunk from danger. But he was an opposer of Christianity, and gloried in the character of an infidel. His wife, however, was a pious woman, and taught her children in the ways of piety, while he told them it was all a delusion. But there was an hour coming when Colonel Allen's confidence in his own sentiments would be closely tried. A beloved daughter was taken sick; he received a message that she was dying; he hastened to her bedside, anxious to hear her dying words. "Father," said she, "I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?" This was an affecting scene. The intrepid colonel became agitated; his chin quivered; his whole frame shook; and, after waiting a few moments, he replied, "*Believe what your mother has taught you.*"

"THE DEVIL IS DEAD."—It is said that some time after the publication of Mr. Haynes's sermon on the text, "Thou shalt not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said, "Father Haynes,

have you heard the good news?" "No," said he, "what is it?" "It is great news, indeed," said the other; "and, if true, *your* business is done." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentleman replied, lifting up both his hands and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

ROBESPIERRE.—On the 30th of May, 1791, Robespierre spoke in the National Assembly in favour of abolishing the punishment of death; and yet there hardly ever was an individual who showed less regard for human life, or shed blood with such indiscriminate profusion.

DESTRUCTION OF ROBESPIERRE.—The celebrated Jean Lambert Tallien had formed a tender friendship with the beautiful Madame Cabarus, so celebrated in revolutionary history; but, at the period in question, mutual jealousy had interrupted their attachment. She was thrown into a dungeon by order of Robespierre; and when it was conceived she had been sufficiently terrified by imprisonment and the prospect of the guillotine, she was offered life and liberty if she would betray the councils of Tallien, and enable his enemies to ruin him. Although her lover had been faithless and had deserted her, she refused the offer with indignation; and, with great difficulty, had the following letter conveyed to him:

"The Minister of Police has announced to me that tomorrow I am to appear at the tribunal, that is to say, I am to ascend the scaffold. I dreamed last night that Robespierre was no more, and that my prison doors were opened. A brave man might have realized my dream; but, thanks to your notorious cowardice, no one remains who is capable of its accomplishment."

Tallien answered merely, "Be prudent as I shall prove brave; and, above all, be tranquil."

The next day he hurried to the tribunal, and, regardless of danger, accused the miscreant Robespierre in his own presence. The eloquence of Tallien had always been commanding and impressive; but on this occasion it was compared to the impetuous flowing of a river, whose course has been prematurely stopped. He portrayed the vices of Robespierre and his companions; the cruelty and the other excesses of their government, which had deprived France

of her most illustrious citizens. Then, taking a dagger from his bosom, he rushed towards the statue of Brutus, his own immortal prototype, and swore that he himself would stab the tyrant to the heart if his countrymen did not deliver themselves from their disgraceful bondage. His language, his action, and his animated eye were irresistible, for they recalled the Roman hero to the minds of all the auditors. Robespierre was astounded, and attempted to defend himself. The moment was critical; the life of Tallien hung upon a thread; but his eloquence prevailed, and the tribunal regained its lost character. The tyrant was sent to the scaffold; Madame Cabarus and other intended victims were saved, and the reign of terror was abolished.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.—As Mr. Haynes was travelling in the State of Vermont, he fell in with a person of infidel principles. He soon discovered himself to be an unprincipled scoffer at religion. In the course of conversation he demanded of Mr. Haynes what evidence he had for believing the Bible. "Why, sir," answered Mr. Haynes, "the Bible, which was written more than a thousand years ago, informs me that I should meet just such a man as yourself." "But how can you show that?" returned the caviller. "Why, sir, the Bible says, 2 Pet. iii., 3, 'In the last days scoffers shall come, walking after their own lusts.'"

VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.—From "Letters on Female Character, addressed to a young lady on the death of her mother, by Mrs. Virginia Cary."

"The enemies of religion are indeed the enemies of the whole race of man. They would take from their fellow-beings the sole remedy provided by Omnipotent mercy for the variety of ills which constitute the inheritance of man. They would shut out the healing stream from the diseased and dying in this world, and close for ever the golden gates of heaven upon the toil-worn pilgrims who have faltered through their appointed course of earthly trials, and *might* be entitled to a blessed inheritance above."

"There is something appalling to the imagination in the contemplation of Voltaire's last moments. Yet it is a picture which should be hung up for exhibition before the congregated world. What unutterable horrors pervaded his soul when it received its final summons to appear before his Maker and its Judge! He was discovered by his attendant with a book of prayers in his hand, endeavouring, with a

faltering tongue, to repeat some of the petitions for mercy addressed to that Being whose name he had blasphemed. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair on the floor, exclaiming, 'Will not this God, whom I have denied, save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me?' Awful spectacle! Where was the fame for which he had laboured? the applause which had been the breath of his nostrils? Where were the hollow-hearted flatterers, whose faithless professions of friendship had deceived him in prosperity? Alas! they were the first to forsake him in the hour of misery! His last moments were attended solely by a hired menial, who is said to have inquired, when next applied to in her professional capacity, whether the gentleman who wanted her services was a *philosopher*? for she declared herself unable to stand the horror of another scene like the deathbed of Voltaire, and would rather forego the emolument than engage in such an arduous and soul-appalling duty.

"What must have been the condition of that departed spirit when the dread realities of the future burst upon its unobstructed vision! when the awful throne of an insulted sovereign rose in sublime majesty before the immortal soul, on its entrance into eternity! when the first object it beheld, in the dread realms of futurity, was the Being whose existence he had denied, whose cause he had persecuted! and that Being enthroned in omnipotence as a final Judge! Let us draw a veil over the terrific spectacle."

A BLUSH.—What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word, a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the *face*, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or the sock which covers then. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul! There may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

VEHEMENCE.—Bolingbroke left one of his infidel publications to be published after his death by Mallet, a brother unbeliever. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of the legacy, exclaimed, "A scoundrel! who spent his life in charging a popgun against Christianity; and a coward! who, afraid

of the report of his own gun, left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death."

HUME, THE ATHEIST.—David Hume, author of the celebrated History of England, having one day visited the house of a certain gentleman in Edinburgh, was surprised by the marked contempt and disgust evidenced at his presence by a small boy of about four years of age. "Why do you shun me, my sweet little fellow?" inquired the philosopher. "Because you are not a good man, seeing you deny the existence of God," replied the child. "Why, then, do you not pray for me?" said Hume: whereupon the child, immediately raising its hands and eyes to the heavens, uttered this wonderful ejaculation: "*O God! be pleased to impart to him the truth of thy existence.*" Such was the impression of this brief, emphatic, and unexpected prayer upon the mind of Hume, that he is said to have remembered and repeated it to the last hour of his life.

THE PHILISTINE'S HEAD; OR, THE INFIDEL REPROVED.—A gay young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage-coach to London, forced his sentiments on the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures; and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's *head was as soft as thine.*"

VOLTAIRE AND CHESTERFIELD.—When Voltaire was in England, he was highly caressed by all the English nobility, but by none more than Lord Chesterfield. His lordship gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accused the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excused himself in the most polite terms; but, being one day a little hard run by his lordship on the occasion, the poet replied with acrimony, "My lord, I always consider it as a singular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordship's genius and abilities; but really, my lord, when I find how much you prostitute the gifts of nature by entertaining sharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment and admire my own abilities." His lordship turned

upon his heel, and retorted, "*J'aime l'esprit, même quand je le trouve dans un coquin* ; I love mind, even when I meet with it in a scoundrel." Voltaire did not rejoin.

NEW UNION.—Abner Kneeland, the Atheist of Boston, in reply to a compliment paid him by the Catholic Sentinel, speaks of a union between Atheists and Catholics as follows :

"Let this UNION but take place, and the great *Western Valley* will speak in a voice of thunder, that all the missionary fanatics of our country will never be able to silence."

This is kind in Mr. Kneeland to have the interest of the "great valley" so much at heart. But the union in the "great valley" would be all on one side, for the Atheists are as scarce among us as snakes and toads in Ireland. We have resided for years in the West, and traversed it for thousands of miles, and never yet have met an avowed Atheist. When this union is formed, Mr. Kneeland will have a large party here. "Deacon Givens and I," said a Rhode Islander, "keep more cows than any other two men in town." "How many does Deacon Givens keep?" said a by-stander. "Twenty-nine." "And how many do you keep?" "One." So it will be with Abner Kneeland's union between Atheists in the West and Catholics. He is in great trouble, and resembles the drunkard

"Who caught hold of a sign-post and loudly did bawl,
United we stand, divided we fall."—*Cin. Journal*.

A FOOL ANSWERED ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.—Near the Alleghany Mountains, an infidel judge was sitting with a circle of his friends, and ridiculing the account of the creation of our race as inspiration gives it, and asserted that we came into existence by chance. "Perhaps," said he, "some of us existed a while in less perfect organizations, and at length (nature always tending to perfection) we became men, and others sprang into life in other ways ; and if we could find a rich country now which had not been injured by the hand of man, I have no doubt that we should see them produced from the trees." Being fluent, self-confident, and in most respects superior to his audience, he made his doctrines appear very plausible, and asked this and that one of the company what they thought of them. All answered in the affirmative, till he asked a youthful stranger, as he sat silent in the corner, what he thought of them. "Indeed, sir," he replied, "I have no doubt at all upon the subject, for I have travelled in the

richest part of Texas, where I saw the forest in its native perfection, unsullied by the hand of man, and there I have seen large hogs growing upon the trees. The nose is the end of the stem, as you see by its form; and, when ripe, I have seen them fall, and proceed directly to eating the acorns that grew upon the same tree." This simple illustration of his principles turned the laugh upon the judge, and was sufficient to counteract the evils he intended.—*Pastor's Journal*.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.—"I shall conclude this catalogue with a brief abstract of the confessions of J. J. Rousseau. After a good education in the Protestant religion, he was put apprentice. Finding the situation disagreeable to him, he felt a strong propensity to vice, inclining him to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal; a propensity of which he was never able afterward to divest himself. 'I have been a rogue,' says he, 'and am so still, sometimes, for trifles which I had rather take than ask for.'

"He abjured the Protestant religion, and entered the hospital of the Catechumens at Taurin, to be instructed in that of the Catholics: 'For which, in return,' says he, 'I was to receive subsistence. From this interested conversion,' he adds, 'nothing remained but the remembrance of my having been both a dupe and an apostate.'

"After this he resided with a Madame de Warren, with whom 'he lived in the greatest possible familiarity.' This lady often suggested that there would be no justice in the Supreme Being should he be strictly just to us; because, not having bestowed what was necessary to render us essentially good, it would be requiring more than he had given. She was, nevertheless, a very good Catholic, or pretended at least to be one, and certainly desired to be such. If there had been no Christian morality established, Rousseau supposes she would have lived as though regulated by its principles. All her morality, however, was subordinate to the principles of M. Savel (who first seduced her from conjugal fidelity, by urging, in effect, that exposure was the only crime), or, rather, she saw nothing in religion that contradicted them. Rousseau was far enough from being of this opinion, yet he confessed he dared not combat the arguments of the lady; nor is it supposable he could, as he appears to have acted on the same principles at the time 'Finding in her,' he adds, 'all those ideas I had occasion for to secure me from the fears of death and its future consequences, I drew confidence and security from this source'

"The writings of Port Royal and those of the Oratory made him half a Jansenist; and, notwithstanding all his confidence, their harsh theory sometimes alarmed him. A dread of hell, which, till then, he had never much apprehended, by little and little disturbed his security; and, had not Madame de Warren tranquillized his soul, would at length have been too much for him. His confessor, also a Jesuit, contributed all in his power to keep up his hopes.

"After this he became familiar with another female, Theresa. He began by declaring to her that he would never either abandon or marry her. Finding her pregnant with her first child, and hearing it observed in an eating-house that he who had best filled the Foundling Hospital was always the most applauded, 'I said to myself,' quoth he, 'since it is the custom of the country, they who live here may adopt it. I cheerfully determined upon it without the least scruple; and the only one I had to overcome was that of Theresa, whom, with the greatest imaginable difficulty, I persuaded to comply.' The year following, a similar inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient; no more reflection on his part nor approbation on that of the mother. 'She obliged with trembling. My fault,' says he, 'was great; but it was an error.'

"He resolved on settling at Geneva; and on going thither, and being mortified at his exclusion from the rights of a citizen by the profession of a religion different from his forefathers, he determined openly for the latter. 'I thought,' says he, 'the gospel being the same for every Christian, and the only difference in religious opinions the result of the explanations given by men to that which they did not understand, it was the exclusive right of the sovereign power in every country to fix the mode of worship and these unintelligible opinions; and that, consequently, it was the duty of a citizen to admit the one and conform to the other in the manner prescribed by the law.' Accordingly, at Geneva he renounced popery.

"After passing twenty years with Theresa he made her his wife. He appears to have intrigued with a Madame de H——. Of his desires after that lady, he says, 'Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure.' Such, according to his own account, was the life of uprightness and honour which was to expiate for a theft which he had committed when a young man, and laid it to a female servant, by which she lost her place and character. Such was Rousseau, the man whom the rulers of the French nation

have delighted to honour, and who, for writing this account, had the vanity and presumption to expect the applause of his Creator. 'Whenever the last trumpet shall sound,' saith he, 'I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, 'Thus have I acted—these were my thoughts—such was I. Power Eternal! assemble round thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow-mortals! let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings; let each in his turn expose, with equal sincerity, the failings, the wanderings of his heart; and, if he dare, aver I was better than that man!'" So much for the morality of infidels!!!

Whatever specious arguments infidels bring forward in support of their doctrines, there is one thing which seems very prominent in their characters; I mean pride. They oppose their own reason to the facts of ages, the fulfilment of prophecy, the evidence of miracles, and the good sense of the wisest and best men who have ever lived.

"The sufficiency of human reason," says Young, "is the golden calf which these men set up to be worshipped; and, in the phrensies of their extravagant devotion to it, they trample on venerable authority, strike at an oak with an osier, the doctrine of God's own planting and the growth of ages, with the sudden and fortuitous shoots of imagination, abortive births of an hour. The human improvements on divine revelation may be compared to the profaning of the Holy Bible with the figure of heathen idols under *Antiochus Epiphanes*; or, rather, to the proud *Roman* emperor who took the head from Jupiter's statue, and placed his own in its stead."

The elegant Saurin strikingly describes the folly and madness of such men: "What surprises me, what stumbles me, what frightens me, is to see a diminutive creature, a contemptible man, a little ray of light glimmering through a few feeble organs, controvert a point with the Supreme Being, oppose that Intelligence who setteth at the helm of the world, question what he affirms, dispute what he determines, appeal from his decision, and, even after God hath given evidence, reject all doctrines that are beyond his capacity. Enter into thy nothingness, mortal creature! What madness animates thee? How darest thou pretend, thou who art but a point, thou whose essence is but an atom, to measure thyself with the Supreme Being, with Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain?"

POPERY.

The following document was issued by the pope against a person for renouncing the errors of the Church of Rome in 1758:

The pope's curse, bell, book, and candle, on a heretic at Hampreston.

"By the authority of the blessed Virgin Mary, of Sts. Peter and Paul, and of the holy saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, Henry Goldney, of Hampreston, in the county of Dorset, an infamous heretic, that hath, in spite of God and St. Peter, whose church this is, in spite of all holy saints, and in spite of our holy father, the pope (God's vicar here on earth), and of the reverend and worshipful the canons, masters, priests, jesuits, and clerks of our holy church, committed the heinous crimes of sacrilege with the images of our holy saints, and forsaken our most holy religion, and continues in heresy, blasphemy, and corrupt lust. Excommunicated be he finally, and delivered over to the devil as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic. Accursed be he, and given soul and body to the devil to be buffeted. Cursed be he in all holy cities and towns, in fields and ways, in houses and out of houses, and in all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever he does besides. We separate him from the threshold; from all the good prayers of the church; from participation of holy mass; from all sacraments, chapels, and altars; from holy bread and holy water; from all the merits of our holy priests and religious men, and from all their cloisters; from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities all the holy fathers (popes of Rome) have granted to them; and we give him over utterly to the power of the devil; and we pray to our Lady, and Sts. Peter and Paul, and all our holy saints, that all the senses of his body may fail him, and that he may have no feeling, except he come openly to our beloved priest at Stapehill, in time of mass, within thirty days from the third time of pronouncing hereof by our dear priest there, and confess his heinous, heretical, and blasphemous crimes, and by true repentance make satisfaction to our Lady, St. Peter, and the worshipful company of our holy Church of Rome, and suffer himself to be buffeted, scourged, and spit upon, as our said dear priest, in his goodness, holiness, and sanctity shall direct and prescribe. Given under the

seal of our holy church at Rome, the tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and in the first year of our pontificate.

“C. R.

“Eighth of October, 1758, pronounced the first time.

“Fifteenth of ditto, pronounced the second time.

“Twenty-second of ditto, pronounced the third time.”

ROMISH SUPERSTITION.—A Neapolitan shepherd came in anguish to his priest, “Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner. It is the holy season of Lent; and, while I was busy at work, some whey spurting from the cheese-press flew into my mouth, and, wretched man! I swallowed it. Free my distressed conscience from its agonies by absolving me from my guilt!” “Have you no other sins to confess?” said his spiritual guide. “No; I do not know that I have committed any other.” “There are,” said the priest, “many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains, and I have reason to believe you are one of the persons concerned in them.” “Yes,” he replied, “I am; but these are never accounted a crime; it is a thing practised by us all, and there needs no confession on that account.” Was not this straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel with a witness? yet many act little better than this man

ST. FRANCIS.—A cordelier, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him in his discourse above all other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed, “Where shall we place the seraphical father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all other saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? Oh, no! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him among the patriarchs?” In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubims, seraphims, virtues, thrones, dominions, and powers; and still he exclaimed, “Where, then, shall we place him! where shall we place this holy saint?” A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, rose up and said, “If you really don’t know where to place him, I’ll tell you. You may place him in my seat, for I’m off.”

PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED.—An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. “Ah! my lord,” said the good father, “you have now delivered a soul.” The count threw upon the plate another piece. “Here is

another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—When Dean Swift was requested to give his opinion of the Roman Catholic doctrine, that the bread administered in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was the real body of Christ, he is said to have written his answer as follows :

"Friar John, in his cell, took his exit of late,
Of the gravel, some say, but no matter for that;
He's dead, that's enough; and, if story tells right,
He was soon at hell's gate in a pitiful plight.
'Who's there?' cries the demon on guard; quoth the other,
'A poor guilty priest, a Catholic brother.'
'Halt! instantly halt! stand off, and keep clear;
Go, be damned somewhere else, thou shalt ne'er enter here;
We'll trust none so savage. A wretch so uncivil,
Who on earth ate his god, might in hell eat the devil!'"

ARROGANCE.—A few years ago a pilot in Quebec, a Roman Catholic, who cared nothing at all about religion, picked up an old Bible which had been cast ashore from the wreck of a ship. He read it through; and it opened his eyes so much that he could not forbear disputing with his priest upon certain points in religion. The priest was much surprised to hear him so knowing, and inquired how he had received his information; upon which the pilot showed him his Bible. The priest declared it was not a fit book for him to read, and desired he would give it into his charge. This the pilot refused, and the priest threatened to write to the bishop, and have him excommunicated as a heretic. But finding that neither threats nor entreaties had any effect, he requested he would keep it to himself, and let none of his neighbours know he had such a book. The old pilot declared that he considered the finding of that book the happiest event in his life, in consequence of the comfort which he received from perusing it.

DISTRICTS IN PURGATORY.—In a lecture against popery, delivered in New-York not long since by Dr. Brownlee, we heard the following fact related:

A woman and two children called on a lady in Broadway to ask alms. The woman was dressed in black, and said that she was left a widow, with the children she had accom-

panying her, in distressed circumstances, and she urged her request for alms with considerable earnestness. The lady informed her that she could give her no money, but offered her food and articles of clothing if she might need them. But these would not do; the widow wanted money, and she insisted so earnestly on the gift of money, that the lady asked her into the house, and entered into conversation with her, when she drew from the widow the following story:

"My husband," said she, "died a few weeks ago, and since that I've had no peace. Priest — called on me soon after, and reproved me for not paying over to him the sum of money necessary for his release from that place of torment. I asked him how much that would be. 'Oh,' said he, 'we have had different prices for different souls. For saying mass for some we have one hundred dollars, for others fifty, and for others less. The least sum I can accept for praying the soul of your departed husband out of that place of torment is *twenty-four dollars*.' And now he gives me no peace because you know I have not the money, and what can I do for the soul of my poor husband?"

The lady took a Bible, and handing it to the afflicted widow, said to her, "Here, take this Bible, and go to the priest you speak of, and request him to fold down a leaf on that place which teaches the doctrine of purgatory, and then you bring the Bible back to me, and I will give you the whole amount you want to pay for the praying your husband out of that place of torment."

The poor Romanist was delighted with this proposal. She took the Bible and made off in great haste to the priest; but she was not gone a great while; she soon returned more sorrowful than before. She told the lady, in great distress, that she carried the Bible to the priest, and informed him how he could put her in the way of obtaining the whole amount necessary to procure the release of her husband's soul from the torments of purgatory. But, alas! instead of turning down a leaf in her Bible upon the place where it teaches the doctrine of purgatory, he flew into a violent rage, and ordered her from his presence, saying, "See that the twenty-four dollars are forthcoming, or I'll put you under penance for having in your presence that heretical book, and your husband shall never be released from purgatory till the money is paid down; and, mind you! no other priest but myself can pray him out, for he is *in my district*!"

POPISH MIRACLES, MYSTERIES, RELICS, AND CEREMO-

NIES.—The following will give us some idea of the fallacy of miracles in the Romish Church.

“St. Anthony is thought to have had a great command over fire, and power of destroying, by flashes of that element, those who incurred his displeasure. A certain monk of St. Anthony one day assembled his congregation under a tree where a magpie had built her nest, into which he had found means to convey a small box filled with gunpowder, and out of the box hung a long, thin match, that was to burn slowly, and was hidden among the leaves of the trees. As soon as the monk or his assistant had touched the match with a lighted coal, he began his sermon. In the mean while the magpie returned to her nest, and, finding in it a strange body which she could not remove, she fell into a passion, and began to scratch with her feet, and chatter most unmercifully. The friar affected to hear her without emotion, and continued his sermon with great composure, only he would now and then lift up his eyes towards the top of the tree, as if he wanted to know what was the matter. At last, when he judged that the match was near reaching the gunpowder, he pretended to be out of patience; he cursed the magpie, wished St. Anthony’s fire might consume her, and went on again with his sermon. But he had scarcely pronounced two or three periods when the match on a sudden produced its effect, and blew up the magpie with its nest; which miracle wonderfully raised the character of the friar, and proved afterward very beneficial to him and his convent.”

Galbert, monk of Marchiennes, informs us of a strange act of devotion in his time, and which, indeed, is attested by several contemporary writers. When the saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votarists, they flogged their relics with rods in a spirit of impatience, which they conceived were proper to make them bend into compliance.

PRINCE RADZIVIL.—When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected that he went in person to visit the pope, and pay him all possible honours. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a box of precious relics. Having returned home, the report of this invaluable possession was spread; and, at length, some monks entreated permission to try the effects of these relics on a demoniac who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, deposited on the altar, and an innumerable crowd at-

tended. After the usual conjurations, which were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly became well. The people cried out, *A miracle!* and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy he observed that a young gentleman, who was keeper of this rich treasure of relics, smiled, and appeared by his motions to ridicule the miracle. The prince, with violent indignation, took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following secret intelligence concerning them: He assured him that, in travelling from Rome, he had lost the box of relics, and that, not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats, and other trifles similar to what was lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box that the prince discovered the great impositions of the monks and the demoniacs, and he afterward became a zealous Lutheran.

A MIRACLE.—Among the many strange things related in the Roman Breviary for the edification of the faithful, is the following concerning Dionysius, the Roman saint:

“Dionysius, having now passed his hundredth year, was struck with the axe on the seventh of the ides of October; concerning whom tradition relates that he took up his head when cut off, and carried it in his hands two miles, &c. *Die ix Octobris.*”

Think of this, reader, “a man running two miles with his head in his hands!” We are not joking; the story actually has a place in the BREVIARY, a sort of repository for *modern miracles*. This story may, perhaps, afford an illustration of the utility of *tradition*, since from authentic history we have no such information about St. Dionysius as is here given. Certainly from no other could we have been informed of this most astonishing miracle, *a man running two miles with his own head in his hands!* So marvellous is it, that it will not be surprising if some should regard it as one of those stories of the dark ages got up by corrupt men to excite the wonderment of the ignorant.—*Lutheran Observer.*

MODERN MIRACLE-MONGER.—A priest in extreme poverty resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks

of several eggs in a hollow cane, and stopped the end with butter; then, walking into an alehouse, he begged to fry a single egg for his dinner. The smallness of his repast excited curiosity, and they gave him a morsel of lard. He stirred the lard with his cane, and, to the wonder of the surrounding peasants, produced a handsome omelet. This miracle established his fame; he sold omelets, and got rich by his ingenuity.

THE INQUISITION.—The late Admiral Pye, having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral informed him that they were not related, but their intimacy arose from a singular circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain he was cruising in the Mediterranean. While on that station he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy author of the letter was by birth an Englishman; that, having been a voyage to Spain, he was enticed, while there, to become a Papist, and, in process of time, was made a member of the Inquisition; that there he beheld the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel and so repugnant to the nature of God; that he was stung with remorse to think that, if his parents knew *what* and *where* he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place; but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he should be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer that he could not with propriety send a boat, but if he could devise any means to come on board, he would receive him as a British subject and protect him. He did so; but, being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship.

A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his *holiness the pope*, claimed him, but the captain did not know him or any other master but his own sovereign, King George. At length a third *holy brother* approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and, in terror, ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived by him, for he was the most *false, wicked, and cruel* monster in all the inquisition. He was intro-

duced, the young man being present; and, to obtain his object, began with the bitterest accusations against him; then he turned to the most fulsome flatteries of the captain; and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain treated him with apparent attention; said his offer was very handsome, and, if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name or of his protection. The holy brother was elated; he thought his errand was accomplished. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted upon him. He replied that it was uncertain; but as his offences were atrocious, it was likely that his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burned in a *dry pan*. He replied, that must be determined by the *holy Inquisition*, but it was not improbable.

The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling; his cheeks resembled death; he expected to become an unhappy victim to avarice and superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and *fry him alive* in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain! good captain! spare, spare me, spare me!" "Have him away!" replied the captain. "Oh no, my good captain!" "Have him away! I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a *British commander* to sacrifice the life of an *Englishman* to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, offering him all his money, and promising never to return if he would let him be gone. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. What must have been the reverse of feelings in the young man to find himself thus happily delivered! He fell upon his knees in a flood of tears before the captain, and poured out a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant; he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has inviolably subsisted and increased to this day." Christian reader, such, and infinitely stronger, should be thy attachment to Jesus Christ, who has delivered thee from eternal flames, and that at the expense of his own life!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The Reverend Billy Hibbard, in conversation with a gentleman on their way up Long Island Sound, who professed skepticism in everything he could not see, asked him if he believed there was a heaven. He said "No." "Well, as you don't believe there is a heaven or a hell, where will you go when you die?" "Oh, I shall transmigrate, I suppose, into some fine horse." "Ah! ha!" said I, "then it is transmigration you believe in. Well, well, if you get drowned here in the Sound, and the horsefeet eat you, you will then turn into a horsefoot; and then the fishermen may catch you, and give you to the hogs, and then you would turn into a hog; and then, if some dog should bite you for your mischief, and you die of the wound, the women might try you up for soap grease, and make you into soap, and that will be the end of you. And do you believe God has made human beings to transmigrate into brutes and reptiles, and be liable to be made into soap grease? If you choose to embrace sentiments that will make a brute of you, you are welcome to the honour of it."

ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSMIGRATION.—If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. The notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it; but he does not inform us of the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the immortality of the soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls. The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force among those nations that have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochinchina, Japan, Java, and Ceylon still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh antiquary insists that, by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Bramins of India

from Wales! The Welsh bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they most resemble, till, after a circuit of such chastising miseries, they are rendered more pure for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the inoffensiveness of the dove.

CRUELTY.

"I would not enter on my list of friends
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

COWPER.

NOTHING can be more contrary to nature, to reason, to religion, than cruelty. Hence an inhuman man is generally considered as a monster. Such monsters, however, have existed; and the heart almost bleeds at the recital of the cruel acts such have been guilty of. It teaches us, however, what human nature is when left to itself; not only treacherous above all things, but *desperately* wicked.

Commodus, the Roman emperor, when but twelve years old, gave a shocking instance of his cruelty, when, finding the water in which he bathed somewhat too warm, he commanded the person who attended the bath to be thrown into the furnace, nor was he satisfied till those who were about him pretended to put his order in execution. After his succession to the empire, he equalled, if he did not exceed in cruelty, Caligula, Domitian, and even Nero himself; playing, we may say, with the blood of his subjects and fellow-creatures, of whom he caused great numbers to be racked and butchered in his presence merely for his diversion. Historians relate many instances of his cruelty. He caused one to be thrown to wild beasts for reading the life of Caligula written by Suetonius; because the tyrant and he had been born on the same day of the month, and in many bad qualities resembled each other. Seeing one day a corpulent man pass by, he immediately cut him asunder, partly to try his strength, in which he excelled all men, and partly out of curiosity, as he himself owned, to see his entrails drop out at once. He took pleasure in cutting off the feet and putting out the eyes of such as he met in his rambles through the city. Some he murdered because they were negligently dressed; others because they seemed trimmed with too much nicety. He assumed the name and habit of Hercu-

les, appearing publicly in a lion's skin, with a huge club in his hand, and ordering several persons, though not guilty of any crimes, to be disguised like monsters, that, by knocking out their brains, he might have a better claim to the title, *the great destroyer of monsters*. He, however, was destroyed in his turn: one of his concubines, whose death he had prepared, poisoned him; but, as the poison did not quickly operate, he was strangled by a wrestler in the thirty-first year of his age.

In Italy, during the greater part of the sixteenth century, assassinations, murders, and even murders under trust, seem to have been almost familiar among the superior ranks of people. Cæsar Borgia invited four of the little princes in his neighbourhood, who all possessed sovereignties and commanded armies of their own, to a friendly conference at Senigaglia, where, as soon as he arrived, he put them all to death.

NERO.—The beginning of Nero's reign was marked by acts of the greatest kindness and condescension, by affability, complaisance, and popularity. The object of his administration seemed to be the good of his people; and, when he was desired to sign his name to a list of malefactors that were to be executed, he exclaimed, "*I wish to Heaven I could not write!*" He was an enemy to flattery; and when the senate had liberally commended the wisdom of his government, Nero desired them to keep their praises till he deserved them. Yet this was the wretch who assassinated his mother, who set fire to Rome, and destroyed multitudes of men, women, and children, and then threw the odium of that dreadful action on the Christians. The cruelties he exercised towards them were beyond description, while he seemed to be the only one who enjoyed the tragical spectacle. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

CHARLES IX.—History records but few characters more cruel than Charles IX. It is said that, when he observed several fugitive Huguenots about his palace in the morning after the dreadful massacre of thirty thousand of their friends, he took a fowling-piece and repeatedly fired at them. That this prince was naturally barbarous we may learn from the following anecdote: One day, when he amused himself with rabbit-hunting, "Make them all come out," said he, "that I may have the pleasure of killing them all."

This sanguinary monarch died very wretched, for he expired bathed in his own blood, which burst from his veins, and in his last moments he exclaimed, "What blood!—what murders!—I know not where I am!—how will all this end?—what shall I do?—I am lost for ever!—I know it!"

KING OF PRUSSIA.—The late celebrated King of Prussia, intending to make, in the night, an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights in the camp should be put out, on pain of death. The moment that the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all were dark. He found a light in the tent of a Captain Zieten, which he entered just as the officer was folding up a letter. Zieten knew him, and instantly fell on his knees to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing; he said it was a letter to his wife, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish. The king coolly ordered him to rise and write one line more which he should dictate. This line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that by such an hour the next day he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed and despatched as it had been intended, and the next day the captain was executed.

HEROIC NEGRO.—Greater cruelty was perhaps never exercised than by the Europeans to the negroes of Surinam. Stedman relates that nothing was more common than for old negroes to be broken on the wheel, and young ones burned alive; and yet the fortitude with which they suffered was equal to that of the most ardent patriot or enthusiastic martyr. One of the fugitive or revolted slaves being brought before his judges, who had condemned him previous to hearing what he had to say in his defence, requested to be heard for a few minutes before he was sent to execution; when, leave being granted, he thus addressed them:

"I was born in Africa; while defending the person of my prince in battle, I was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave on the Coast of Guinea. One of our countrymen, who sits among my judges, purchased me. Having been cruelly treated by his overseer, I deserted, and went to join the rebels in the woods. There also I was condemned to become the slave of their chief, Bonas, who treated me with still more cruelty than the whites, which obliged me to desert a second time, determined to fly from the human spe-

cies for ever, and to pass the rest of my life innocently and alone in the woods. I had lived two years in this manner, a prey to the greatest hardships and the most dreadful anxiety, merely attached to life by the hope of once more seeing my beloved family, who are perhaps starving, owing to my absence. Two years of misery had thus passed when I was discovered by the rangers, taken, and brought before this tribunal, which now knows the wretched history of my life."

This speech was pronounced with the greatest moderation, and by one of the finest negroes in the colony. His master, who, as he had remarked, was one of his judges, unmoved by the pathetic and eloquent appeal, made him this atrocious laconic reply: "Rascal, it is of little consequence to us to know what you have been saying; but the torture shall make you confess crimes as black as yourself, as well as those of your detestable accomplices." At these words the negro, whose veins seemed to swell with indignation and contempt, retorted, "These hands," stretching them forth, "have made tigers tremble, yet you dare to threaten me with that despicable instrument! No; I despise all the torments which you can now invent, as well as the wretch who is about to inflict them." On saying these words he threw himself on the instrument, where he suffered the most dreadful tortures without uttering a syllable.

GENEROUS REVENGE.—A young man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him to the Seine. He hired a boat, and, rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat; but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In doing this he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water till assistance arrived and his life was saved.

Children should be early prohibited from tormenting insects, lest it should degenerate into insensibility, and they become inattentive to every kind of suffering but their own. We find that the supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below its cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a poor bird that had unhappily fallen into his hands. And Mr. Locke informs us of a mother who permitted her children to have

birds and insects, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill.

The following circumstance, it is said, occurred at Abo, in Finland. A dog, which had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was seen by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment. He was imprisoned till the following market-day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence: "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life; because you added to the torture of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck, with this inscription, "A savage and inhuman young man;" and, after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded: "Inhuman young man, you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death. As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

CRUELITIES.—About the year 1796, the following most shocking and atrocious murder, under the name of *suhumu-runu*,* was perpetrated at Mujilupoor, about a day's journey south from Calcutta. Vaucharamu, a Bramin of the above place, dying, his wife went to be burned with the body; all the previous ceremonies were performed; she was fastened on the pile, and a fire kindled. The funeral pile was by the side of some brushwood, and near a river. It was a late hour when the pile was lighted, and was a very dark, rainy night. When the fire began to scorch this poor woman she contrived to disengage herself from the dead body, and crept from under the pile, and hid herself among the brushwood. In a little time it was discovered that only one body was on the pile. The relations immediately took the alarm, and

* *Suhu, with; murunu, death.*

began to hunt for the poor wretch who had made her escape. After they had found her, the son dragged her forth, and insisted upon her throwing herself upon the pile again, or that she should drown or hang herself. She pleaded for her life at the hands of her own son, and declared that she could not embrace so horrid a death. But she pleaded in vain; the son urged that he should lose his, and that, therefore, he would die or she should. Unable to persuade her to hang or drown herself, the son and the others then tied her hands and feet, and threw her on the funeral pile, where she quickly perished.

This was noticed in the House of Commons in answer to an opposing statement, which asserted the "filial piety" of the Hindoos.

MURDERERS DISCOVERED.

Few murderers escape without meeting with the awful punishment due to their crimes. Many strange stories, indeed, have been told of this kind, some of which, however, it must be confessed, stand on too good authority to be rejected. The following is translated from a respectable publication at Bâsle.

A person who worked in a brewery quarrelled with one of his fellow-workmen, and struck him in such a manner that he died upon the spot. No other person was witness to the deed. He then took the dead body and threw it into a large fire under the boiling-vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed that no traces of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed very coolly that he had perceived his fellow-servant to have been intoxicated, and that he had probably fallen from a bridge which he had to cross in his way home, and been drowned. For the space of seven years after no one entertained any suspicion of the real state of the fact. At the end of this period the murderer was again employed in the same brewery. He was then induced to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance that his crime had remained so long concealed. Having retired one evening to rest, one of the other workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep, "It is now full seven years ago," asked him, "What was it you did seven years ago?" "I put him," he replied, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling-vat." As the affair was not entirely for-

gotten, it immediately occurred to the man that his bedfellow must allude to the person who was missing about that time, and he accordingly gave information of what he had heard to a magistrate. The murderer was apprehended; and though at first he denied that he knew anything of the matter, a confession of his crime was at length obtained from him, for which he suffered condign punishment.

The following event lately happened in the neighbourhood of Frankfort-upon-the-Oder: A woman, conceiving that her husband, who was a soldier in the Prussian service, had been killed at the battle of Jena in 1806, married another man. It turned out that her husband had been only wounded, and taken prisoner by the French. A cure was soon effected, and he joined one of the Prussian regiments which entered into the pay of France. After serving three years in Spain he was discharged, returned suddenly to his native country, and appeared greatly rejoiced to find his wife alive. She received him with every mark of affection, but did not avow the new matrimonial connexion she had formed. After partaking of some refreshment, he complained of being quite overcome with fatigue, and retired to rest. She immediately joined with her new husband to despatch the unwelcome visiter in his sleep, which they accomplished by strangling him, and put his body into a sack. About midnight, in conveying it to the Oder, the weight of the corpse burst the sack, and one of the legs hung out. The woman set about sewing up the rent, and in her hurry and confusion sewed in, at the same time, the skirts of her accomplice's coat. Having reached the bank of the river, and making a great effort to precipitate his load as far into the stream as possible, he was dragged from the elevated ground he had chosen into the river, but contrived to keep his head above water for several minutes. The woman, not considering how important it was to keep silent, filled the air with her cries, and brought to the spot several peasants, who, at the hazard of their own lives, extricated the drowning man from his perilous situation, at the same time discovering the cause. The man and woman were charged with the crime, made full confession, and were consigned to the officers of justice.

COMMENT ON FIRST TIM. VI., 10.—Two young men of Virginia, who served in the American army during the war, having regularly got their discharge, made home to their friends. One had only a mother living when he left home;

when they had got near home they fell into a conversation on the length of time they had been away, and concluded to try whether their parents would know them; with this impression each took the nearest path home. The one who had only a mother came in; and, finding his mother did not know him, he asked for lodging; to whom she replied she could not lodge him; that there was a tavern not far from the place where he might get lodging, &c. He importuned, but she refused, till at last he told her he had a little money, and he was afraid to lodge in a tavern, lest some person should rob him. He took out his purse and offered it to her keeping. She, struck with the mammon, consented immediately to his staying; accordingly he did, had supper, and still never discovered himself to his mother or any of the family. He was directed to a bed once more in the chamber of her who conceived him; how safe he must have thought himself then, compared to the field of battle. But she summoned a negro man, told him the scheme she had planned, hired him to aid her to the stranger's apartment, where they murdered him in his bed. Next day his fellow-soldier came to see his friend! but, on asking for the stranger, could hear nothing of him; he thought it was a trick to plague him that the old woman denied it, till, hearing her affirm that no stranger had come there the last evening, nor no man, he asked her if she had not a son who went to the war. She said she had. "Well," said he, "I left him within a few miles of this house last evening, and he came here; and he told me he would not make himself known to you, to see if you had forgotten his looks; he must be here." The cruel mother fainted at the sentence, confessed her wickedness, and showed her murdered son crammed in a closet of the house!! Oh, the love of money, what has it not done, what will it yet do!

SUBRIUS FLAVIUS.—The Roman tribune, Subrius Flavius, being impeached for having conspired against the life of the Emperor Nero, not only owned the charge, but gloried in it. Upon the emperor's asking him what provocation he had given him to plot his death, "Because I abhorred thee," said Flavius, "though there was not in the whole army one more zealously attached to thee than I, so long as thou didst merit affection; but I began to hate thee when thou becamest the murderer of thy mother, the murderer of thy brother and wife, a charioteer, a comedian, an incendiary, and a tyrant." Tacitus says that the whole conspiracy afforded nothing that

proved so bitter and pungent to Nero as this reproach. He ordered Flavius to be immediately put to death, which he suffered with amazing intrepidity. When the executioner desired him to stretch out his neck valiantly, he replied, "I wish thou mayst strike as valiantly."

THE EMPEROR AND HIS POOR PRISONER.—A certain Emperor of China, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, ordered a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Among these was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns. With trembling limbs and faltering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow; his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the light, and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had been imprisoned stood at some distance from Pekin, and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of those objects with which he had formerly been conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house he had inhabited; the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed a new form, and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance. An aged beggar, who with trembling knees stood at the gate of a portico from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it, struck his attention; he stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor, and received in return the sad tidings that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury, misery, and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends. Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and, casting himself at the feet of his majesty, "Great prince," he cried, "remand me to that prison from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me? I have survived my family and friends, and even in the midst of this populous city I find myself in a dreary

solitude. The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers of my wretchedness; and, while secluded from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate, and die with thirst though streams of delight surround me."

SCARCITY OF KINGS.—George I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and, while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty; "eggs must be very scarce at this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

GOOD ADVICE.—A certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a dervis, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The cham ordered him the sum; upon which the dervis said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, "The dervis is well paid for his maxim!" But the king was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places in his palace, and engraved upon his plate. Not long after, the king's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him. One day, when the king's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the basin, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The king observed his confusion, and inquired the reason; the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them "that that counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a king's life."

INDEPENDENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.—Hatemtia, who was one of the most wealthy among the Arabians, was blessed with a disposition that rendered him as liberal as he was rich. His alms were not only bestowed in private, but he made large donations to such as applied every day for relief at his gate. As liberality has in general more admirers than

imitators, so the man who possesses wealth and power is rarely at a loss for sycophants, who offer up their incense at the shrine of adulation. One day, a friend of Hatemtia, praising his generosity, said, "I think there never was a man of more noble spirit." "I beg your pardon," returned Hatemtia; "I not long since met a poor fellow staggering under a bundle of thorns which he had been cutting for firewood. Seeing his poverty, I asked him why, instead of labouring so hard, he did not go to the gate of Hatemtia for relief. The poor man replied, 'He who can earn a morsel of bread by his own industry has no need to be obliged to Hatemtia.' This man's mind was truly noble. Contentment is a most invaluable jewel; it suits the back to the burden, not the burden to the back. He who thinks he has enough is a happy character."

AFFECTATION AND SENSIBILITY.—When the late Dr. Moore was in Paris, in the course of his travels, he one day found a lady of quality, whom he had been in the habit of visiting, manifesting much ill-humour, and evidently betraying great agitation of mind. Dr. Moore, who had never before beheld her in such a state of confusion, suspected that some serious calamity had taken place; and, with much sympathetic feeling, inquired into the occasion of her perturbation. The lady, who felt the cause of her vexation in all its magnitude, instantly returned the following reply: "Why, my dear sir, I yesterday sent Comtesse de — the politest message in the world, begging to have the honour of her company this day at dinner; and behold, the horrid woman, with a rudeness or ignorance of life without example, sends me word that she accepts my invitation!"

Do not such ridiculous characters resemble

"Ocean into tempest toss'd
To waft a feather or to drown a fly?"

ORNAMENTS.—The wife of Phocion, an Athenian general, entertained in her house an Ionian lady, one of her friends; the lady showed her her bracelets and necklaces, which had all the magnificence that gold and jewels could give them. Upon which the good matron said, "Phocion is my ornament, who is now called the twentieth time to the command of the Athenian armies."

EGYPTIAN DEITY.—The Egyptians worshipped a great number of beasts; as the ox, the dog, the wolf, the hawk,

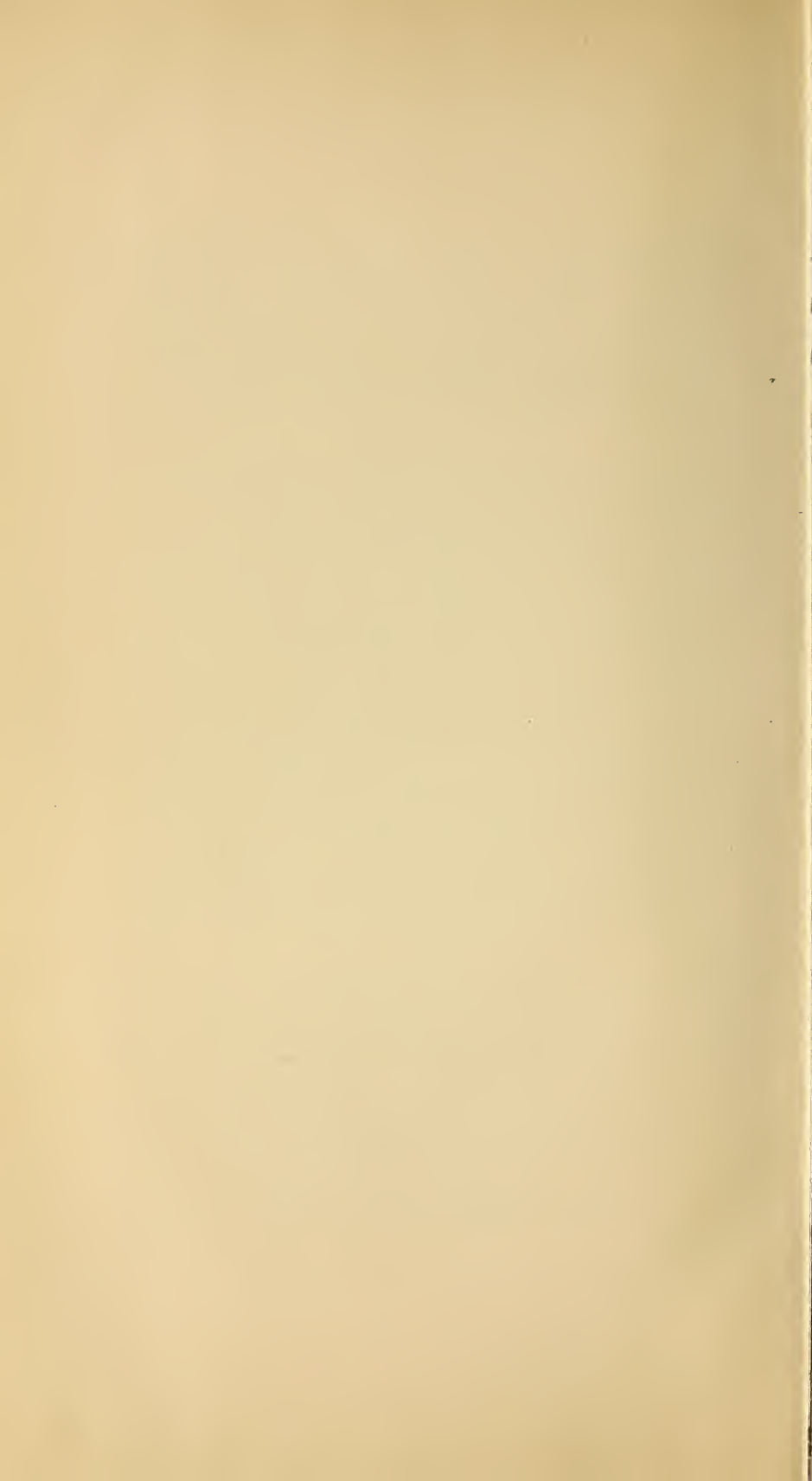
the crocodile, the ibis, the cat, &c. A Roman having, inadvertently and without design, killed a cat, the exasperated populace ran to his house; and neither the authority of the king, who immediately detached a body of his guards, nor the terror of the Roman name, could rescue the unfortunate criminal. And such was the reverence which the Egyptians had for these animals, that in an extreme famine they chose to eat one another rather than feed upon their imagined deities.

HANNIBAL'S STRATAGEM.—He employed a stratagem of an extraordinary kind in a seafight. As the enemy's fleet consisted of more ships than his, he had recourse to artifice. He put into earthen vessels all kinds of serpents, and ordered these vessels to be thrown into the enemy's ships. His chief aim was to destroy Eumenes; and for that purpose it was necessary for him to find out which ship he was on board of. This Hannibal discovered by sending out a boat upon pretence of conveying a letter to him. Having gained his point thus far, he ordered the commanders of the respective vessels to direct their attack principally against Eumenes's ship. They obeyed, and would have taken it had he not outsailed his pursuers. The rest of the ships of Purgamus sustained the fight with great vigour till the earthen vessels had been thrown into them. At first they only laughed at this, and were very much surprised to find such weapons employed against them. But when they saw themselves surrounded with the serpents, which darted out of these vessels when they flew to pieces, they were seized with dread, retired in disorder, and yielded the victory to the enemy.

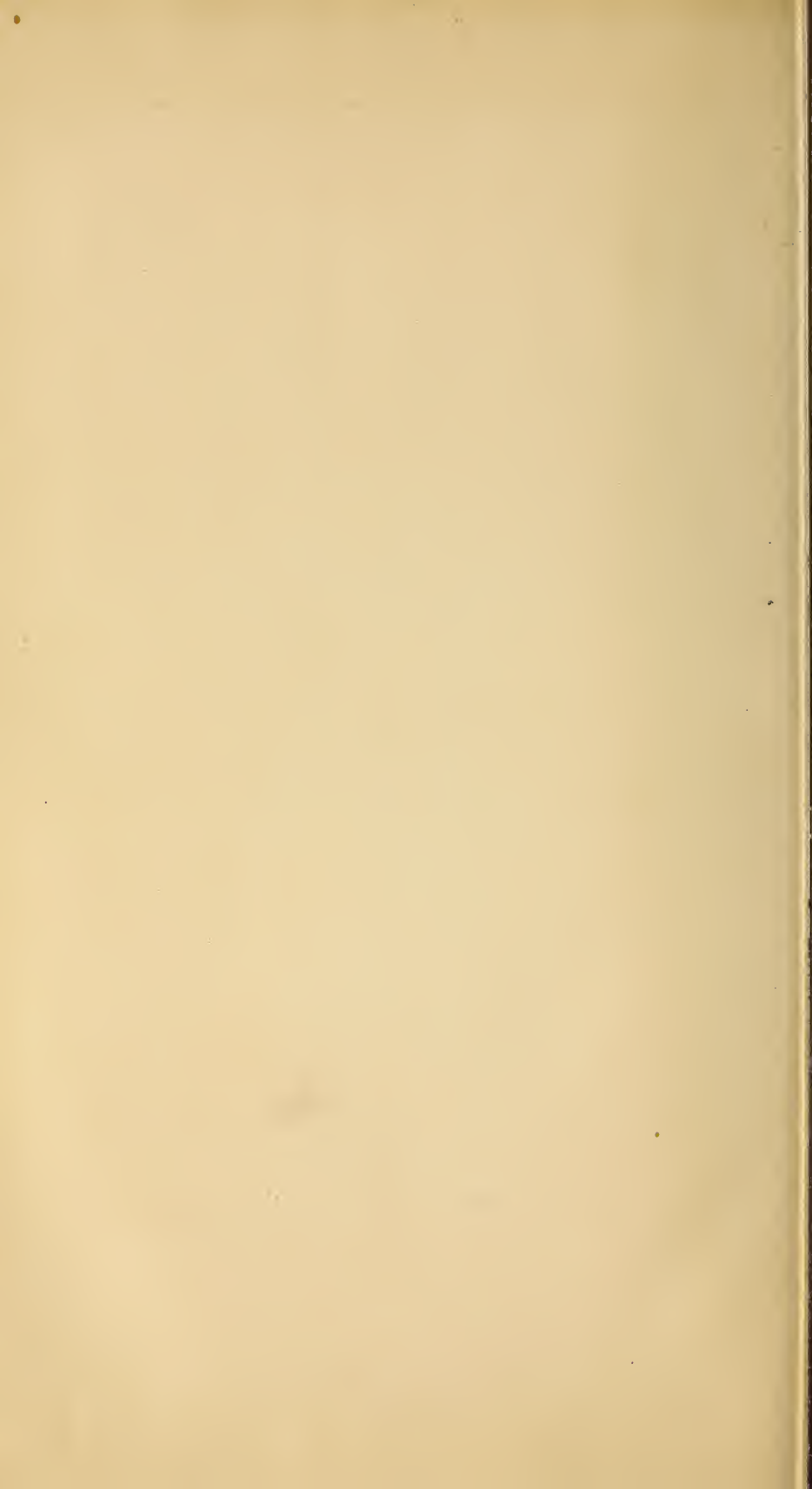
IMPLICIT FAITH.—Implicit faith has been sometimes styled *fides carbonaria*, from the story of one who, examining an ignorant collier on his religious principles, asked him what it was that he believed. He answered, "I believe what the church believes." The other rejoined, "What, then, does the church believe?" He replied, readily, "The church believes what I believe." The other, desirous, if possible, to bring him to particulars, once more resumed his inquiry. "Tell me, then, I pray you, what it is which you and the church *both* believe." The only answer the collier could give was, "Why, truly, sir, the church and I *both*—believe the same thing."

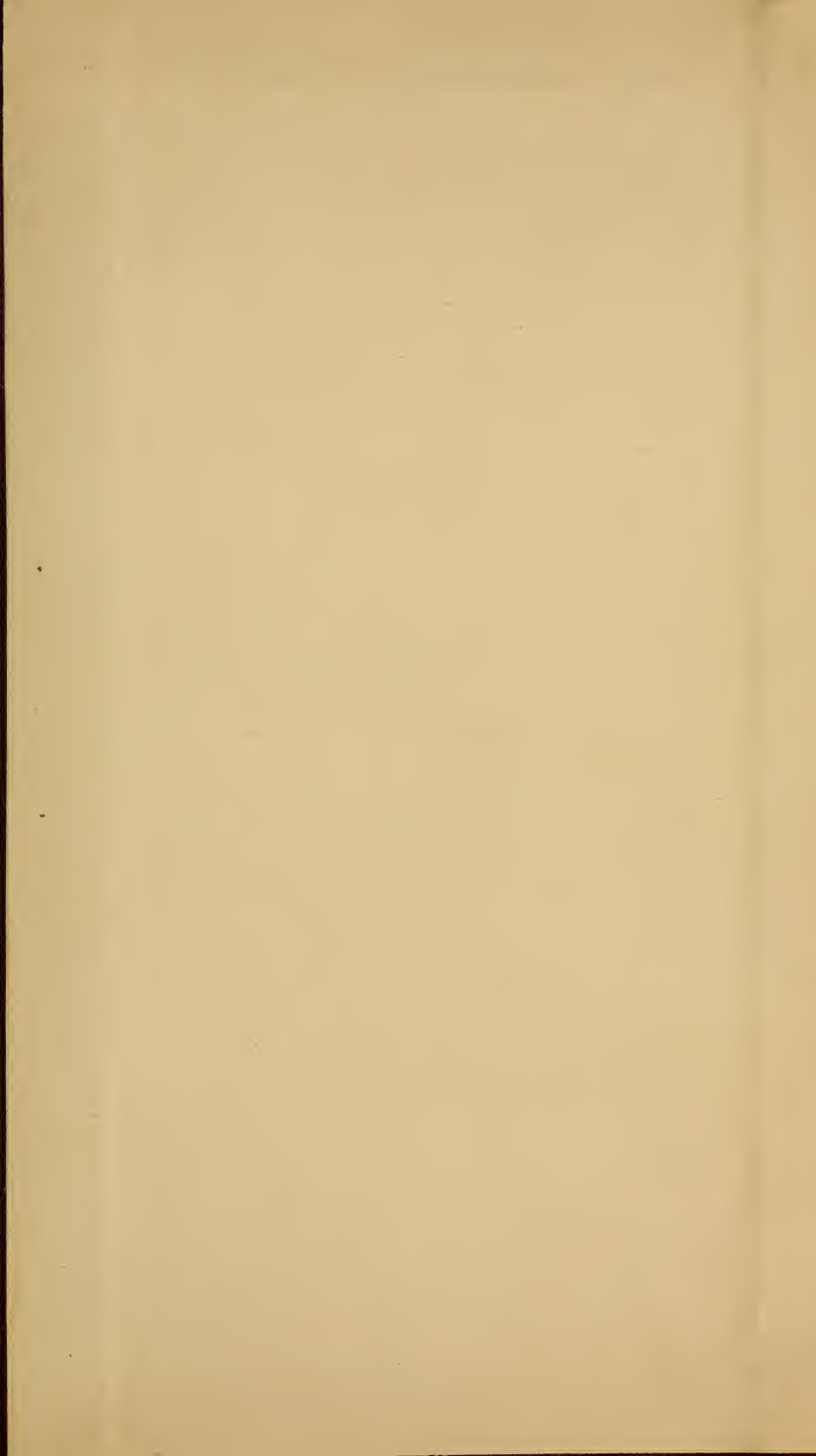
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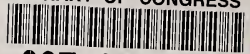








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